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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

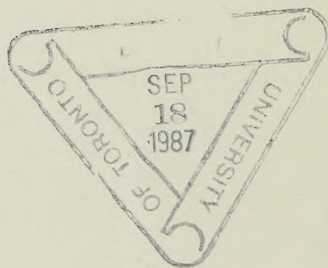
VOLUME XLII.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XLII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—~~NOVEMBER, 1914, TO APRIL, 1915.~~

January 1915 to June 1915

Journal 1412 & June 1412

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THE LITTLE QUEEN OF TWELFTH-NIGHT

BY KATHARINE ELISE CHAPMAN

If she had not ridden to Newstowe Grange that afternoon before Twelfth-night, she would never have known about Robin, the poacher.

And who so joyous as Lady Marjorie, riding at her grandfather's side? Especially as her distant cousin, Percy de Lancy, was making his pony prance and canter, and was throwing teasing, roguish words at her of his better speed as he raced ahead.

"Better me no betters, Master Percy," laughed Marjorie, leaning over and patting her own Sea-foam's neck. "We 'll show him who 's the better horse, won't we?"

"Dost thou then like thy birthday gift, my Meg?" asked her grandfather.

"Oh, my lord!—oh, Grandsire!—*like* him, coming from you? How could I *not* like him?—But, indeed, he seems just made to carry me."

"Hadst thou been a summer child, I would have given thee a jewel or other kickshaw; but hardy sports are more fitting for our midwinter maid who came to us twelve years ago on Twelfth-day. So thou art pleased?"

"Nothing could please me so well!" Marjorie rose in her saddle and grazed the earl's mustache with a kiss. "Indeed, dear Grandsire, this is the greatest birthday of my life."

Lord Penthaven smiled, well pleased. The boy Percy was heir of his title and earldom, but to Marjorie was given the old man's love.

"The maid is well grown and forward," he

thought, as the cousins raced ahead. "To-night she shall take her place as lady of Penthaven Castle. One of my own race shall again preside over the old rook's nest. The younger the better—she will learn all sweet customs by the time she and Percy are of an age to wed."

Marjorie's laugh echoed back clear upon the sweet, nipping air. The frosty grass crackled beneath their horses' hoofs, and little icicles hung from the bills of the stone swans at the fountain. Who so happy to-day as Lady Marjorie?

Just as Seafoam had sprung a length ahead at the park gates, Marjorie saw two men hurrying through the shadows, dragging a third between them. Lord Penthaven, riding up, reined in his horse.

"Who 's this?" he demanded.

"Robin Hogg, plowman, m'lord," replied one of the men. "We caught 'im stealin' a hare, m'lord; caught 'im in the act."

Through the gloom Marjorie peered at the thief's face. He looked hungry and ill, with soft, hollow eyes.

"Rascal! Has the fellow been poaching again—and twice pardoned already?—Ride on, Percy, with my granddaughter.—Take him to the tower," Marjorie heard her grandfather add, as she moved away; "I 'll finish this business after Twelfth-day."

The laughter was all gone from the girl's lips and eyes, and the lightness from her heart. She



THE LITTLE LADY OF THE MANOR "BLESSES" THE GRAND OLD APPLE-ORCHARD.

had seen tears, but never such a woeful face as this. She rode on silent and thoughtful, between huge bonfires beginning to blaze on every side. Men were shouting gaily to each other, and the Twelfth-night song echoed far from field and hayrick.

It was only when they reached Newstowe Grange that Marjorie began to be her happy self again. The farm was a portion of her own dower, and she had come as little lady of the manor to "bless" the grand old apple-orchard. Standing in great state by the oldest apple-tree, she sipped the farmer's hard cider without making a wry face—even sipping it again like a gracious little lady—then emptied the big pewter pitcher upon the ground, singing:

"Here 's to thee, old apple-tree!"

while the men's voices took up the chorus:

"Mightily bud and mightily blow,
And afterward give us apples enow!"

The great park gates stood wide open as the children raced up again, leaving Lord Penthaven behind. Seafoam sprang aside as a woebegone figure stepped forward into the moonlight. It was a woman. Her feet were bare, and she was shivering. Marjorie could see a baby's head against her bosom—a wan, lean little face.

"Come hither, poor woman," said Marjorie, quieting Seafoam. "What is thy name?"

"Lisbeth Hogg, m'lady."

"And is the baby hungry?"

"Hungry and cold, m'lady."

"Ah, poor babe! And thou, too!—Here, take this." The girl drew a coin from the purse at her girdle.

Instead of taking it, the poor creature burst into tears and fell upon her knees.

"Oh, m'lady, m'lady! I can go hungry—but Robin, my man! Speak to m'lord, m'lady!"—She choked and was silent a moment. "Oh, sweet m'lady, do not let them—"

"It must be the wife of Robin, the poacher!" exclaimed Percy.

"Ah!" Marjorie burst into sudden tears. She had been told how people were punished in England for stealing; but nothing like this had ever come near her before.

"Oh, why did he do wrong?" she asked, sobbing.

"Ah, m'lady, m'lady, you know not what it is to starve—and he too ill to work! And the hares so near—they ran by the door— Speak to m'lord, m'lady!"

"I will, I will, indeed!" Marjorie choked back her tears as Lord Penthaven, riding up, tossed the woman a coin without asking her business.

Yet the earl wondered to see his granddaughter so quiet.

"Art afeard, Meg?" he asked, as they entered the shadows of the park again.

"No, my lord." And yet she was afraid, because she dreaded to speak to him about Robin. Not even Marjorie dared to cross his stern will. She trembled for herself; yet, still more, she

called her grandfather, as Marjorie ran up the broad steps.

After her tiring-women had finished dressing her, she stood a moment before her mirror, prinking herself with little pats at her wide lace collar and long, lace-bordered apron. Her maid had left some clustering yellow curls in front of her ears, and tied all the rest back at the crown of



"MARJORIE MADE THE FIRST CUT INTO THE TWELFTH-DAY CAKE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

trembled for the thief. Twelfth-night eve should be so joyous, and yet her young heart was heavy. If only her gentle mother had lived! But Percy whispered, "Cheer up, sweet Coz!" as he caught her hand in the darkness, and then she hoped that together they would find a way.

As they dismounted at the great hall, it was blazing with long rows of sconces and torches high among the stags' heads, while mighty logs yielded up their hearts in fire.

"Put on thy bravest finery, to-night, Meg!"

her head with a bright ribbon. The new gown of blue Padua satin glistened with silver roses. It had been copied from one worn by the king's little sister when she sat for her portrait to the great court painter.

"Grandsire will be pleased with me to-night," she said, with sparkling eyes.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" called Percy from the gallery. Starting back as she sprang to the door, Percy threw up his hands as if dazzled by the girl's splendor. His dark eyes twinkled as he

fell upon one knee, bowing so low that his short sword clanked upon the floor.

"My lord bids the Lady Marjorie to the hall," he said.

Marjorie laughed aloud.

"Go before, Sir Page, and tell his lordship that I come."

She gathered up her satin skirts and minced daintily along, swinging on tiptoe and tossing her head when Percy threw a laughing glance backward.

But when she reached the staircase, she drew back blushing. It was lined on either side with people, and, below, stood Lord Penthaven, beckoning to her. As she tripped timidly down, the castle ladies followed in her train. When they reached the green-and-gold-covered dais, her grandfather, looking very stately in full dress, seated her at his right hand, with Percy on his left. Then he introduced her to his people as from that time the lady of the castle. Amid cheers which shook the glass dome, Marjorie rose with glowing cheeks and curtsied shyly to the earl.

The broad leaves of the outer door then swung open, and, amid a mighty clamor, a huge cake appeared, borne on a trestle and sparkling with silver frosting. It was a copy of Penthaven Castle itself, with glistening battlements. After the cake followed the Twelfth-night mummers. They danced around the cake, singing the "cake song," and then the real business of the evening began.

The Twelfth-day cake was cut.

Marjorie made the first cut into it and Percy the second. Somewhere inside that huge mountain of sweetness was a gold coin and a ring. Whoever got the coin would be king of the revels, and the ring would go to the queen.

The company waited, expectant and eager, until all were served. Then Marjorie broke her own piece in two, and, lo! a gold ring fell out! When at almost the same instant Percy found the coin, there was a shout of laughter, and the guests, trooping up to the dais, put the tinsel crowns upon the heads of the boy and the girl. Lord Penthaven rose and, bowing low, gave up his seat to Percy.

In the meantime, Tom, the earl's jester, had been sitting at his master's feet, throwing in a word or shaking his cap and bells. But now Lord Penthaven lifted with his staff the cap from the jester's head.

"Take off thy fool's bells," he said. "Thy crown is out of joint. We have another king of fools to-night."

But the jester snatched at his cap and flung it

so truly that it caught on one of the points of Percy's crown.

"Take my diadem, Your Majesty!" he said. "You 'll need it to raise the laugh. There's more wit under the fool's cap than under the king's crown."

But Percy tossed it back. "Keep thy wit, Sir Fool!" he replied, very smartly. "I 'll risk the folly for the sake of the crown."

The jester nodded. "Spoken like a right true king," he said.

The young king of Twelfth-night then called for the "lamb's-wool," and all drank, singing, for the ale was hot, sweet, and spiced, and white with crushed apples. After that came a pause. Percy stood silent, while Marjorie, with a pang, thought suddenly of the poor gaunt thief in the dungeon tower.

"Gracious Consort," at last said the king, turning to her, "you also must rule the revels.—Help me, *do*, Coz!" he pleaded, in a whisper. "My wits are wanting."

Tom the jester grinned and held out his cap. Marjorie, brought to the front so suddenly, could think of but one thing—to fly. Springing from her chair, she called out, "Follow me!" and fluttered down the hall like a captive bluebird. Percy made a streak of crimson in her trail.

At the outer door Marjorie called again, "Catch me who can!" and in a moment the cousins were tearing across the stone-paved and moonlit court. Passing the entrance arch and the tower where Robin was confined, Marjorie burst through a door into a stone passage lit by torches, and flew up a narrow staircase. There the children paused a moment to listen to laughing voices in the court, and a well-known tinkle. Tomfool was leading the chase like a bell-wether. The race began to be exciting. It had turned into a game of hide-and-seek. The children darted forward again.

After many turnings and windings through the old castle, they at last darted into a great room lying in dim moonlight, where huge figures towered on either hand like ghosts, and dark heaps here and there gave back a faint clang to their footsteps.

"See, a light!" whispered Percy to the trembling girl. He seized her hand and drew her toward a small door which stood ajar.

Their eyes were dazzled with sudden brightness. A sparkling candelabrum hung from the ceiling of the little room beyond. It threw a glory of light upon a large painting in front of them. Hand in hand they crossed the room and stood gazing.

The picture showed them a long, dim shed where



"YOU ARE FREE!" SAID MARJORIE TO THE DAZZLED AND WONDERING CRIPPLE."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sat a simply clad woman with a Babe in her arms, and near them cattle were feeding from a manger. The beautiful Child had only a coarse cloth thrown about Him; but an old man, holding up a bowl full of glistening things, knelt, with two others, before the Babe as if in worship.

"The Christ-child!" exclaimed Percy. "Why, Coz, is not He the true King of Twelfth-night?"

"But what a low, dark, empty place!" replied Marjorie. "And see—snow lying upon the roof, and the baby looks cold—oh, Percy! the poor, poor babe at the park gate to-night—and Robin—"

The tears gathered in her eyes. She touched her satin bodice and the wide rich lace about her neck.

"My grandsire loads me with his favor—"

Just then, merry voices were heard echoing along the corridors.

"They are coming!" and Percy, laughing, led her from the room by another door than that by which they had entered. The long passage before them ended in gleams of moonlight beyond. Into the moonlight they ran, and out upon a parapet which overlooked the great court. At their right hand the old dungeon tower stood black in the moonlight.

Marjorie shivered with cold and the gloom of the place.

"Oh, Percy! to think of being shut in there, so cold, so dark—and poor Robin is there to-night! He cannot work now, even if he would—and his wife and baby starving!"

"If I should ever be earl," said Percy, his dark eyes flashing, "I'll pull down the old—"

The foremost of the pursuing party at that moment burst out upon the parapet. A young knight, leading a lady, came forward, and after falling upon one knee, rose and threw about Marjorie's shoulders a cloak rich with fur.

"My Lord of Penthaven beseeches Your Majesty to be covered from the chill," he said.

"For me—all good things for me," thought Marjorie, smiling; and yet the tears fell from her eyes upon the velvet. She looked across the court to where, around a corner, glowed the light from the great hall windows.

"So much for me—and so little for them," she said, turning to Percy.

"So little for—whom?" demanded Lord Penthaven, stepping out into the moonlight.

With sudden courage she fluttered forward and fell at his feet.

"A boon, a boon, dear my lord!" she pleaded.

"Does not my Twelfth-night queen know that she has only to command?" laughed the earl.

But she slipped away from his smiling face and

outstretched hand, and still knelt before him with moist eyes.

"Give me Robin poacher, oh, sweet my lord; do not let him lie longer in the cold dungeon!"

"What, what, tears? Tears on Twelfth-night—on thy birthday eve? This must not be. Why, the fellow is a pestilent thief, and needs the dungeon for his better manners."

"But see! you have given me everything"—the girl seized the earl's hand and kissed it, forgetful of all who might be looking on. "Give me this also—the poor poacher's freedom! Let him have bread and work, too, that he may not steal, oh, dear my lord!"

By this time, Percy was kneeling at his cousin's side.

"Have these two chits conspired against me?" asked the earl, laughing.

Calling for his page, he led Marjorie back into the room where hung the painting. In a few moments, Robin appeared with his guard. Behind them followed the trembling wife.

"You are free!" said Marjorie to the dazzled and wondering culprit. "But oh, do not come within the law again!"

She drew off her own new ring, and Percy, guessing her intent, held out to her his bright golden coin.

"See, here are gifts. Take them as from the Christ-child, the little Lord Jesus," she said, pointing to the picture. "This is *His* night. And stay at the castle till morn; we will find a place and work for you—shall we not, my lord?" she asked, turning to her grandfather, a look of irresistible appeal in her soft eyes.

Lord Penthaven smiled. The company, who had gathered around, gave a pleased murmur of assent. Tom the jester, hovering in the background, shook the bells upon his cap. Robin stood dazed, with bowed head, turning over in his hand the gold. But the wife knelt and kissed the girl's satin robe with mumbled blessings and with tears.

SUCH a happy company as trooped back to the hall—such jests—such merriment! Tom was wittier than ever; and even Percy's tutor translated an old joke from the Latin, at which everybody laughed because their hearts were full.

As for Marjorie, she was between laughing and crying all the time, just for joy. Robin was safe, and already the earl had promised her largess for all the poor around the castle.

At the Twelfth-day dinner on the morrow, every one toasted the children's healths, and declared it was the happiest Twelfth-day Penthaven Castle had ever known.



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"KISS AND BE FRIENDS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR I. ELSLEY.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S EXERCISE OF 1700 YEARS AGO

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON

"WHAT do you most want to see?" asked my young nephew, as we mounted the steps to the entrance of the great British Museum.

Without a moment's hesitation I answered his question by saying:

"For years I have been curious about the wax writing-tablets of the Greeks and Romans. How could one write upon wax so legibly and durably that the message could be carried to a distance, perhaps, and then read by another? Surely if, by any rare chance, such a tablet has been preserved through the centuries, it will be found here."

With a nod of satisfaction, my guide, an eager student of Greek and Latin history and literature, conducted me to a case where we found the treasures I had longed to see. Strange to say, the best preserved specimen was that of a school-boy's exercise dating back to about the second century of the Christian era. Thanks to the courtesy of the museum authorities, we are able to reproduce for the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* this interesting tablet, with its scrawling, school-boy characters still legible, after the lapse of 1700 years.

At first glance, one thinks, "Why, it is only a modern slate, with the usual wooden frame in which are bored two holes, for attaching sponge and slate-pencil!" But closer inspection reveals that what so resembles a slate, inscribed with whitish pencil-marks, is really a thin layer of black wax which covers a tablet of wood, having a raised margin to protect the writing from being rubbed. The whole measures seven by ten inches. The two holes in the rim were for the strings which bound it to a fellow-tablet, making a book with the waxed surfaces inside, such a two-leaved book being called a diptych (twice-folded).

Written upon this tablet are two boyish exercises, separated by a vertical line. The one to the left is the multiplication table, from "once one is one" to 3 times 10 is 30.

On the right side is a column showing the division between word stems and terminations. But what with the evident carelessness of the child,

and the wear and tear of time, the poorly made characters are difficult to decipher and translate. The fact that it is an exercise in etymology rather than one in sentence-making, doubtless accounts, in part, for its obscurity.

In order that the reader may better follow and understand this old-time exercise in number-work, we append herewith, for comparison with the tablet, the Greek numerals from 1 to 10,—20 and 30. The Greek symbol for one was the first letter of the alphabet, α , with a stroke above it, α' . 2 was β with a stroke, β' , and so on, till we come to six, which, instead of being represented by the corresponding sixth letter, was symbolized by a primitive form, ϵ' . This spoils the uniformity of the scheme, as will be seen from the accompanying table. Note, however, that, in this

Greek Alphabet and Numerals	
1. A	α'
2. B	β'
3. Γ	γ
4. Δ	δ'
5. E	ϵ'
6.	ς' (Primitive)
7. Ζ	ζ'
8. Η	η'
9. Θ	θ'
10. I	ι'
20. K	κ
30. Λ	λ'
$\Gamma \Delta 1\text{B} = 3 \times 4 = 12$	

boy's exercise, the capitals are used in most cases, instead of the small letters with the stroke. With the aid of a magnifying-glass, the different characters can be readily distinguished.

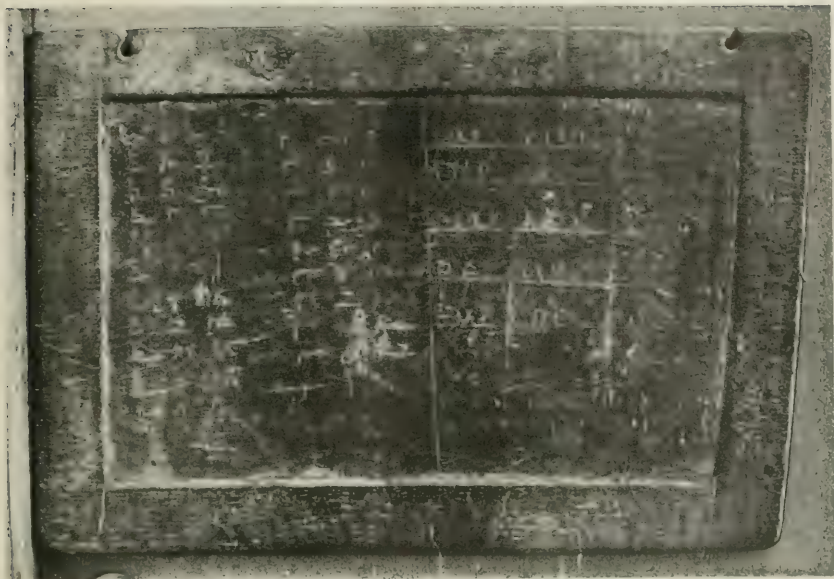
Upon another visit to the museum, we were permitted to hold in our hands the first tablet's twin. This second leaf is carefully inscribed by the schoolmaster with two lines of verse, one from Menander.¹ These are twice copied by the pupil. Our youngster was either quite new to his task, or of a happy-go-lucky nature, since he left so small a space for the second copy that the lines had to be drawn very close together, in order to squeeze in the letters at all; in some places they overlap, and in some come too far within the guiding lines. Neither speed nor beauty, however, was required of the average school-boy in the brave days of

¹ Extracts from the wise or witty sayings of the comic poet Menander (342-291 B.C.) were frequently used for writing and dictating exercises. Among those that might well have been thus employed are the following:

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

"Truth, when not sought after, often comes to light."

"It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken."



A SCHOOL-BOY'S EXERCISE OF 1700 YEARS AGO.

From the wax tablet in the British Museum.

[TRANSLATION]

α α α 1 1 = 1	Γ α Γ 3 1 = 3
B α B 2 1 = 2	Γ B $\backslash$ 3 2 = 6
B B Δ 2 2 = 4	Γ Γ Θ 3 3 = 9
B Γ ς 2 3 = 6	Γ Δ IB 3 4 = 12
B Δ H 2 4 = 8	Γ EIE 3 5 = 15
B E I 2 5 = 10	Γ $\backslash$ IH 3 6 = 18
B $\backslash$ IB 2 6 = 12	Γ Z Ka 3 7 = 21
B Z I Δ 2 7 = 14	Γ H K Δ 3 8 = 24
B H I $\backslash$ 2 8 = 16	Γ Θ KZ 3 9 = 27
B Θ IH 2 9 = 18	Γ I λ 3 10 = 30
B I K 2 10 = 20	

The first line may be translated thus:

: Θ A P P) E ω N

(contagious coming being contagious)

the pupil having mistakenly put the E on the wrong side of the line.

- (2) This line is very obscure, as it is difficult to tell whether the tail on the upper left side of the first letter is really the tail that converts the σ into the σ (s), or the accent that indicates "rough breathing." If intended for the former, it might be the root of the word for "Syria."
- (3) Although three of these letters are clear, the meaning is obscure
- (4) This line may be translated:
 Θ E ω N "of the gods"
- (5) In this line again we recognize the root of "courageous": Θ A P. Apparently this boy was better in "figures" than in grammar, and would not have received 100 per cent. in the latter exercise.

old. If such were demanded, a slave performed the task. But the child must mind his p's and q's in regard to legibility—only there was no q in the Greek alphabet, and our letter p represented the r sound to him!

The tool with which our small boy traced his letters was the so-called style or stylus. It was



AN IVORY STYLUS, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

made of wood, bone, or ivory, often of beautiful or fantastic shape and decoration; one end was pointed for writing or *ploughing*¹ (as Roman writers later expressed it) in the wax. The other end was flat and broad, for erasing impressions already made and smoothing over the surface to make ready for further writing. When skilful with the use of the stylus, the boy might be promoted to practise with a reed pen upon papyrus, the "paper" of the Greeks and Romans.

Horace, the Roman poet, gives some good advice, as true to-day as it was then, when he says: "Often turn the style [correct with care], if you expect to write anything worthy of being read."

¹ Bias (sixth century B.C.), one of the Seven Sages, speaks of "turning in writing like oxen in ploughing," a reference to the custom, at one period, of writing from left to right and then back from right to left. The word is particularly appropriate, however, because the stylus did actually make a tiny furrow in the wax.

Would our little heedless school-boy have used his stylus more carefully had he dreamed that his exercise would be examined by curious eyes, almost 2000 years later? This rare human document brings so near to us a little fellow of a school era now so long vanished that we are glad he had no inkling of the immortality his childish labors were to achieve, lest he should have tried to make his alpha, beta, gamma's unboyishly perfect.

As it is, we are left free to wonder why it was he worked with such apparent carelessness. Was he in haste to join his playfellows in a game of ball, or marbles, or knucklebones? Or was he a beginner, just learning to use an instrument that was new to him and difficult to manage without the teacher's guiding hand?

Whatever the reason for his haste, his number-work was correct, as can be proved by any school-boy of to-day who has learned the old Greek numerals.

O little school-boy of that distant day,

Full many a line, oft heedless and in haste,

Time's pupil, Man, has written and erased,

With History's stylus, since yours dropped in play.

AFTER SCHOOL

2 P.M.

"LET me see," said lazy Lynn. "Oceans of time to do them in—Seven examples. And some will be just as easy as pie for me. Compound numbers are simple enough, once you get the hang of the stuff. I think I 'll drop around to the gym, and try the tank. I 'd like a swim."

4 P.M.

"Twenty-fifth? You 're sure of the date? My library book is two days late. I promised Mother it should n't stay out for another single day. Want to walk to the library, Jack? I 've got a book that must go back. And then for home. I must n't forget I have n't done those examples yet."

5 P.M.

His mother calls him. "That you, Lynn? Your cousin 's here, my boy; come in. She 's come to dinner, and brings good news—an invitation you can't refuse. She wants to know if you can go to-night to the moving-picture show. There 's a tiger-hunt in Hindustan, I 've told her that I 'm sure you can."

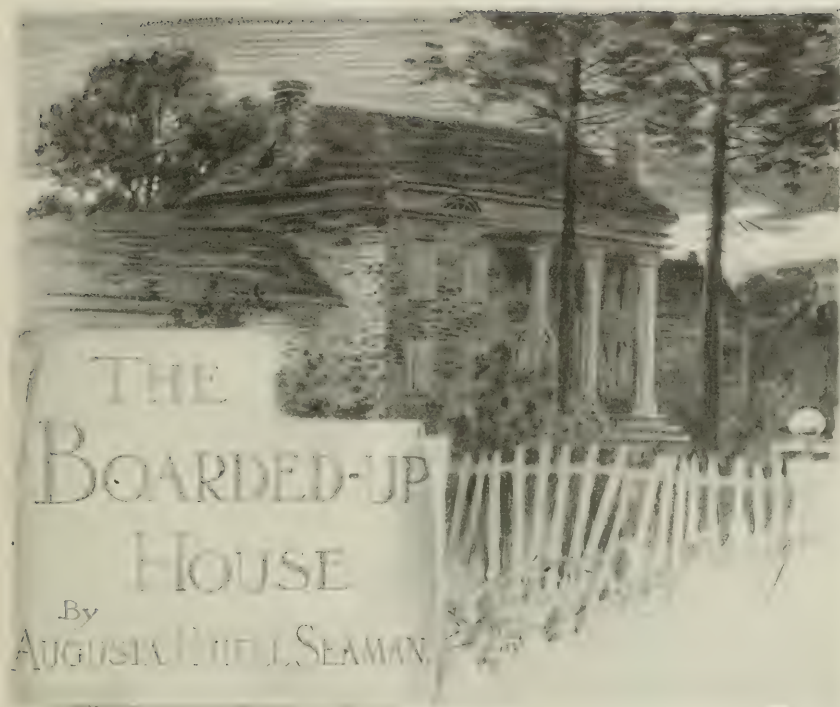
6 P.M.—10 P.M.

Those examples! Poor little sinner! And yet a boy *must* have his dinner. Next, the "movies." Then to bed. "I 'll get up early and do 'em," he said. But let these stars * * * * * denote the night; and then suppose it 's broad daylight—Let X be Lynn, and Y the bed,—and X was still in Y, 't is said!

Some things we learn outside of school. Among them is this splendid rule:

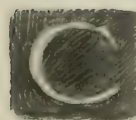
Having lessons to do each day, Pro-cras-ti-nation is not the way.

Tudor Jenks.



CHAPTER I

GOLIATH LEADS THE WAY



CYNTHIA sat on her veranda steps, chin in hand, gazing dolefully at the gray September sky. All day, up to half an hour before, the sky had been cloudlessly blue, the day warm and radiant. Then, all of a sudden, the sun had slunk shamefacedly behind a high rising bank of cloud, and its retiring had been accompanied by a raw, chilly wind. Cynthia scowled. Then she shivered. Then she pulled the collar of her white sweater up to her ears and buttoned it over. Then she muttered something about "wishing Joy would hurry, for it's going to rain!" Then she dug her hands into her sweater pockets and stared across the lawn at a blue hydrangea bush with a single remaining bunch of blossoms hanging heavy on its stem.

Suddenly there was a flash of red on a veranda farther down the street, and a long, musical whistle. Cynthia jumped up and waved madly. The flash of red, speeding toward her, developed into a bright red sweater, cap, and skirt.

"Don't scold! Now you must n't be cross, Cynthia. Anne was just putting a big batch of sugar-cookies in the oven, and I simply *had* to wait till they were done! I've brought a lot over for you. Here!" The owner of the red sweater crammed a handful of hot cookies into Cynthia's pocket.

"You did keep me waiting an age, Joy," Cynthia began, struggling with a mouthful of cookie; "but I forgive you. I'd almost begun to be—angry!" Joy (her right name was Joyce) ignored the latter remark.

"We can't go! Momsie positively forbade it. Why on earth could n't it have kept sunny a little longer? It'll rain any minute now, I suppose."

"I know," Cynthia sympathized. "Mother for-

bade me too, long before you came out. And we counted on it so! Won't be much more chance to go canoeing *this* season." They sat down listlessly on the veranda steps, and solaced themselves with the last remnants of the cookies. Life appeared a trifle drab, as it usually does when cherished plans are demolished and the sun goes in! Very shortly there were no more cookies.

"What on earth has happened to your hydrangea bush? It was full of blossoms yesterday," Joyce suddenly exclaimed.

"Bates's pup!" replied Cynthia, laconically. There was no need of further explanation. Joyce giggled at its shorn appearance, and then relapsed into another long silence. There were times when these two companions could talk frantically for hours on a stretch. There were other seasons when they would sit silent yet utterly understanding one another for equally prolonged periods. They had been bosom friends from babyhood, as their parents had been before them. Shoulder to shoulder they had gone through kindergarten and day-school together, and were now abreast in their first high-school year. Even their birthdays fell in the same month. And the only period of the year which saw them parted was the few weeks during vacation when their respective parents (who had different tastes in summer resorts) dragged them unwillingly away to mountain and sea-shore. Literally, nothing else ever separated them save the walls of their own dwellings—and the Boarded-up House.

It is now high time to introduce the Boarded-up House, which has been staring us out of countenance ever since this story began! For the matter of that, it had stared the two girls out of countenance ever since they came to live in the little town of Rockridge, one on each side of it. And long before they came there, long before ever they were born, or Rockridge had begun its mushroom growth as a pretty, modern, country town, the Boarded-up House had stared the passers-by out of countenance with almost irritating persistence.

It was set well back from the street, in a big inclosure guarded by a very rickety picket-fence, and a gate that was never shut but hung loosely on one hinge. Unkempt bushes and tall, rank grass flourished in this inclosure, and near the porch grew two pine-trees like sentinels at the entrance. At the back was a small orchard of ancient cherry-trees, and near the rear door a well-curb, with the great sweep half rotted away.

The house itself was a big, rambling affair of the Colonial type, with three tall pillars supporting the veranda roof and reaching above the sec-

ond story. On each side of the main part was a generous wing. It stood rather high on a sloping lawn, and we have said that it "stared" at passers-by—with truth, because very near the roof were two little windows shaped like half-circles. They somehow bore a close resemblance to a pair of eyes that stared and stared and *stared* with calm, unwinking blankness.

As to the other windows and doors, they were all tightly boarded up. The boards in the big front door had a small door fashioned in them, and this door fastened with a very rusty lock. No one ever came in or out. No one ever tended the grounds. The place had been without an occupant for years. The Boarded-up House had always been boarded up, as long as its neighbors could recollect. It was not advertised for sale. When the little town of Rockridge began to build up, people speculated about it for a while with considerable interest. But as they could never obtain any definite information about it, they finally gave it up, and accepted the queer old place as a matter of course.

To Cynthia Sprague and Joyce Kenway, it had, when they first came to live on either side of it, some five years before, afforded for a while an endless source of attraction. They had played house on the broad veranda, climbed the trees in the orchard, organized elaborate games of hide-and-seek among the thick, high bushes that grew so close to the walls, and in idle moments had told each other long stories about its former (imaginary) inmates. But as they grew older and more absorbed in outside affairs, their interest in it ceased, till at length it came to be only a source of irritation to them, since it separated their homes by a wide space that they considered rather a nuisance to have to traverse.

So they sat, on this threatening afternoon, cheated of their anticipated canoe-trip on the little stream: that threaded its way through their town to the wide Sound,—sat munching sugar-cookies, glowering at the weather, and thinking of nothing very special. Suddenly there was a flash of gray across the lawn, closely pursued by a streak of yellow. Both girls sprang to their feet, Joyce exclaiming indignantly:

"Look at Bates's pup chasing Goliath!" The latter individual was the Kenways' huge Maltese cat, well deserving of his name in appearance, but not in nature, for he was known to be the biggest coward in cat-dom. The girls stood on tiptoe to watch the chase. Over the lawn and through an opening in the picket-fence of the Boarded-up House sped Goliath, his enemy yapping at his heels, and into the tangled thicket of bushes about the nearer wing. Into the bushes

also plunged Bates's pup, and there ensued the sound of sundry, baffled yelps. Then, after a moment, Bates's pup emerged, one ear comically cocked, and ambled away in search of other entertainment. Nothing else happened, and the girls resumed their seat on the veranda steps. Presently Joyce remarked, idly:

guid interest, only seeking to pass the time, but had suddenly ended up with tremendous enthusiasm. That was like Joyce.

"I don't see what you want to do that for," argued Cynthia. "I don't care what became of him as long as he got away from Bates's pup, and I'm very comfortable right here!" Cynthia

was large and fair and plump, and inclined to be a little indolent.

"But don't you see," insisted Joyce, "that he must have hidden in some strange place,—and one he must have known about, too, for he went straight to it! I'm just curious to find out his 'bunk.'" Joyce was slim and dark and elfin, full of queer pranks, sudden enthusiastic plans, and very vivid of imagination, a curious contrast to the placid, slow-moving Cynthia. Joyce also, as a rule, had her way in matters, and she had it now.

"Very well!" sighed Cynthia, in slow assent. "Come on!" They wandered down the steps, across the lawn, through



"A FLIGHT OF STAIRS COULD BE DIMLY DISCERNED" (SEE PAGE 207.)

"Does it strike you as queer, Cynthia, what could have become of Goliath?"

"Not at all," replied Cynthia, who had no special gift of imagination. "What *could* have happened to him? I suppose he climbed into the bushes."

"He could n't have done that without being in reach of the pup," retorted Joyce. "And he could n't have come out either side, or we'd have seen him. Now where can he be? I vote we go and look him up!" She had begun with only a lan-

the gap in the fence, and tried to part the bushes behind which Goliath had disappeared. But they were thick lilac bushes, grown high and rank. Joyce struggled through them, tearing the pocket of her sweater and pulling her hair awry. Cynthia prudently remained on the outskirts. The quest did not greatly interest her.

"There's nothing back there but the foundation of the house," she remarked.

"You're wrong. There is!" called back Joyce, excitedly, from the depths. "Crawl around the

end of the bushes, Cyn! It will be easier. I want to show you something." There was so much suppressed mystery in Joy's voice that Cynthia obeyed without demur, and back of the bushes found her examining a little boarded-up window into the cellar. One board of it had, through age and dampness, rotted and fallen away. There happened to be no glass window-frame behind it.

"Here 's where Goliath disappeared," whispered Joyce, "and he 's probably in there now!" Cynthia surveyed the hole unconcernedly.

"That 's so," she agreed. "He will probably come out after a while. Now that you 've discovered his 'bunk,' I hope you 're coming back to the veranda. We might have a game of tennis, too, before it rains." Joyce sat back on her heels, and looked her companion straight in the eye.

"Cynthia," she said, in a tense whisper, "did it ever occur to you that there 's something *strange* about the Boarded-up House?"

"No," declared Cynthia, honestly, "it never did. I never thought about it."

"Well, I have—sometimes, at least,—and once in a long while, do you know, I 've even dreamed I was exploring it. Look here, Cynthia, would n't you *like* to explore it? I 'm just crazy to!" Cynthia stared and shrugged her shoulders.

"Mercy, no! It would be dark and musty and dirty. Besides, we 've no business in there. We 'd be trespassers. What ever made you think of it? There 's probably nothing to see, anyway. It 's an empty house."

"That 's just where you 're mistaken!" retorted Joyce. "I heard Father say once that it was furnished throughout, and left exactly as it was,—so some one told him, some old lady, I think he said. It 's a Colonial mansion, too, and stood here before the Revolution. There was n't any town of Rockridge, you know, till just recently,—only the turnpike road off there where Warrington Avenue is now. This house was the only one around, for a long distance."

"Well, that sounds interesting, but, even still, I don't see why you want to get inside, anyhow. I 'm perfectly satisfied with the outside. And, more than that, we could n't get in if we tried. So there!" If Cynthia imagined she had ended the argument with Joyce by any such reasoning, she was doomed to disappointment. Joyce shrugged her shoulders with a disgusted movement.

"I never saw any one like you, Cynthia Sprague! You 've absolutely *no* imagination! Don't you see how Goliath got in? Well, I could get in the same way, and so could you!" She gave the boards a sharp pull, and succeeded in

dislodging another. "Five minutes' work will clear this window, and then—"

"But good gracious, Joy, you would n't break in a window of a strange house and climb in the cellar like a burglar!" cried Cynthia, genuinely shocked.

"I just would! Why, it 's an *adventure*, Cynthia, like the kind we 've always longed for. You know we 've always said we 'd love to have some adventures, above everything else. And we *never* have, and now here 's one right under our noses!" Joyce was almost tearful in her earnestness to convince the doubting Cynthia. And then Cynthia yielded, as she always did, to Joy's entreaties.

"Very well. It is an adventure, I suppose. But why not wait till some bright, sunny day? It 'll be horridly dark and gloomy in there this afternoon."

"Nonsense!" cried Joyce, who never could bear to wait an instant in carrying out some cherished plan. "Run back to your house, Cynthia, and smuggle out a candle and a box of matches. And *don't* let any one see what you take!" But this Cynthia flatly refused to do, urging that she would certainly be discovered and held up for instant explanation by the lynx-eyed Bridget who guarded the kitchen.

"Very well, then. I 'll have to get them from mine, I suppose. Anne never asks what I 'm doing," said Joyce, resignedly. "You stay here and wait!" She sped away toward her own house, but was soon back, matches and candle under her sweater, her hands full of fresh cookies.

"We 'll eat these when we 're inside. Here, stuff them into your pockets! And help me break these other boards away. My! but they 're rotten!" Cynthia helped, secretly very reluctant and fearful of consequences, and they soon had the little window free of obstructions. Joyce poked in her head and peered about.

"It 's as dark as a pocket, but I see two things like balls of fire,—that 's Goliath up on a beam, I suppose. It is n't far to the ground. Here goes!" She slipped in, feet first, let herself down, hung on to the sill a moment, then disappeared from view.

"Oh, Joyce!" gasped Cynthia, sticking her head through the opening into the dark, "where *are* you?"

"Right here!" laughed back Joyce from below. "Trying to light the candle. Come along! The stones of the wall are like regular steps. You can put your feet on 'em!"

"Oh, but the *mice*, and the *spiders*, and—and all sorts of things!" groaned Cynthia. "I 'm afraid of them!"

"Nonsense! *they* can't hurt you!" replied Joyce,

unsympathetically. "If you don't come soon, I'm going on. I'm so impatient to see things, I can't wait. You'd better hurry up, if you're coming."

off! I've got the candle lit." Cynthia suddenly surrendered.

"Oh, wait, wait! I'm coming!" She adopted Joyce's mode of ingress, but found it scarcely as easy as it looked, and her feet swung in space, groping wildly for the steps described.

"I'm stuck! I can't move! Oh, why am I so fat and clumsy!" she moaned. Joyce laughed, placed her companion's feet on a ledge, and hauled her down, breathless, cobwebby, and thoroughly scared.

The lighted candle threw but a feeble illumination on the big, bare space they stood in. The beams overhead were thick with cobwebs, hanging like gray portières from every projection. Otherwise the inclosure was clear, except for a few old farm implements in a distant corner. As Joyce raised the candle over her head, a flight of stairs could be dimly discerned.

"This way!" she ordered, and they moved toward it cautiously. At that moment, there came from behind them a sudden scratching and scrambling, and then a thud. Both girls uttered a low, frightened shriek and clung together. But it was only Goliath, disturbed in his hiding-place. They turned in time to see him clambering through the window.

"Joyce, this is horrid!" gasped Cynthia. "My heart is beating like a trip-hammer. Let's go back!"

"It's lovely!" chuckled Joyce. "It's what I've always longed for. I feel like Christopher Columbus! I would n't go back now for worlds! And to think we

we've neglected such a mystery at our front doors, as you might say, all these years!" And she dragged the protesting Cynthia toward the cellar stairs.



"BOTH GIRLS GASPED AND STARED INCREDULOUSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"But it is n't right! It's trespassing!" cried Cynthia, making her last stand. Joyce scorned to argue further along this line.

"We talked that all over before. Good-by! I'm

CHAPTER II

IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

THEY stumbled up the cellar steps, their eyes growing gradually used to the semi-darkness. At the top was a shut door which refused to be moved, and they feared for a moment that failure awaited them in this early period of the voyage of discovery. But after some vigorous pushing and rattling, it gave with an unexpected jerk, and they were landed pell-mell into a dark hallway.

"Now," declared Joyce, "this is the beginning of something interesting, I hope!" Cynthia said nothing, having, indeed, much ado to appear calm and hold herself from making a sudden bolt back to the cellar window. With candle held high, Joyce proceeded to investigate their surroundings. They seemed to be in a wide, central hall running through the house from front to back. A generous stairway of white-painted wood with slender mahogany railing ascended to an upper floor. Some large paintings and portraits hung on the walls, but the candle did not throw enough light to permit seeing them well. The furniture in the hall consisted of several tall, straight-backed chairs set at intervals against the walls, and at one side a massive table covered thick with the dust of years. There was a distinctly old-fashioned, "different" air about the place, but nothing in any other way remarkable.

"You see!" remarked Cynthia. "There is n't anything wonderful here, and the air is simply horrid. I hope you're satisfied. Do come back!"

"But we have n't seen a quarter of it yet! This is only the hall. Now for the room on the right!" Joyce hauled open a pair of closed folding-doors, and held the candle above her head. If they were searching for things strange and inexplicable, here at last was their reward! Both girls gasped and stared incredulously, first at the scene before them, then at each other.

The apartment was a dining-room. More portraits and paintings shone dimly from the walls. A great candelabrum hung from the ceiling, with sconces for nearly a hundred candles and ornamented with glittering crystal pendants. An enormous sideboard occupied almost an entire end of the room. In the middle, a long dining-table stood under the candelabrum.

But here was the singular feature. The table was still set with dishes, as though for a feast. And the chairs about it were all pushed awry, and some were overturned. Napkins, yellowed with age, were fallen about, dropped apparently in sudden forgetfulness. The china and glassware stood just as they had been left, though every ancient

vestige of food had long since been carried away by the mice.

As plain as print, one could read the signs of some feasting party interrupted and guests hastily leaving their places to return no more. The girls understood it in a flash.

"But why—why," said Joyce, speaking her thought aloud, "was it all left just like this? Why were n't things cleared up and put away? What could have happened? Cynthia, this is the strangest thing I ever heard of!" Cynthia only stared, and offered no explanation. Plainly, she was impressed at last.

"Come on!" half whispered Joyce. "Let's see the room across the hall. I'm crazy to explore it all!" Together they tiptoed to the other side of the hall. A kind of awe had fallen upon them. There was more here than even Joyce had hoped or imagined. This was a house of mystery.

The apartment across the hall proved to be the drawing-room. Though in evident disarray, it, however, exhibited fewer signs of the strange, long-past agitation. In dimensions it was similar to the dining-room, running from front to back of the house. Here, too, was another elaborate candelabrum, somewhat smaller than the first, queer, spindle-legged, fiddle-backed chairs, beautiful cabinets and tables, and an old, square piano, still open. The chairs stood in irregular groups of twos and threes, chumming cozily together as their occupants had doubtless done, and over the piano had been carelessly thrown a long, filmy silk scarf, one end hanging to the floor. Upon everything the dust was indescribably thick, and cobwebs hung from the ceiling.

"Do you know," spoke Joyce, in a whisper, after they had looked a long time, "I think I can guess part of an explanation for all this. There was a party here, long, long ago,—perhaps a dinner-party. Folks had first been sitting in the drawing-room, and then went to the dining-room for dinner. Suddenly, in the midst of the feast, something happened,—I can't imagine what,—but it broke up the good time right away. Every one jumped up from the table, upsetting chairs and dropping napkins. Perhaps they all rushed out of the room. Anyway, they never came back to finish the meal. And after that, the owner shut the house and boarded it up and went away, never stopping to clear up or put things to rights. Awfully sudden, that, and awfully queer!"

"Goodness, Joy! You're as good as a detective! How did you ever think all that out?" murmured Cynthia, admiringly.

"Why, it's very simple," said Joyce. "The drawing-room is all right,—just looks like any other parlor where a lot of people have been sit-

ting, before it was put to rights. But the dining-room 's different. Something happened there, suddenly, and people just got their things on and left, after that! Can't you see it? But what *could* it have been? Oh, I 'd give my eyes to know, Cynthia!

"See here!" she added, after a moment's thought. "I 've the loveliest idea! You just spoke of detectives, and that put it into my head. Let 's play we 're detectives, like Sherlock Holmes, and ferret out this mystery. It will be the greatest lark ever! We will come here often, and examine every bit of evidence we can find, and gather information outside if we can, and put two and two together, and see if we can't make out the whole story. Oh, it 's gorgeous! Did two girls ever have such an adventure before!" She clasped her hands ecstatically, first having presented the candle to Cynthia, because she was too excited to hold it. Even the placid and hitherto objecting Cynthia was fired by the scheme.

"Yes, let 's!" she assented. "I 'll ask Mother if she knows anything about this old place."

"No you won't!" cried Joyce, coming suddenly to earth. "This has got to be kept a strict secret. Never *dare* to breathe it! Never speak of this house at all! Never show the slightest interest in it! And we must come here often. Do you want folks to suspect what we are doing and put a stop to it all? It 's all right, *really*, of course. We 're not doing any actual wrong or harming anything. But they would n't understand."

"Very well, then," agreed Cynthia, meekly, cowed but bewildered. "I don't see, though, how you 're going to find out things if you don't ask."

"You must get at it in other ways," declared Joyce, but did not explain the process just then.

"This candle will soon be done for!" suddenly announced the practical Cynthia. "Why did n't you bring a bigger one?"

"Could n't find any other," said Joyce. "Let 's finish looking around here and leave the rest for another day." They began accordingly to walk slowly about the room, peering up at the pictures on the walls and picking their way with care around the furniture without moving or touching anything. Presently they came abreast of the great open fireplace. A heavy chair was standing directly in front of it, but curiously enough, with its back to what must have been once a cheery blaze. They moved around it carefully and bent to examine the pretty Delft tiles that framed the yawning chimney-place, below the mantel. Then Joyce stepped back to look at the plates and vases on the mantel. Suddenly she gave a little cry:

"Hello! That 's *queer*! Look, Cynthia!"

Cynthia, still studying the tiles, straightened up to look where her companion had pointed. But in that instant the dying candle-flame sputtered, flickered, and *went out*, leaving only a small mass of warm tallow in Cynthia's hand. For a moment, there was horrified silence. The heavy darkness seemed to cast a spell over even the irrepressible Joyce. But not for long.

"Too bad!" she began. "Where are the matches, Cynthia? I handed them to you. We can light our way out by them." Cynthia produced the box from the pocket of her sweater and opened it.

"Mercy! There are only three left!" she cried, feeling round in it.

"Never mind. They will light us out of this room and through the hall to the cellar stairs. When we get there, the window will guide us."

Cynthia struck the first match, and they hurriedly picked their way around the scattered furniture. But the match went out before they reached the door. The second saw them out of the room and into the long hall. The third, alas! broke short off at its head, and proved useless. Then a real terror of the dark, unknown spaces filled them both. Breathless, frantic, they felt their way along the walls, groping blindly for the elusive cellar door. At length Joyce's hand struck a knob.

"Here it is!" she breathed. They pulled open the door and plunged through it, only to find themselves in some sort of a closet, groping among musty clothes that were hanging there.

"Oh, it is n't, it is n't!" wailed Cynthia. "Oh, I 'll never, never come into this dreadful house again!" But Joyce had regained her poise.

"It 's all right! Our door is just across the hall. I remember where it is now." She pulled the shuddering Cynthia out of the closet, and felt her way across the wide hall space.

"Here it is! Now we are all *serene*!" she cried, triumphantly, opening a door which they found gave on a flight of steps. And as they crept down, a dim square of good, honest daylight sent their spirits up with a bound. It was raining great pelting drops as they scrambled out and scampered for Cynthia's veranda. But daylight, even if dismal with rain, had served to restore them completely to their usual gaiety.

"By the way, Joyce," she said, as they stood on the porch shaking the rain from their skirts, "what was it you were pointing at just when the candle went out? I did n't have time to see."

"Why, the *strangest* thing!" whispered Joyce. "There was a big picture hanging over the mantel. But what do you think? It hung there *with its face turned to the wall*!"



Photograph by Katharine Bingham.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX.



WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES SEVEN.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER VI

THE DRILL AND THE SECRET PARTY

LORISTAN did not forbid Marco to pursue his acquaintance with The Rat and his followers.

"You will find out for yourself whether they are friends for you or not," he said. "You will know in a few days, and then you can make your own decision. You have known lads in various countries, and you are a good judge of them, I think. You will soon see whether they are going to be *men* or mere rabble. The Rat now—how does he strike you?" And the handsome eyes held their keen look of questioning.

"He 'd be a brave soldier if he could stand," said Marco, thinking him over. "But he might be cruel."

"A lad who might make a brave soldier cannot be disdained, but a man who is cruel is a fool. Tell him that from me," Loristan answered. "He wastes force—his own and the force of the one he treats cruelly. Only a fool wastes force."

"May I speak of you sometimes?" asked Marco.

"Yes. You will know how. You will remember the things about which silence is the order."

"I never forget them," said Marco. "I have been trying not to, for such a long time."

"You have succeeded well, Comrade!" returned Loristan, from his writing-table, to which he had gone and where he was turning over papers.

A strong impulse overpowered the boy. He marched over to the table and stood very straight, making his soldierly young salute, his whole body glowing.

"Father!" he said, "you don't know how I love you! I wish you were a general and I might die in battle for you. When I look at you, I long and long to do something for you a boy could not do. I would die of a thousand wounds rather than disobey you—or Samavia!"

He seized Loristan's hand, and knelt on one knee and kissed it. An English or American boy could not have done such a thing from unaffected natural impulse. But he was of warm Southern blood.

"I took my oath of allegiance to you, Father,

when I took it to Samavia. It seems as if you were Samavia, too," he said, and kissed his hand again.

Loristan had turned toward him with one of the movements which were full of dignity and grace. Marco, looking up at him, felt that there was always a certain remote stateliness in him which made it seem quite natural that any one should bend the knee and kiss his hand.

A sudden great tenderness glowed in his father's face as he raised the boy and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Comrade," he said, "you don't know how much I love you—and what reason there is that we should love each other! You don't know how I have been watching you, and thanking God each year that here grew a man for Samavia. That I know you are—a *man*, though you have lived but twelve years. Twelve years may grow a man—or prove that a man will never grow, though a human thing he may remain for ninety years. This year may be full of strange things for both of us. We cannot know *what* I may have to ask you to do for me—and for Samavia. Perhaps such a thing as no twelve-year-old boy has ever done before."

"Every night and every morning," said Marco, "I shall pray that I may be called to do it, and that I may do it well."

"You will do it well, Comrade, if you are called. That I could make oath," Loristan answered him.

THE Squad had collected in the inclosure behind the church when Marco appeared at the arched end of the passage. The boys were drawn up with their rifles, but they all wore a rather dogged and sullen look. The explanation which darted into Marco's mind was that this was because The Rat was in a bad humor. He sat crouched together on his platform biting his nails fiercely, his elbows on his updrawn knees, his face twisted into a hideous scowl. He did not look around, or even look up from the cracked flagstones of the pavement on which his eyes were fixed.

Marco went forward with military step and stopped opposite to him with prompt salute.

"Sorry to be late, sir," he said, as if he had been a private speaking to his colonel.

"It's 'im, Rat! 'E's come, Rat!" the Squad intoned. "Look at 'im!"

But The Rat would not look, and did not even move.

"What's the matter?" said Marco, with less ceremony than a private would have shown. "There's no use in my coming here if you don't want me."

"'E's got a grouch on 'cos you're late!" called out the head of the line. "No doin' nothin' when 'e's got a grouch on."

"I sha'n't try to do anything," said Marco, his boy-face setting itself into good stubborn lines. "That's not what I came here for. I came to drill. I've been with my father. He comes first. I can't join the Squad if he does n't come first. We're not on active service, and we're not in barracks."

Then The Rat moved sharply and turned to look at him.

"I thought you were n't coming at all!" he snapped and growled at once. "My father said you would n't. He said you were a young swell for all your patched clothes. He said your father would think he was a swell, even if he was only a penny-a-liner on newspapers, and he would n't let you have anything to do with a vagabond and a nuisance. Nobody begged you to join. Your father can go to blazes!"

"Don't you speak in that way about my father," said Marco, quite quietly, "because I can't knock you down."

"I'll get up and let you!" began The Rat, immediately white and raging. "I can stand up with two sticks. I'll get up and let you!"

"No, you won't," said Marco. "If you want to know what my father said, I can tell you. He said I could come as often as I liked—till I found out whether we should be friends or not. He says I shall find that out for myself."

It was a strange thing The Rat did. It must always be remembered of him that his wretched father, who had each year sunk lower and lower in the under-world, had been a gentleman once, a man who had been familiar with good manners and had been educated in the customs of good breeding. Sometimes when he was drunk, and sometimes when he was partly sober, he talked to The Rat of many things the boy would otherwise never have heard of. That was why the lad was different from the other vagabonds. This, also, was why he suddenly altered the whole situation by doing this strange and unexpected thing. He utterly changed his expression and voice, fixing his sharp eyes shrewdly on Marco's. It was almost as if he were asking him a conundrum. He knew it would have been a sort of one

to most boys of the class he appeared outwardly to belong to. He would either know the answer or he would n't.

"I beg your pardon," The Rat said.

That was the conundrum. It was what a gentleman and an officer would have said, if he felt he had been mistaken or rude. He had heard that from his drunken father.

"I beg yours—for being late," said Marco.

That was the right answer. It was the one another officer and gentleman would have made. It settled the matter at once, and it settled more than was apparent at the moment. It decided that Marco was one of those who knew the things The Rat's father had once known—the things gentlemen do and say and think. Not another word was said. It was all right. Marco slipped into line with the Squad, and The Rat sat erect with his military bearing and began his drill:

"Squad!

"'Tention!

"Number!

"Slope arms!

"Form fours!

"Right!

"Quick march!

"Halt!

"Left turn!

"Order arms!

"Stand at ease!

"Stand easy!"

They did it so well that it was quite wonderful when one considered the limited space at their disposal. They had evidently done it often, and The Rat had been not only a smart, but a severe, officer. This morning they repeated the exercise a number of times, and even varied it with Review Drill, with which they seemed just as familiar.

"Where did you learn it?" The Rat asked, when the arms were stacked again and Marco was sitting by him as he had sat the previous day.

"From an old soldier. And I like to watch it, as you do."

"If you were a young swell in the Guards, you could n't be smarter at it," The Rat said. "The way you hold yourself! The way you stand! You've got it! Wish I was you! It comes natural to you."

"I've always liked to watch it and try to do it myself. I did when I was a little fellow," answered Marco.

"I've been trying to kick it into these chaps for more than a year," said The Rat. "A nice job I had of it! It nearly made me sick at first."

The semicircle in front of him only giggled

or laughed outright. The members of it seemed to take very little offense at his cavalier treatment of them. He had evidently something to give them which was entertaining enough to make up for his tyranny and indifference. He thrust his hand into one of the pockets of his ragged coat, and drew out a piece of newspaper.

"My father brought home this, wrapped round a loaf of bread," he said. "See what it says there!"

He handed it to Marco, pointing to some words printed in large letters at the head of a column. Marco looked at it and sat very still.

The words he read were: "The Lost Prince."

"Silence is still the order," was the first thought which flashed through his mind. "Silence is still the order."

"What does it mean?" he said aloud.

"There is n't much of it. I wish there was more." The Rat said fretfully. "Read and see. Of course they say it may n't be true—but I believe it is. They say that people think some one knows where he is—at least where one of his descendants is. It 'd be the same thing. He 'd be the real king. If he 'd just show himself, it might stop all the fighting. Just read."

Marco read, and his skin prickled as the blood went racing through his body. But his face did not change. There was a sketch of the story of the Lost Prince to begin with. It had been regarded by most people, the article said, as a sort of legend. Now there was a definite rumor that it was not a legend at all, but a part of the long-past history of Samavia. It was said that through the centuries there had always been a party secretly loyal to the memory of this worshiped and lost Fedorovitch. It was even said that from father to son, generation after generation after generation, had descended the oath of fealty to him and his descendants. The people had made a god of him, and now, romantic as it seemed, it was beginning to be an open secret that some persons believed that a descendant had been found—a Fedorovitch worthy of his young ancestor—and that a certain Secret Party also held that, if he were called back to the throne of Samavia, the interminable wars and bloodshed would reach an end.

The Rat had begun to bite his nails fast.

"Do you believe he 's found?" he asked feverishly. "*Don't* you? I do!"

"I wonder where he is, if it 's true? I *wonder! Where?*" exclaimed Marco. He could say that, and he might seem as eager as he felt.

The Squad all began to jabber at once. "Yus, where was 'e? There was no knowin'. It 'd be likely to be in some o' these furrin places. Eng-

land 'd be too far from Samavia. 'Ow far off was Samavia? Was it in Roosha, or where the Frenchies were, or the Germans? But wherever 'e was, 'e 'd be the right sort, an' 'e 'd be the sort a chap 'd turn and look at in the street."

The Rat continued to bite his nails.

"He might be anywhere," he said, his small fierce face glowing. "That 's what I like to think about. He might be passing in the street outside there; he might be up in one of those houses," jerking his head over his shoulder toward the backs of the inclosing dwellings. "Perhaps he knows he 's a king, and perhaps he does n't. He 'd know if what you said yesterday was true—about the king always being made ready for Samavia."

"Yes, he 'd know," put in Marco.

"Well, it 'd be finer if he did," went on The Rat. "However poor and shabby he was, he 'd know the secret all the time. And if people sneered at him, he 'd sneer at them and laugh to himself. I dare say he 'd walk tremendously straight and hold his head up. If I was him, I 'd like to make people suspect a bit that I was n't like the common lot o' them." He put out his hand and pushed Marco excitedly. "Let 's work out plots for him!" he said. "That 'd be a splendid game! Let 's pretend we 're the Secret Party!"

He was tremendously excited. Out of the ragged pocket he fished a piece of chalk. Then he leaned forward and began to draw something quickly on the flagstones closest to his platform. The Squad leaned forward also, quite breathlessly, and Marco leaned forward. The chalk was sketching a roughly outlined map, and he knew what map it was, before The Rat spoke.

"That 's a map of Samavia," he said. "It was in that piece of magazine I told you about—the one where I read about Prince Ivor. I studied it until it fell to pieces. But I could draw it myself by that time, so it did n't matter. I could draw it with my eyes shut. That 's the capital city," pointing to a spot. "It 's called Melzarr. The palace is there. It 's the place where the first of the Maranovitch killed the last of the Fedorovitch—the bad chap that was Ivor's father. It 's the palace Ivor wandered out of singing the shepherds' song that early morning. It 's where the throne is that his descendant would sit upon to be crowned—that he 's *going* to sit upon. I believe he is! Let 's swear he shall!" He flung down his piece of chalk and sat up. "Give me two sticks. Help me to get up."

Two of the Squad sprang to their feet and came to him. Each snatched one of the sticks from the stacked rifles, evidently knowing what

he wanted. Marco rose too, and watched with sudden, keen curiosity. He had thought that The Rat could not stand up, but it seemed that he could, in a fashion of his own, and he was going to do it. The boys lifted him by his arms, set him against the stone coping of the iron railings of the churchyard, and put a stick in each of his hands. They stood at his side, but he supported himself.

"'E could get about if 'e 'ad the money to buy crutches!" said one whose name was Cad, and he said it quite proudly. The queer thing that Marco had noticed was that the ragamuffins were proud of The Rat, and regarded him as their lord and master. "'E could get about an' stand as well as any one," added the other, and he said it in the tone of one who boasts. His name was Ben.

"I 'm going to stand now, and so are the rest of you," said The Rat. "Squad! 'Tention! You at the head of the line," to Marco. They were in line in a moment—straight, shoulders back, chins up. And Marco stood at the head.

"We 're going to take an oath," said The Rat. "It 's an oath of allegiance. Allegiance means faithfulness to a thing—a king or a country. Ours means allegiance to the King of Samavia. We don't know where he is, but we swear to be faithful to him, to fight for him, to plot for him, to *die* for him, and to bring him back to his throne!" The way in which he flung

up his head when he said the word "die" was very fine indeed. "We are the Secret Party. We will work in the dark and find out things—and run risks—and collect an army no one will know anything about until it is strong enough to



"MARCO SLIPPED INTO LINE WITH THE SQUAD, AND THE RAT BEGAN HIS DRILL: 'SQUAD! 'TENTION!'"

suddenly rise at a secret signal, and overwhelm the Maranovitch and Jarovitch, and seize their forts and citadels. No one even knows we are alive. We are a silent, secret thing that never speaks aloud!"

Silent and secret as they were, however, they spoke aloud at this juncture. It was such a grand idea for a game, and so full of possible larks, that the Squad broke into a howl of an exultant cheer.

"Hooray!" they yelled. "Hooray for the oath of 'legiance! 'Ray! 'ray! 'ray!"

"Shut up, you swine!" shouted The Rat. "Is that the way you keep yourself secret? You 'll call the police in, you fools! Look at *him*!" pointing to Marco. "He 's got some sense."

Marco, in fact, had not made any sound.

"Come here, you Cad and Ben, and put me back on my wheels," raged the Squad's commander. "I 'll not make up the game at all. It 's no use with a lot of fat-head, raw recruits like you."

The line broke and surrounded him in a moment, pleading and urging.

"Aw, Rat! We forgot. It 's the primest game you 've ever thought out! Rat! Rat! Don't get a grouch on! We 'll keep still, Rat! Primest lark of all 'll be the sneakin' about an' keepin' quiet. Aw, Rat! Keep it up!"

"Keep it up yourselves!" snarled The Rat.

"Not another cove of us could do it but you! Not one! There 's no other cove could think it out. You 're the only chap that can think out things. You thought out the Squad! That 's why you 're captain!"

This was true. He was the one who could invent entertainment for them, these street lads who had nothing. Out of that nothing he could create what excited them, and give them something to fill empty, useless, often cold or wet or foggy, hours. That made him their captain and their pride.

The Rat began to yield, though grudgingly. He pointed again to Marco, who had not moved, but stood still at attention.

"Look at *him*!" he said. "He knows enough to stand where he 's put until he 's ordered to break line. He 's a soldier, he is—not a raw recruit that don't know the goose-step. He 's been in barracks before."

But after this outburst, he dignified to go on.

"Here 's the oath," he said. "We swear to stand any torture and submit in silence to any death rather than betray our secret and our king. We will obey in silence and in secret. We will swim through seas of blood and fight our way through lakes of fire, if we are ordered. Nothing shall bar our way. All we do and say and think is for our country and our king. If any of you have anything to say, speak out before you take the oath."

He saw Marco move a little, and he made a sign to him.

"You," he said. "Have you something to say?"

Marco turned to him and saluted.

"Here stand ten men for Samavia. God be thanked!" he said. He dared say that much, and he felt as if his father himself would have told him that they were the right words.

The Rat thought they were. Somehow he felt that they struck home. He reddened with a sudden emotion.

"Squad!" he said. "I 'll let you give three cheers on that. It 's for the last time. We 'll begin to be quiet afterward."

And to the Squad's exultant relief he led the cheer, and they were allowed to make as much uproar as they liked. They liked to make a great deal, and when it was at an end, it had done them good and made them ready for business.

The Rat opened the drama at once. Never surely had there ever before been heard a conspirator's whisper as hollow as his.

"Secret Ones," he said, "it is midnight. We meet in the depths of darkness. We dare not meet by day. When we meet in the daytime, we pretend not to know each other. We are meeting now in a Samavian city where there is a fortress. We shall have to take it when the secret sign is given and we make our rising. We are getting everything ready, so that, when we find the king, the secret sign can be given."

"What is the name of the city we are in?" whispered Cad.

"It is called Larrina. It is an important seaport. We must take it as soon as we rise. The next time we meet I will bring a dark lantern and draw a map and show it to you."

It would have been a great advantage to the game if Marco could have drawn for them the map he could have made, a map which would have shown every fortress—every stronghold and every weak place. Being a boy, he knew what excitement would have thrilled each breast, how they would lean forward and pile question on question, pointing to this place and to that. He had learned to draw the map before he was ten, and he had drawn it again and again because there had been times when his father had told him that changes had taken place. Oh, yes! he could have drawn a map which would have moved them to a frenzy of joy. But he sat silent and listened, only speaking when he asked a question, as if he knew nothing more about Samavia than The Rat did. What a Secret Party they were! They drew themselves together in the closest of circles; they spoke in unearthly whispers.

"A sentinel ought to be posted at the end of the passage," Marco whispered.

"Ben, take your gun!" commanded The Rat.

Ben rose stealthily, and, shouldering his weapon, crept on tiptoe to the opening. There he stood on guard.

"My father says there 's been a Secret Party in Samavia for a hundred years," The Rat whispered.

"Who told him?" asked Marco.

"A man who has been in Samavia," answered The Rat. "He said it was the most wonderful Secret Party in the world, because it has worked and waited so long, and never given up, though it has had no reason for hoping. It began among some shepherds and charcoal-burners who bound themselves by an oath to find the Lost Prince and bring him back to the throne. There were too few of them to do anything against the Maranovitch, and when the first lot found they were growing old, they made their sons take the same oath. It has been passed on from generation to generation, and in each generation the band has grown. No one really knows how large it is now, but they say that there are people in nearly all the countries in Europe who belong to it in dead secret, and are sworn to help it when they are called. They are only waiting. Some are rich people who will give money, and some are poor ones who will slip across the frontier to fight or to help to smuggle in arms. They even say that for all these years there have been arms made in caves in the mountains, and hidden there year after year. There are men who are called Forgers of the Sword, and they, and their fathers, and grandfathers, and great grandfathers have always made swords and stored them in caverns no one knows of, hidden caverns underground."

Marco spoke aloud the thought which had come into his mind as he listened, a thought which brought fear to him. "If the people in the streets talk about it, they won't be hidden long."

"It is n't common talk, my father says. Only very few have guessed, and most of them think it is part of the Lost Prince legend," said The Rat. "The Maranovitch and Iarovitch laugh at it. They have always been great fools. They're too full of their own swagger to think anything can interfere with them."

"Do you talk much to your father?" Marco asked him.

The Rat showed his sharp white teeth in a grin.

"I know what you're thinking of," he said. "You're remembering that I said he was always drunk. So he is, except when he's only half drunk. And when he's half drunk, he's the most splendid talker in London. He remembers everything he has ever learned or read or heard since

he was born. I get him going and listen. He wants to talk and I want to hear. I found out almost everything I know in that way. He did n't know he was teaching me, but he was. He goes back into being a gentleman when he's half drunk."

"If—if you care about the Samavians, you'd better ask him not to tell people about the Secret Party and the Forgers of the Sword," suggested Marco.

The Rat started a little.

"That's true!" he said. "You're sharper than I am. It ought n't to be blabbed about, or the Maranovitch might hear enough to make them stop and listen. I'll get him to promise. There's one queer thing about him," he added very slowly, as if he were thinking it over, "I suppose it's part of the gentleman that's left in him. If he makes a promise, he never breaks it, drunk or sober."

"Ask him to make one," said Marco. The next moment he changed the subject because it seemed the best thing to do. "Go on and tell us what our own Secret Party is to do. We're forgetting," he whispered.

The Rat took up his game with renewed keenness. It was a game which attracted him immensely because it called upon his imagination and held his audience spellbound, besides plunging him into war and strategy.

"We're preparing for the rising," he said. "It must come soon. We've waited so long. The caverns are stacked with arms. The Maranovitch and the Iarovitch are fighting and using all their soldiers, and now is our time." He stopped and thought, his elbows on his knees. He began to bite his nails again.

"The Secret Signal must be given," he said. Then he stopped again, and the Squad held its breath and pressed nearer with a softly shuffling sound. "Two of the Secret Ones must be chosen by lot and sent forth," he went on; and the Squad almost brought ruin and disgrace upon itself by wanting to cheer again, and only just stopping itself in time. "Must be chosen *by lot*," The Rat repeated, looking from one face to another. "Each one will take his life in his hand when he goes forth. He may have to die a thousand deaths, but he must go. He must steal in silence and disguise from one country to another. Wherever there is one of the Secret Party, whether he is in a hovel or on a throne, the messengers must go to him in darkness and stealth and give him the sign. It will mean, 'The hour has come. God save Samavia!'"

"God save Samavia!" whispered the Squad, excitedly. And, because they saw Marco raise his hand to his forehead, every one of them saluted.

They all began to whisper at once.

"Let 's draw lots now. Let 's draw lots, Rat. Don't let 's 'ave no waitin'."

The Rat began to look about him with dread anxiety. He seemed to be examining the sky.

"The darkness is not as thick as it was," he whispered. "Midnight has passed. The dawn of day will be upon us. If any one has a piece of paper or string, we will draw the lots before we part."

Cad had a piece of string, and Marco had a knife which could be used to cut it into lengths. This The Rat did himself. Then, after shutting his eyes and mixing them, he held them in his hand ready for the drawing.

"The Secret One who draws the longest lot is chosen. The Secret One who draws the shortest is chosen," he said solemnly.

The drawing was as solemn as his tone. Each boy wanted to draw either the shortest lot or the longest one. The heart of each thumped somewhat as he drew his piece of string.

When the drawing was at an end, each showed his lot. The Rat had drawn the shortest piece of string, and Marco had drawn the longest one.

"Comrade!" said The Rat, taking his hand. "We will face death and danger together!"

"God save Samavia!" answered Marco.

And the game was at an end for the day. The prime thing, the Squad said, The Rat had ever made up for them. "E was a wonder, he wos!"

CHAPTER VII

"THE LAMP IS LIGHTED!"

ON his way home, Marco thought of nothing but the story he must tell his father, the story the stranger who had been to Samavia had told The Rat's father. He felt that it must be a true story and not merely an invention. The Forgers of the Sword must be real men, and the hidden subterranean caverns stacked through the centuries with arms must be real, too. And if they were real, surely his father was one of those who knew the secret. His thoughts ran very fast. The Rat's boyish invention of the rising was only part of a game, but how natural it would be that sometime—perhaps before long—there would be a real rising! Surely there would be one if the Secret Party had grown so strong, and if many weapons and secret friends in other countries were ready and waiting. During all these years, hidden work and preparation would have been going on continually, even though it was preparation for an unknown day. A party which had lasted so long—which passed its oath on from generation to generation—must be of a deadly

determination. What might it not have made ready in its caverns and secret meeting-places! He longed to reach home and tell his father, at once, all he had heard. He recalled to mind, word for word, all that The Rat had been told, and even all he had added in his game, because—well, because that seemed so real too, so real that it actually might be useful.

But when he reached No. 7 Philibert Place, he found Loristan and Lazarus very much absorbed in work. The door of the back sitting-room was locked when he first knocked on it, and locked again as soon as he had entered. There were many papers on the table, and they were evidently studying them. Several of them were maps. Some were road maps, some maps of towns and cities, and some of fortifications; but they were all maps of places in Samavia. They were usually kept in a strong box, and when they were taken out to be studied, the door was always kept locked.

Before they had their evening meal, these were all returned to the strong box, which was pushed into a corner and had newspapers piled upon it.

"When he arrives," Marco heard Loristan say to Lazarus, "we can show him clearly what has been planned. He can see for himself."

His father spoke scarcely at all during the meal, and, though it was not the habit of Lazarus to speak at such times unless spoken to, this evening it seemed to Marco that he *looked* more silent than he had ever seen him look before. They were plainly both thinking anxiously of deeply serious things. The story of the stranger who had been to Samavia must not be told yet. But it was one which would keep.

Loristan did not say anything until Lazarus had removed the things from the table and made the room as neat as possible. While that was being done, he sat with his forehead resting on his hand, as if absorbed in thought. Then he made a gesture to Marco.

"Come here, Comrade," he said.

Marco went to him.

"To-night some one may come to talk with me about grave things," he said. "I think he will come, but I cannot be quite sure. It is important that he should know that, when he comes, he will find me quite alone. He will come at a late hour, and Lazarus will open the door quietly that no one may hear. It is important that no one should see him. Some one must go and walk on the opposite side of the street until he appears. Then the one who goes to give warning must cross the pavement before him and say in a low voice, 'The Lamp is lighted!' and at once turn quietly away."

What boy's heart would not have leaped with

joy at the mystery of it! Even a common and dull boy who knew nothing of Samavia would have felt jerky. Marco's voice almost shook with the thrill of his feeling.

"How shall I know him?" he said at once. Without asking at all, he knew he was the "some one" who was to go.

"You have seen him before," Loristan answered. "He is the man who drove in the carriage with the King."

"I shall know him," said Marco. "When shall I go?"

"Not until it is half-past one o'clock. Go to bed and sleep until Lazarus calls you." Then he added, "Look well at his face before you speak. He will probably not be dressed as well as he was when you saw him first."

Marco went up-stairs to his room and went to bed as he was told, but it was hard to go to sleep. The rattle and roaring of the road did not usually keep him awake, because he had lived in the poorer quarter of too many big capital cities not to be accustomed to noise. But to-night it seemed to him that, as he lay and looked out at the lamplight, he heard every bus and cab which went past. He could not help thinking of the people who were in them, and on top of them, and of the people who were hurrying along on the pavement outside the broken iron railings. He was wondering what they would think if they knew that things connected with the battles they read of in the daily papers were going on in one of the shabby houses they scarcely gave a glance to as they went by them. It must be something connected with the war, if a man who was a great diplomat and the companion of kings came in secret to talk alone with a patriot who was a Samavian. Whatever his father was doing was for the good of Samavia, and perhaps the Secret Party knew he was doing it. His heart almost beat aloud under his shirt as he lay on the lumpy mattress thinking it over. He must indeed look well at the stranger before he even moved toward him. He must be sure he was the right man. The game he had amused himself with so long—the game of trying to remember pictures and people and places clearly and in detail—had been a wonderful training. If he could draw, he knew he could have made a sketch of the keen-eyed, clever, aquiline face with the well-cut and delicately close mouth, which looked as if it had been shut upon secrets always—always. If he could draw, he found himself saying again. He *could* draw, though perhaps only roughly. He had often amused himself by making sketches of things he wanted to ask questions about. He had even drawn people's faces in his untrained way,

and his father had said that he had a crude gift for catching a likeness. Perhaps he could make a sketch of this face which would show his father that he knew and could recognize it.

He jumped out of bed and went to a table near the window. There was paper and a pencil lying on it. A street lamp exactly opposite threw into the room quite light enough for him to see by. He half knelt by the table and began to draw. He worked for about twenty minutes steadily, and he tore up two or three unsatisfactory sketches. The poor drawing would not matter if he could catch that subtle look which was not slyness but something more dignified and important. It was not difficult to get the marked, aristocratic outline of the features. A common-looking man with less pronounced profile would have been less easy to draw in one sense. He gave his mind wholly to the recalling of every detail which had photographed itself on his memory through its trained habit. Gradually he saw that the likeness was becoming clearer. It was not long before it was clear enough to be a striking one. Any one who knew the man would recognize it. He got up, drawing a long and joyful breath.

He did not put on his shoes, but crossed his room as noiselessly as possible, and as noiselessly opened the door. He made no ghost of a sound when he went down the stairs. The woman who kept the lodging-house had gone to bed, and so had the other lodgers and the maid of all work. All the lights were out except the one he saw a glimmer of under the door of his father's room. When he had been a mere baby, he had been taught to make a special sign on the door when he wished to speak to Loristan. He stood still outside the back sitting-room and made it now. It was a low scratching sound—two scratches and a soft tap. Lazarus opened the door and looked troubled.

"It is not yet time, sir," he said very low.

"I know," Marco answered. "But I must show something to my father." Lazarus let him in, and Loristan turned round from his writing-table questioning.

Marco went forward and laid the sketch down before him.

"Look at it," he said. "I remember him well enough to draw that. I thought of it all at once—that I could make a sort of picture. Do you think it is like him?" Loristan examined it closely.

"It is very like him," he answered. "You have made me feel entirely safe. Thanks, Comrade. It was a good idea."

There was relief in the grip he gave the boy's hand, and Marco turned away with an exultant

feeling. Just as he reached the door, Loristan said to him:

"Make the most of this gift. It is a gift. And it is true your mind has had good training. The more you draw, the better. Draw everything you can."

Neither the street lamps, nor the noises, nor his thoughts kept Marco awake when he went back to bed. But before he settled himself upon his pillow he gave himself certain orders. He had both read, and heard Loristan say, that the mind can control the body when people once find out that it can do so. He had tried experiments himself, and had found out some curious things. One was that if he told himself to remember a certain thing at a certain time, he usually found that he *did* remember it. Something in his brain seemed to remind him. He had often tried the experiment of telling himself to awaken at a particular hour, and had awakened almost exactly at the moment by the clock.

"I will sleep until one o'clock," he said as he shut his eyes. "Then I will awaken and feel quite fresh. I shall not be sleepy at all."

He slept as soundly as a boy can sleep. And at one o'clock exactly he awakened, and found the street lamp still throwing its light through the window. He knew it was one o'clock, because there was a cheap little round clock on the table, and he could see the time. He was quite fresh and not at all sleepy. His experiment had succeeded again.

He got up and dressed. Then he went downstairs as noiselessly as before. He carried his shoes in his hands, as he meant to put them on only when he reached the street. He made his sign at his father's door, and it was Loristan who opened it.

"Shall I go now?" Marco asked.

"Yes. Walk slowly to the other side of the street. Look in every direction. We do not know where he will come from. After you have given him the sign, then come in and go to bed again."

Marco saluted as a soldier would have done on receiving an order. Then, without a second's delay, he passed noiselessly out of the house.

Loristan turned back into the room and stood silently in the center of it. The long lines of his handsome body looked particularly erect and stately, and his eyes were glowing as if something deeply moved him.

"There grows a man for Samavia," he said to Lazarus, who watched him. "God be thanked!"

Lazarus's voice was low and hoarse, and he saluted quite reverently.

"Your—sir!" he said. "God save the Prince!"

"Yes," Loristan answered, after a moment's

hesitation,—*"when he is found."* And he went back to his table smiling his beautiful smile.

THE wonder of silence in the deserted streets of a great city, after midnight has hushed all the roar and tumult to rest, is an almost unbelievable thing. The stillness in the depths of a forest or on a mountain top is not so strange. A few hours ago, the tumult was rushing past; in a few hours more, it will be rushing past again. But now the street is a naked thing; a distant policeman's tramp on the bare pavement has a hollow and almost fearsome sound. It seemed especially so to Marco as he crossed the road. Had it ever been so empty and deadily silent before? Was it so every night? Perhaps it was, when he was fast asleep on his lumpy mattress with the light from a street lamp streaming into the room. He listened for the step of the policeman on night-watch, because he did not wish to be seen. There was a jutting wall where he could stand in the shadow while the man passed. A policeman would stop to look questioningly at a boy who walked up and down the pavement at half-past one in the morning. Marco could wait until he had gone by, and then come out into the light and look up and down the road and the cross streets.

He heard his approaching footsteps in a few minutes, and was safely in the shadows before he could be seen. When the policeman passed, he came out and walked slowly down the road, looking on each side, and now and then looking back. At first no one was in sight. Then a late hansom-cab came tinkling along. But the people in it were returning from some festivity, and were laughing and talking, and noticed nothing but their own joking. Then there was silence again, and for a long time, as it seemed to Marco, no one was to be seen. It was not really so long as it appeared, because he was anxious. Then a very early vegetable-wagon on the way from the country to Covent Garden Market came slowly lumbering by with its driver almost asleep on his piles of potatoes and cabbages. After it had passed, there was stillness and emptiness once more, until the policeman showed himself again on his beat, and Marco slipped into the shadow of the wall as he had done before.

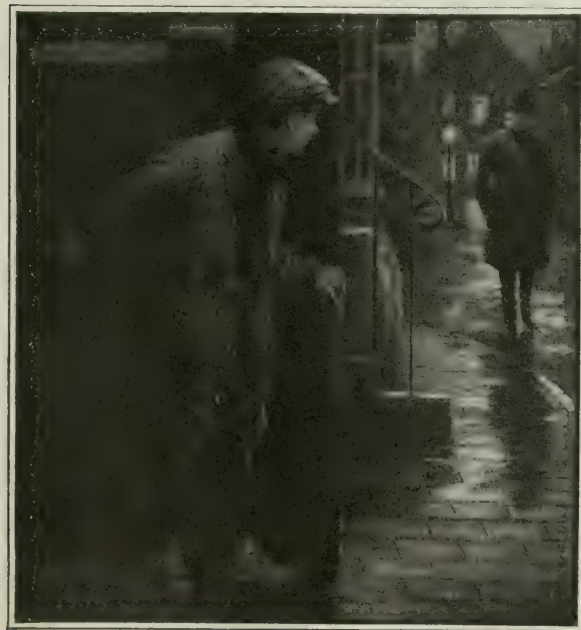
When he came out into the light, he had begun to hope that the time would not seem long to his father. It had not really been long, he told himself, it had only seemed so. But his father's anxiousness would be greater than his could be. Loristan knew all that depended on the coming of this great man who sat side by side with a king in his carriage and talked to him as if he knew him well.

"It might be something which all Samavia is waiting to know—at least all the Secret Party," Marco thought. "The Secret Party is Samavia,"—he started at the sound of footsteps. "Some one is coming!" he said. "It is a man."

It was a man who was walking up the road on the same side of the pavement as his own. Marco began to walk toward him quietly but rather rapidly. He thought it might be best to appear as if he were some boy sent on a midnight errand

in the carriage with His Majesty. He was not more than thirty years old. He began swinging his cane and whistling a music-hall song softly as Marco passed him without changing his pace.

It was after the policeman had walked round his beat and disappeared for the third time, that Marco heard footsteps echoing at some distance down a cross street. After listening to make sure that they were approaching instead of receding in another direction, he placed himself at a point where he could watch the length of the thoroughfare. Yes, some one was coming. It was a man's figure again. He was able to place himself rather in the shadow so that the person approaching would not see that he was being watched. The solitary walker reached a recognizable distance in about two minutes' time. He was dressed in an ordinary shop-made suit of clothes which was rather shabby and quite unnoticeable in its appearance. His common hat was worn so that it rather shaded his face. But even before he had crossed to Marco's side of the road, the boy had clearly recognized him. It was the man who had driven with the King!



"IT WAS THE MAN WHO HAD DRIVEN WITH THE KING!"

—perhaps to call a doctor. Then, if it was a stranger he passed, no suspicion would be aroused. Was this man as tall as the one who had driven with the king? Yes, he was about the same height, but he was too far away to be recognizable otherwise. He drew nearer, and Marco noticed that he also seemed slightly to hasten his footsteps. Marco went on. A little nearer, and he would be able to make sure. Yes, now he was near enough. Yes, this man was the same height and not unlike in figure, but he was much younger. He was not the one who had been

distinctly, the words "The Lamp is lighted," and without pausing a second walk on his way down the road. He did not slacken his pace or look back until he was some distance away. Then he glanced over his shoulder, and saw that the figure had crossed the street and was inside the railings. It was all right. His father would not be disappointed. The great man had come.

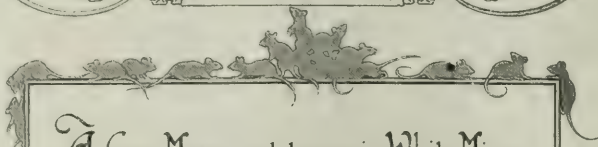
He walked for about ten minutes, and then went home and to bed. But he was obliged to tell himself to go to sleep several times before his eyes closed for the rest of the night.



A MATTER OF COLOR

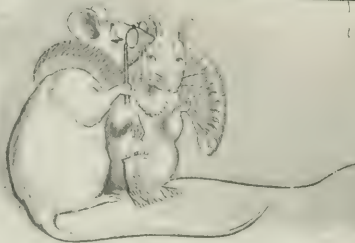


BY GEORGE O. BUTLER



A Gray Mouse met two vain White Mice;
They caused him much surprise.
He'd never seen *such* Mice before:
He rolled his beady eyes.

"Where have you been?" he asked of them,
"I'd rather like to know;
Do you live in a Flour Mill?
You're *white* from head to toe!"





"Oh! what a simpleton you are,"
They said: "*We're always white!*
So please don't stand and stare at us;
It's not at all polite."

The little Gray Mouse meekly asked,
When he arrived for tea:
"If there are *White Mice*, Mother dear,
What kind of Mice are *we*?"

"I peeped into the looking glass,
As I came through the house;
And guess *I* must be only just
A *Pickaninny Mouse!*"



THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY JOSEPHINE G. TIGHE

IN your histories and books of medieval romance, you have undoubtedly read about pages—lithe, slim lads who sat at the foot of the throne and at a sign, or a "What ho!" ran swiftly hither and thither for their majesties, upon pressing errands of state. These pages wore long hose and slashed doublets; lace flounces fell about their wrists; their slippers were decorated with buckles of finely wrought gold, and their caps with graceful, drooping feathers.

One of your very best friends, the dictionary, says that a page is "(a) A boy attendant upon a person of rank or distinction; (b) A boy who attends upon the members of a legislative body; as, a Senate page."

And these very page-boys of the United States Senate perform just about the same duties as did the silken-clad ones in the centuries past. Instead of sitting at the foot of a throne, the Senate pages are placed on the steps surrounding the dais which holds the chair occupied by the Vice-President of the United States, whose chief duty it is to preside over the sessions of the upper branch of our legislature.

There are sixteen pages, and eight are seated on each side of the Vice-President's desk. Instead of the gaudy, glowing costumes of the early pages, our boys wear knickerbocker suits of blue or black wool, white shirts and collars, and neckties of any desired color. The suits must be thoroughly brushed and pressed, linen immaculate, shoes the blackest of the black, and stockings guiltless of a single darn.

Each morning at nine, the pages report to the chief of the pages, Mr. Edwin Halsey, and woe to the boy whose attire and general appearance are not up to the mark! Woe to the page whose teeth and finger-nails do not show signs of proper and exquisite care, whose tie is not adjusted precisely as it should be! Mr. Halsey keeps a careful record, on which the marks for conduct, efficiency, appearance, and intelligence displayed by each page are duly entered.

After passing the scrutiny of the chief of the pages the real work of the day begins, and until five o'clock the lads find scant time for rest or amusement. Each boy has the desks of six senators to look after, and on these desks must be placed every morning the file of the current Congressional Record, together with the bills, resolutions, and documents of the previous day. All told, ninety-six desks are in the senate-cham-

ber, and each day of the session ninety-six ink-wells must be cleaned and freshly filled. Each desk has a sand bottle, but as most of the senators prefer blotting-paper to the old-fashioned way of tossing sand upon newly written sheets, the pages have little work with the sand bottles.

Two antiquated snuff-boxes, which did strenuous duty long years ago, still occupy a place of honor in the Senate, and though seldom used nowadays, must be kept filled with snuff by the pages. Sometimes, when a new member is sworn in, he will be solemnly invited by a brother member to try a pinch of snuff; but there is really little call for it, although it is still religiously purchased by the United States Government for the use of the senators.

On every desk must go newly sharpened, finely pointed lead-pencils, also penholders containing new pens. As many of the senators are decidedly particular about large, small, sharp, or stub pen-points, the page must be extremely careful to supply the desired kind.

The Vice-President's gavel is carefully, formally put away each night, and as carefully and formally restored by a page each morning to its place in front of the presiding officer. It would be a decided breach of page-etiquette—involving a considerable fine for the negligent page—should the Vice-President attempt to call the Senate to order and find no gavel with which to do so.

When the desks have been fully arranged and the hour of twelve arrives, the pages file in and take their allotted places on the steps of the rostrum. Down goes the gavel; the Honorable Senate is in session; the chaplain offers prayer, and the real work of the day begins in earnest. From now until adjournment the pages are actually "on the jump." A senator desires a copy of a record of three days, or perhaps thirty years, ago. He claps his hands smartly, and the page nearest to him speeds down the aisle and takes the order. Sometimes it is plainly written out; more often it is hurriedly mumbled. And right here is where the page must exert his intelligence, and with sense and logic swiftly do the required errand. Naturally, the boys must know every member of not only the Senate, but of the House as well, and they must be absolutely familiar with every hole and corner of the Capitol, the House and Senate office-buildings, and the Library of Congress. Legislators and employees



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THE SIXTEEN PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND THEIR CHIEF, EDWIN A. HALSEY (IN THE CENTER).

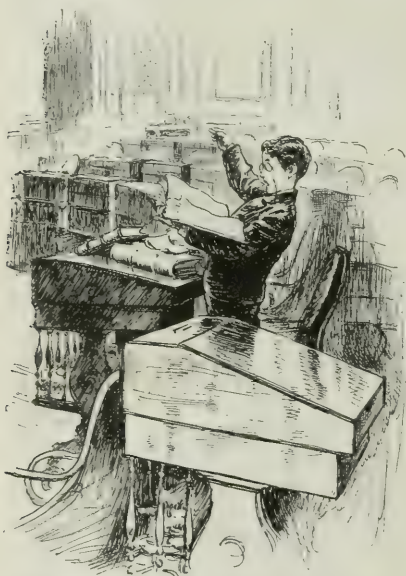
at the Capitol may get confused and turned around in the intricate mazes of the building, but the page-boys, never!

When the Senate adjourns, there are many

duties yet to be performed by the boys, and it will be seen that they earn every penny of the seventy-five dollars a month paid them by their good Uncle Sam. The hours, of course, are long, and

the boys miss day-school. Some of them attend night-school; others have tutors; still others are coached by their parents. An alert, bright, energetic boy will learn very many things during the four years he may serve as a page, because he comes in contact with the best and broadest minds in the nation: he hears affairs of national importance discussed. The senators, as a rule, are devoted to the pages, and will often patiently explain a matter in which a boy is interested. The page who will stop, look, listen, and learn has an immense advantage over other boys.

That many of them have profited by the association and the environment is shown by the fact that a large number of them have turned out to be men of prominence and affairs. Some who



"IMITATING THE POSE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEMBER WHOSE SEAT HE HAPPENS TO OCCUPY."

started as pages return in after years real, live, "honest-to-goodness" senators. For instance, the late and eminent Senator Arthur Pue Gorman was once a page. Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, used to answer handclaps; now he claps his own hands for a page.

Stuart Robson, the actor, was once numbered among the Senate pages; so was Edward B.

Moore, the present commissioner of patents. So were Admiral Frailly, General John W. Wilson, David I. Walsh, former governor of Massachusetts, Charles S. Sloan, geographer of the Census, William Delaney Hunter, consul at Nice, France, George P. Foster, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Cuba, and a host of other notable, successful men. In a book written by Christian Eckloff, the oldest living page, it is stated that there are nearly 300 former pages in state legislatures to-day, and most of them are aspiring to return to Congress as members. The House of Representatives, by the way, also has pages, but they are young men instead of boys, and, therefore, not nearly so interesting!

The first record of pages dates back to 1809, and since then there have been 8029 employed in this capacity. George B. Cortleyou, private secretary of both President McKinley and President Roosevelt, was one of the 8029. So was Augustus Thomas, one of the most noted and successful of American playwrights.

Always there are more applicants for the coveted places than openings to be filled. Whenever possible, a vacant position is given to a boy whose family or education will be assisted by the monthly amount earned. The pages, who are appointed by the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, Charles P. Higgins, upon the recommendation of senators, may begin service at the age of twelve. Carl Loeffler, who at present holds the important position of assistant doorkeeper, was made a page in 1889, and has worked his way steadily upward.

Sometimes, when the Senate adjourns early or unexpectedly, the pages have a merry half-hour to themselves. Taking possession of the senate-chamber, they proceed to elect and solemnly induct into office a vice-president. The rest of them scurry into the seats just vacated by dignified and mighty senators, and each proceeds to imitate the pose and characteristics of the member whose seat he happens to occupy. Copying their elders with care, the first bill invariably introduced is one "to shorten the hours and lengthen the pay of the honorable pages." Needless to state, the bill goes through without a dissenting page-vote, and amid much acclaim. All work and no play would make even a Senate page a dull boy; so the officers of the upper branch of Congress indulgently let the lads have their own good time once in a while. It has even been whispered that certain senators have secreted themselves in cloak-room or lobby and watched with amusement their own dignity burlesqued by the daring youngsters.

THRILLING ESCAPES OF WILD ANIMALS

BY ELLEN VELVIN, F.Z.S.

Author of "Tales Told at the Zoo," "Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant," etc.



A LION CUB.

WITH every care and precaution, the best of locks and bolts, and in spite of much thought and anxiety concerning the matter, wild animals will occasionally, in some way or another, make their escape when in captivity, and these escapes take place, naturally, when least expected.

When every one is keenly on the alert, continually in fear of something happening to the

wild creatures, or that they may possibly break their bounds, nothing, as a rule, happens. But just when all seems undoubtedly safe, and the owners and trainers, or keepers of the animals, feel entirely at ease, then comes some little incident which not only makes every one doubly cautious, but in many cases extremely uncomfortable.

In every menagerie, no matter how carefully guarded, there comes some time or other when the animals break out, in nearly all cases with quite as much surprise to themselves as to every one else. A bolt, perhaps, has not been driven firmly into its socket, a gate not properly fastened, a door not quite shut. In one wild animal show in Paris, a trainer, having finished his performance with his lions, seen them safely into their cages behind the runway, given each one his small piece of meat—as a reward for doing well—and, as he thought, safely fastened them in, went to his supper in another part of the show.

When in the middle of his supper, he and his wife heard something rubbing against the door of their living-room, and the trainer, thinking it was his boar-hound, got up and opened the door, when in walked one of his largest lions! With great presence of mind the trainer kept him until other trainers came and the lion was induced to go back to his cage again, which he did

very quietly and without offering any objection. On examining the lock of his cage door, it was found that the bolt ran rather too easily, and it was supposed that the lion, in rubbing himself against the door, jolted the bolt back, and, as the door opened, he naturally walked out. It was not possible for him to get anywhere outside the trainers' precincts, but there was the probability that, had he met a strange trainer unexpectedly, a dozen dreadful things might have happened. As it was, it speaks volumes for his trainer that the animal found his way along the passage and up three steps to his room, and behaved as though he did that sort of "calling" every day of his life.

As a rule, lions do not often try to get out when in captivity. Other animals, like bears,



"WHEN ALL SEEMS SAFE."

foxes, pumas, and panthers, always seem to be on the watch, and are so sly and crafty that it needs constant supervision and great care to see that they do not either gnaw through the floors of their cages, or weaken some fastening or bolt. Bears, especially, are so very strong and power-

ful with their teeth and claws, that special precautions have to be taken. When kept in cages, the very hardest teak-wood is used, and the cages

dently wishing to be alone, got up with a little grunt and walked calmly away, followed by the men, who were uncertain as to what was the best



"IN WALKED ONE OF HIS LARGEST LIONS!"

are sometimes lined with zinc or sheet-iron. Even then, an indefatigable bear has been known to get one or two claws underneath the zinc or sheet-iron, and, when once he has accomplished this, a good wrench will make an excellent beginning for ripping off the whole lining.

Most bears are now kept in stone dens, surrounded by iron railings. But even in these cases bears have been known to get out. Two remarkable escapes took place in the London Zoölogical Gardens sometime ago. A huge polar bear was found about six o'clock one morning sitting quite comfortably among the shrubs in the Gardens, licking his paws.

The alarm was at once given, and the keepers, armed with every kind of implement they could pick up on the way, hastened to the spot. The polar bear stopped sucking his paws to look quietly at the many men looking at him, and, evi-

thing to do. One keeper was armed with a strong lasso; this he threw with great dexterity, and luckily threw it right over the bear's head.

The great creature did not appear to mind this, however, and at once went off into a swinging stride. Seeing some railings just in front of him, he climbed over, no doubt with the intention of continuing his promenade on the other side. But the men held on for dear life, while the tighter and harder they pulled, the tighter grew the cord around the bear's neck, until he was nearly suffocated. Mad with rage, the bear suddenly put forth all his strength, and snapped off the cord close to his ear, leaving the tight noose still round his neck. But a few struggles with his strong claws soon loosened that, and off he went again, shaking his shaggy white body from side to side, and keeping a very close watch on the men who were following him.

Whenever they came too close, he would stop and turn round suddenly; his attitude was unmistakably dangerous. It was useless to attack him; besides, he was a most valuable animal, and, as long as he kept in the Gardens, they were anxious not to harm him. Whenever he showed any signs of going near the entrances, he was turned carefully in another direction, and after about three hours' hard work, he was at last driven into the passage which leads to the carnivora dens. As it was luckily quite near to his own home, he was finally driven behind his bars again without being hurt in any way. He seemed rather glad to be back, and soon settled down, appearing to forget all about it. But the poor, tired keepers did not so quickly recover from the effects of their struggle.

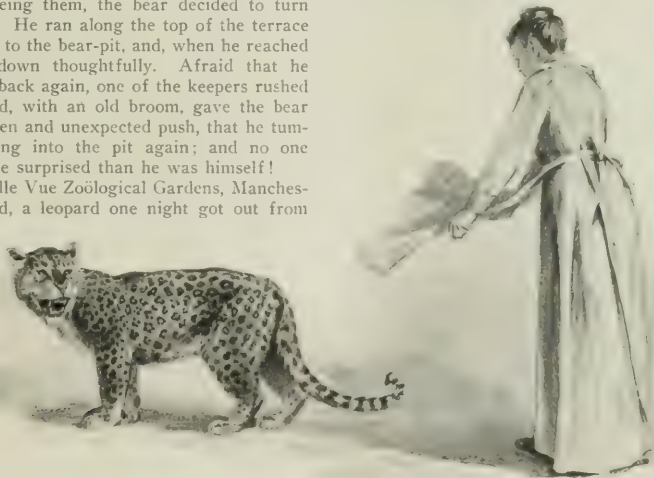
Another bear who got out, belonging to these same Gardens, was a brown bear. In some way he managed actually to climb up his chain to the top of the bear-pit and jump off! He raced round the Gardens, turned over a number of chairs and tea-tables, and seemed to be in an exceptionally bad temper. Several keepers came up, and, seeing them, the bear decided to turn back again. He ran along the top of the terrace which leads to the bear-pit, and, when he reached it, looked down thoughtfully. Afraid that he might turn back again, one of the keepers rushed forward and, with an old broom, gave the bear such a sudden and unexpected push, that he tumbled headlong into the pit again; and no one seemed more surprised than he was himself!

In the Belle Vue Zoölogical Gardens, Manchester, England, a leopard one night got out from

chickens. The animal was so surprised that it walked straight back into its own cage, and stood quietly looking at her while she fastened him in.

Perhaps one of the most exciting escapes of a hippopotamus is that which happened to a young one belonging to Mr. Carl Hagenbeck. This animal had just been purchased by Mr. Hagenbeck in South Germany, and, when it arrived at Hamburg, the arduous task of transferring it to the wagon, and then from the wagon to the stable, took place. The first was accomplished without any great difficulty, but for some reason or other, the huge animal did not appear to want to leave the wagon. She took various delicacies which were offered her, and then drew inside again.

They were all very patient with her, but when several hours had been wasted in this manner and no progress had been made, it was decided to try some other method. So some went back of her and gave her several good hard blows, but this, instead of making her come out, only caused her to turn round and try to get at the men. Then Mr. Hagenbeck tried himself, and just as he had got the men back of her a second time, the huge



"LIFTING UP HER APRON, SHE 'SHOOED' IT, AS SHE DID HER HENS AND CHICKENS.

its cage, and walked about the lion-house sniffing, and evidently very much puzzled. A woman, who was some relation to one of the officials of the Gardens, saw it and most courageously went straight into the lions' house; lifting up her apron, she "shooed" it, as she did her hens and

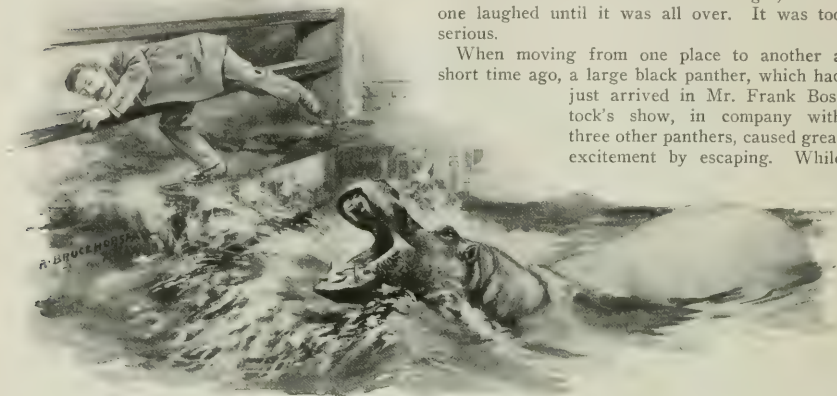
animal suddenly turned round again in a fury and charged the barrier, sending it down with a crash and burying the men underneath.

As the hippopotamus was rushing out of the wagon at the men, Mr. Hagenbeck, knowing her intentions, tore up to her and gave her a hard

kick. The kick could not possibly hurt such a thick-skinned animal, but it turned her attention away from the men to Mr. Hagenbeck himself,

rushing round to the door of the stall, quickly closed it. The hippopotamus's freedom was at an end, and she was a prisoner for life! To the onlookers, had it not been for the great danger, it would have been a most comical sight, but no one laughed until it was all over. It was too serious.

When moving from one place to another a short time ago, a large black panther, which had just arrived in Mr. Frank Bostock's show, in company with three other panthers, caused great excitement by escaping. While



"HE CREEPT THROUGH THE BARS ONLY *JUST* IN TIME."

and with a furious snort of rage she rushed at him. Mr. Hagenbeck was known to be an extremely brave man, but he was not foolhardy, and, seeing what was in store for him, he took to his heels and ran as he had never run before in his life.

Seeing no other means of escape, he ran right into the very house which was waiting for the

moving them from their traveling cages to their permanent dens, the black one—the most savage and dangerous of all panthers—in spite of the most careful precautions, slipped out and disappeared.

The show was exhibiting just then in France, in a large open part of the country, a long way from buildings of any kind, and, it being a jet-black night, and the animal as black as the night, the task of finding it was almost impossible. Diligent search was kept up until morning and throughout the day, but without the slightest sign of the panther. The proprietor was terribly worried, as it might mean a bad accident at any moment, for women and children were coming in large crowds to the performance.

But the morning afterward, a working-man came to the show and said casually that, in the house in which he was working—a new one in course of building—he had seen a very large black cat—enormous it was, and he wondered if it could be the panther which the show people had lost. All this in the most unconcerned manner, the man evidently not having the least idea of the great danger and of the ferocity of the animal.

Without losing a moment, Mr. Bostock, with several of his best men, took a large shifting-den, and, well armed, they sallied forth, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, for black panthers are so marvelously quick in their movements and



"THE 'QUIET-LOOKING CAT' LIKED UP SOME MILK FROM A SAUCER."
(SEE PAGE 232.)

huge animal, and, springing across the water, crept through the wide wooden bars on the other side, only *just* in time to escape the infuriated animal. Even in that supreme moment of danger, Mr. Hagenbeck did not lose his wits, but,

so light in springing, that the brute was likely to be on them at any moment. But they all arrived safely at the unfinished house, and, carrying a thick rope and a loaded pistol, Mr. Bostock led the way. They had gone nearly all over the house—the man having said he last saw it going up-stairs—when they cautiously descended to the cellar, and there, in a corner, lying down quietly and comfortably, was the panther. In front of him were a few feathers and other remains of some chickens which he had evidently found and helped himself to. At sight of the intruders he kept quite still, but drew back his lips showing his teeth and breathing in a savage, throaty manner.

Keeping very quiet, the men tried to lasso it with the rope, but the panther was too quick each time, and dodged it most skilfully. They had hoped to capture it in this manner and draw it into the shifting-cage, but soon found that this was out of the question. Then Mr. Bostock, taking a loaded pistol in one hand, and holding a wooden shutter in front of him as a shield with the other, went in to drive it out. But he had no sooner put one foot inside than the panther charged furiously at him, throwing him to the ground and scratching him terribly on one arm. At the same time he knocked the weapon out of his hand.

Knowing well that all panthers go for the throat in any attack, Mr. Bostock quickly grasped it round the neck, and being a very muscular man, succeeded in partially choking it for a moment, and thus causing it to pause. This pause was the creature's undoing and Mr. Bostock's salvation. For, with a quick movement, Mr. Bostock threw himself on the panther. Letting his full weight rest on the savage brute, it was nearly suffocated, and could only struggle feebly. But this could not be kept up long, so with marvelous rapidity the men fastened ropes round its feet and then its body, and got it safely into the den. Not a man but was streaming with perspiration, and Mr. Bostock was bleeding profusely, so no time was lost in getting back and obtaining medical assistance. It took some time to recover from those terrible scratches, for all wounds from wild animals are peculiarly painful; but the marks remained for life.

Of course, when any wild animal does get out, it is rarely, indeed, but some one suffers for it in some way; but there have been other cases which have been rather amusing. Nearly all New Yorkers can remember when a very young puma got out of its cage in the New York Zoölogical Park, and was away for several days. It was only a baby, and more like a young playful

kitten than a wild animal, but the story of its escape of course altered as the days went on, and by the third day, workmen were afraid to go home by the park, mothers kept their children



"SUDDENLY REALIZING THAT SHE HAD ACTUALLY ENCOUNTERED A LIVE TIGER." (SEE PAGE 232.)

home from school, and nearly every one was afraid to go into the park itself.

In vain Dr. Hornaday, the director of the park, explained that it was only a playful cub; that it would not harm a fly; that it had been a great pet of the keepers, etc. It was no use. Even the

papers got excited over it at last, and said it was time some steps were taken to recapture it, and so protect the public from a wild animal at large. And just at this time a farmer's wife, living about a couple of miles from the park, went out one morning to feed her chickens, and found all the hens, with their little broods, cuddled up in a frightened state in a corner of the yard. After looking round for hawks and seeing no signs of any, she went into one of the large coops, and there in the corner, licking its paws gravely, was a tawny-looking cat, who looked at her quietly for a few moments, and then went on licking its paws as before.

And this "quiet-looking cat," who licked up some milk from a saucer which the farmer's wife offered it, was the "dangerous wild animal" which the papers and public had been making such a fuss about. Information was at once sent to the park, and the keeper came and took back his lost pet, and so that was the last of it; except that many people went after this to look at the

unique incident is that of a lion making its escape in Australia, only a short time ago. The story has been given me by an authority whose word is absolutely reliable, and has not yet been heard of in this country or in Europe. The incident took place in Melbourne.

It seems that the lion, a full-grown male, was one of a group performing at that time in a large music-hall. One afternoon, after the performance, in some way his cage was left open, and the lion very quietly walked out of the stage-door and down the street. At first, no one seemed to notice him, but after a while he met a lady, who looked at him for a moment, and then, suddenly realizing that she had actually encountered a live lion, she promptly fainted away. The lion turned, sniffed at her contemptuously, and evidently not considering her interesting, passed on.

By this time he had been seen, and people flew from him in all directions, but the lion kept on his way quietly, and, curiously enough, walked right up one of the principal streets in Mel-



"THE LION BEGAN TO GET RESTLESS."

"wild animal," and were much amused when they saw a playful young puma rolling over on its back, playing with the shadows, and purring loudly.

But what is a far more amusing and most

bourne, and actually turned into the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! Of course, after the first moment of paralyzed astonishment, every door in the building was immediately locked against him, and for-

tunately some one had the presence of mind to shut the outer door as well, so he was confined to the vestibules and stairs.



NOT ANGRY JUST YAWNING.

His imprisonment at first simply bored him—indeed, he sat down and yawned several times.

Then, after walking round and making a quiet tour of inspection, he began to get restless, and, wanting to get out, spent his time in rushing up and down the stairs, roaring at the top of his powerful voice. Meanwhile, the immense crowd outside which had quickly gathered, shouted loud and futile advice to the imprisoned people inside, whose feelings can better be imagined than described. Finally, his trainer arrived just when every one was becoming desperate, and, backing the cage which he had brought with him to the door, invited the lion, with kind words (and a piece of meat) to enter it. And the lion walked placidly into the cage, ate his piece of meat, and then, settling himself down comfortably, went sound asleep!

It would have been an interesting study in physiognomy to see the various expressions on the faces of the officials and employees of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as the lion raced up and down the stairs of their building, roaring at the top of his voice, and incidentally giving big thumps at the doors occasionally with his heavy tail as he passed by. But when the lion had safely departed, and the doors were opened once more, there can be no doubt that very much the same sort of expression then rested on every face there—an expression of immense relief!

TRY IT

BY KATHERINE BASTEDO

SOME say that long, hard work is the secret of success;
I think there 's quite a different explanation;
I would n't say to shirk—but when you work, why *work*;—
In other words just practise concentration.

If you are playing tennis, try hard for every ball,
Don't think about the issue of the game;
And, when the set is done, if you 've lost or if you 've won,
You 'll be a better player just the same.

When you are studying Latin, don't think of all the French
You have to do, and try perhaps to hurry;
Just stick to what you 're at, and you 'll soon discover that
You know your lessons without useless worry.

When there 's work for you to do, get it done and then you 're through;
Success is hindered by procrastination;
You are sure to do your best if with sturdy pluck and zest
You work and play with steady concentration.

STORIES OF FRIENDLY GIANTS

BY EUNICE FULLER

V. THE MAN WHO WENT TO THE GIANTS' COUNTRY

You who scoff at tales of giants,
Only sure of what you 've seen,
Listen to this man of science
Who had long with giants been;

Then, when doubting folk confront you,
Flout your faith, and mock your fear,
Tell them of this wise man, won't you?
Read them what 's recorded here.

Seymour Barnard.

As the world grew older and ways became stiffer, there came a dreadfully dull time when nothing ever happened by magic, and everything could be explained by a Reason. Worn out by this heavy atmosphere, the gods left the earth for the clouds, and the fairies vanished into moonlight and mist.

As for the giants, who had been so neighborly, they disappeared altogether. No frightened herd-boy following a cry through the moonlit forest came upon their towering figures. No Indian pushing out over the misty sea was hailed by a giant canoe.

People became quite superior and scornful. There was hardly a person who would discuss giants seriously. The grown-ups would only sniff; and even the children, who were young enough to know better, would cry, "Pooh! There never were any *giants*!"

Oddly enough, it happened that one of the most matter-of-fact persons of all, an Englishman and a scientist, came suddenly upon the giants' country. After that, you may be sure, the people who had been the first to scoff whenever giants were mentioned, became quite silent and respectful. Here is the Englishman's own story of the adventure, almost as he wrote it in his stiff, honest, grown-up way:

In June, 1702, I, Lemuel Gulliver, ship's surgeon, went on board the merchant-vessel *Adventure* bound for Surat. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we had a good voyage through the Straits of Madagascar. But just south of the equator, a violent gale sprang up, and continuing for days, drove us before it beyond the Spice Islands. Suddenly the wind dropped and there was a perfect calm. I was delighted, but the captain, who knew those seas, bade us all prepare for a storm. The next day, just as he had said, a wind called the Southern monsoon set in. We reefed as best we

could, but it was a very fierce storm, and the waves broke strange and dangerous. We let our topmast stand, and the ship scudded before the sea.



“POOH! THERE NEVER WERE ANY GIANTS!”

Thus we were carried so far to the east that the oldest sailor aboard could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health, but we were in great distress for lack of water.

The wind moderated, and the next day a boy on the topmast discovered land. Soon we were

in full view of an island or continent, on the south side of which was a neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold our ship. We cast anchor about a league away, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well



"A CAT THREE TIMES AS BIG AS AN OX."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

armed, in the long-boat, with buckets for water. I asked his leave to go with them, to see the country and make what discoveries I could.

When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men wandered on the shore, hoping to find some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone on the other side where the country was all barren and rocky. Beginning to be tired, I started back toward the shore, only to see our men already in the boat rowing for dear life to the ship.

I was going to hollo to them when I saw a huge creature walking after them in the sea. The water was hardly to his knees, and he took prodigious strides. But our men had the start of him by half a league, and, as the sea thereabout is full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was told afterward, for I dared not stay to see, but ran as fast as I could up a steep hill.

I came upon a highroad, for so I took it to be, though it served the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked for an hour, but could see little, for the grain rose forty feet into the air on either side. Coming at last to the end of the field, I found it fenced in with a hedge one hundred feet high.

I was trying to find a gap in the hedge when I saw a man as tall as a church-steeple approaching the stile. Hiding myself in the grain, I heard him call, but the noise was so high in the air that at first I thought it was thunder. Immediately seven monsters, each with a reaping-hook as big as six scythes, came to reap the grain in the field where I was.

I kept as far from them as I could, but I could move only with great difficulty, for the barley-stalks were sometimes less than a foot apart, so that I could hardly squeeze between them. However, I struggled on till I came to a part of the field where the grain had been beaten down by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible to advance a step, for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep between, and the beards of the barley were so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes. Hearing the reapers close behind me, I threw myself down between two ridges, overcome with despair.

The next moment, I saw an immense foot not ten yards away and the blinding gleam of a great reaping-hook above my head. I screamed as loud as fear could make me. The huge reaper stopped short, and, looking about on the ground for some time, finally spied me. He considered awhile, as if he were planning how he could pick up a small, dangerous animal so that it could neither bite nor scratch him. At last he ventured to take me up by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and held me within three yards of his eyes.

Good fortune gave me so much presence of



"THE BABY SUDDENLY SEIZED ME BY THE MIDDLE."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

mind that I resolved not to struggle as he held me in the air about sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides. In-

stead, I raised my eyes and clasped my hands, speaking some words in a humble tone and groaning a little to let him know how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to understand, for, putting me gently into his pocket, he ran along with me to his master, the farmer I had first seen.

The farmer blew my hair aside to get a better view of my face, and then placed me softly on



"A LITTLE GIRL NINE YEARS OLD AND NOT ABOVE FORTY FEET HIGH."

the ground on all-fours. But I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward. Pulling off my hat, I made a low bow to the farmer. I fell on my knees, and spoke several words as loud as I could. 'I took a purse of gold out of my pocket and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand and turned it with the point of a pin, but could make nothing of it.

He spoke to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain. We could not understand each other.

He then sent his servant to work, and taking out his handkerchief, spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward. He beckoned to me to step up on it,

which I could easily do, as it was not more than a foot thick. Wrapping me up in the handkerchief, he carried me home to his house. There he showed me to his wife; but she screamed and ran back as if I had been a spider. However, when she had seen how gentle I was, and how well I obeyed the signs her husband made, she became extremely tender to me.

It was dinner-time, and the servant brought in a dish of meat about twenty-four feet across. At the table were the farmer, his wife, and three children. The farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat and crumbled some bread, placing it before me on a plate. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and began to eat, which gave them much delight.

Then the master beckoned me to come to his plate; but as I walked on the table, I stumbled against a crust and fell flat on my face. I got up immediately, and, finding the good people greatly concerned, I waved my hat over my head, giving three huzzas to show that I had received no hurt.

Just then I heard a noise like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work, and, turning my head, found it to be the purring of a cat three times as big as an ox. The fierce look of this creature, which had jumped into the mistress's lap, altogether discomposed me, although I stood at the farther end of the table, fifty feet away.

But my chief danger came from another quarter. When dinner was almost over, a nurse came in with a child a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me and began a squall that you might have heard across London, to get me for a plaything. The mother put me toward the baby, who suddenly seized me by the middle, and put my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that he was frightened and let me drop. And I should certainly have broken my neck if the nurse had not held her apron under me. To quiet the baby, the nurse shook a rattle filled with rocks as big as cobblestones, which was fastened by a cable to the child's waist.

But the one of all the family whom I liked the best was a little girl nine years old, who became from the first my chief protector. It was she who fixed up a bed for me in her doll's cradle, and it was she who taught me the language. When I pointed out anything, she told me the name of it in the giants' tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I wished. She was very good-natured, and not above forty

feet high, being small for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, meaning manikin. I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse.

It soon began to be known in the neighborhood that my master had found in the field a tiny animal shaped exactly like a human creature, which seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, walked erect on two legs, was tame and gentle, and would come when it was called. Another farmer, who lived near by, came on a visit on purpose to find out the truth of this story. Being old and dim-sighted, he put on his spectacles to see me better, at which I could not help laughing, for his eyes looked like the full moon shining into a room at two windows. This man was thought to be a great miser, and to my way of thinking he well deserved it, for the first thing he did after seeing me was to advise my master to show me as a sight in the next town.

Accordingly, the next market-day, my master mounted his daughter, my little nurse, on a pillion behind him, and rode with me to town. I was carried in a wooden box, closed on every side, with a little door to let me in and out, and a few gimlet holes to give me air. Although Glumdalclitch had put her doll's quilt in the box for me to lie down on, I was nevertheless terribly shaken up by this journey of only half an hour. The horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the motion was like the rising and falling of a ship tossing on the waves in a great storm.

My master alighted at an inn, and, having hired the crier to give notice of me through the town, placed me on a table in the largest room of the inn, which was about three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close by, to take care of me and direct what I should do. To prevent danger, my master would allow but thirty people at a time to see me, and set benches round the table so

as to put me out of everybody's reach. I walked about on the table as Glumdalclitch commanded; she asked me questions, and I answered them as loud as I could. I paid my humble respects to the audience, and said they were welcome. I took up a thimble filled with wine and drank their health. I flourished my sword, and exercised with part of a straw as a pike. That day I was



"THE QUEEN COULD NOT DINE WITHOUT ME."

shown to twelve sets of people, and as often forced to go through the same antics, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.

Finding how profitable I was, my master decided to take me to the metropolis. And so, hav-

ing made my box more comfortable for a longer journey, he and Glumdalclitch set out with me for Lorbrulgrud, or the Pride of the Universe, three thousand miles away. Arriving there, my master hired a large room on the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and exhibited me ten times a day.

The fame of me spread far and wide, for during the journey I had learned to speak the language fairly well, and understood every word I heard. Indeed, we had not been long in the city when a gentleman usher came from the palace, commanding my master to take me there immediately for the diversion of the queen and her ladies.

Her Majesty was beyond measure delighted with me. I fell on my knees, and begged the honor of kissing her imperial foot. But she ordered me to be set on a table, and held out her little finger toward me, which I embraced in both my arms, putting the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lips. She asked whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the table, and answered that I should be proud to devote my life to Her Majesty's service. She then asked the farmer if he was willing to sell me at a good price. He said he would part with me for a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered for him on the spot.

One request only I made of the queen: that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much kindness, might continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her Majesty agreed, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court. As for the poor girl herself, she was not able to hide her joy.

So fond of my company did the queen become that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed on that at which she ate, just at her left elbow. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool near by, to take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes, which, in proportion to the queen's, were not much bigger than those of a doll's house. For Her Majesty's knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle, and her spoons, forks, and plates were all on the same scale. I remember the first time I ever saw a dinner-party at court, when a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were being plied at once. I thought I had never seen so terrible a sight.

But nothing mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who was the smallest ever known in the country, being hardly thirty feet high. Seeing at last a creature so far beneath him, he became insolent, and never failed to make some

smart remark about my littleness. My only revenge was to call him brother and challenge him to wrestle, which made him not a little angry. One day, at dinner, he became so nettled that, raising himself up on the frame of the queen's chair, he picked me up by the middle and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell in over my head, and if I had not been a good swimmer, I believe I should have been drowned. For Glumdalclitch was at the other end of the room, and the queen was too frightened to help me. However, my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed more than a quart of cream. I was put to bed, but I was not hurt, except for my clothes, which were ruined.

Indeed, I should have lived happily enough in Broddingnag (for that is the name of the giants' country) if my littleness had not made me continually the victim of the most absurd accidents. I remember one morning Glumdalclitch set me in my box on a window-sill to give me the air. I opened my windows and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet-cake for breakfast, when twenty wasps as big as partridges came flying into the room, droning louder than so many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake and carried it piecemeal away. Others flew about my head, deafening me with their noise, until I was afraid I should be stung to death. However, I had the courage to draw my sword, and attack them in the air. Four of them I killed, but the rest got away, and I shut my windows in a hurry.

Another day, Glumdalclitch let me walk about by myself on a smooth grass-plot in the garden, when there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was struck to the ground. And when I was down, the hailstones, which were as big as tennis-balls, gave me such cruel bangs that I could scarcely creep to the shelter of a primrose. As it was, I was so bruised from head to foot that I could not go out for ten days.

So, even though I was the favorite of a great queen and the delight of a whole court, I could not help sometimes wishing to be in a country where I need not live in fear of being stepped on like a toad or a young puppy. But my escape came sooner than I expected, and in a most curious way. For convenience in traveling, the queen had made for me a small box about twelve feet square. On top was a great ring, by which one of the giants could carry the box in his hand. And on one side were two iron loops, through which a person carrying me on horseback could run a leather belt and buckle it around his waist. The other sides had windows, latticed with iron wire to prevent accidents. Inside, I had a ham-

mock swung from the ceiling, and a small hole cut in the roof just above it to give me air in hot weather. There were, besides, two chairs screwed to the floor so that they could not be tossed about by the motion of the horse or coach.

It was in this traveling-box that I made my last trip in the giants' country. One spring I was carried in it to spend a few days at the sea-



"I HEARD A VOICE CALLING IN ENGLISH TO ASK IF THERE WAS ANYBODY BELOW."

shore along with the queen and Glumdalclitch. My poor little nurse and I were tired by the journey. I had only a little cold, but Glumdalclitch was sick in bed. I longed to see the ocean, and asked leave to have one of the pages carry me along beside the sea. I shall never forget how unwillingly Glumdalclitch consented, bursting into a flood of tears, as if she had a foreboding of what was to happen.

The page took me out in my box, and walked with me on the rocks along the shore. Feeling slightly ill, I ordered him to set me down so that I could take a nap in my hammock. I got in, and the boy shut the window to keep out the cold. For some time, I lay and watched him through the window-panes as he searched about among the rocks for birds' eggs. But, after a while, he went out of my sight altogether, and feeling more and more drowsy, I fell asleep.

There was a sudden, violent pull on the ring of my box, and I awoke with a start. I felt my room raised high in the air, and then carried forward at a terrific speed. The first jolt almost shook me out of my hammock, but afterward the

motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could, but all in vain. I looked out of my windows, but could see nothing but clouds and sky. I listened, and made out a noise over my head like the flapping of wings. Then for the first time I realized what had happened. Some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak. Soon, no doubt, he meant to let it fall on a rock like a turtle in a shell, and pick out my body to devour it.

Suddenly the great wings above me began to beat faster, and my box was tossed up and down like a swinging sign on a windy day. I heard several bangs, as I thought, given to the eagle, and then felt myself falling straight down for more than a minute, but so swiftly that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash that sounded louder to my ears than Niagara Falls; after which, I was in the dark for another minute. Then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now saw that my box had fallen into the sea, and with the weight of my body, the furniture, and the broad plates of iron on the bottom, floated about five feet deep in water.

I did then, and do still, suppose that the eagle which flew away with my box was chased by two or three others who wanted a share in the prey. In defending himself he was forced to let me drop, but the iron plates on the bottom kept the box from breaking when it struck the water. Every joint was snugly fitted, and the door shut down like a window, which kept my room so tight that very little water came in.

Nevertheless, I expected every minute to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overturned by a wave. A break in a single pane of glass would mean immediate death, and indeed nothing could have saved the windows but the iron lattices the giants had put on the outside. I could not lift up my roof, or I should certainly have climbed out and sat on top, where I would at least have had a chance of living a few hours longer than by being shut up inside. But, even if I escaped drowning for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death from cold and hunger?

After four hours of these wretched imaginings, I thought I heard a kind of grating noise on the side of my box where the iron loops were fixed. And soon after, I began to fancy that the box was being towed along in the sea, for now and then I felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This somehow gave me a hope of escape, although I could not imagine how it could be brought about. I unscrewed one of

my chairs from the floor, and having managed to screw it down again directly under the air hole in the ceiling, I mounted on it and called for help in all the languages I knew. Then, fastening my handkerchief to my walking-stick, I thrust it up through the hole, and waved it several times in the air, so that if any ship were near, the sailors might see that there was some one shut up in the box.

There was no reply to my signals, although I saw plainly that my box was moving along; and in an hour or so the side where the iron loops were, struck against something hard. I feared that it was a rock, for I was being tossed about more than ever.

Suddenly I heard a noise on the roof, like the grating of a cable passing through the ring, and I felt myself being hoisted up at least three feet higher than I was before. At that, I waved my stick and handkerchief again, and called for help till I was hoarse. In return I heard a great shout repeated three times. There was a trampling over my head, and a voice calling in English to ask if there was anybody below. I answered that I was an Englishman, and begged to be rescued from the prison I was in. The voice replied that I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship, and the carpenter would come immediately to saw a hole in the roof large enough to pull me out. I said that was needless, for one of the crew had only to put his finger in the ring and take the box out of the sea into the ship. On hearing me talk so wildly, some of the crew thought I was crazy, and others laughed, for indeed it never occurred to me that now I was among people of my own height and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed an opening, then let down a small ladder, which I mounted, and from there took me to the ship.

The sailors crowded about me, asking me a thousand questions, but I was all in a daze at the sight of so many pigmies. For my eyes had been so long accustomed to the giants that I could not believe that these were ordinary-sized Englishmen. However, the captain, seeing that I was about to faint from weariness and amazement, took me into his own cabin and put me

upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest.

I slept some hours, and when I woke up, felt much better. It was then about eight o'clock at night, and the captain entertained me most kindly at dinner. He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied my chest at a distance, and thought it was a sail. As his ship's biscuit had begun to run short, he made for it, hoping to buy some. On coming nearer and finding a huge chest instead of a ship, he sent out his long-boat to find out what it was. His men came back in a terrible fright, vowing they had seen a swimming house.

Laughing at their folly, he went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. He rowed around me several times, saw my windows, and the great iron loops upon the other side. To one of these loops he ordered his men to fasten a cable and tow the chest along toward the ship. When it was there he told them to fasten another cable to the ring in the cover, and raise the chest up with pulleys. But all the sailors tugging together were able to lift it only three feet. It was then that they saw my stick and handkerchief waving through the hole, and decided that some unlucky man was shut up inside.

He asked me how it was that I had come there, and I told him my story from beginning to end. And as truth always forces its way into reasonable minds, so this honest gentleman was not slow in believing me. He said he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loudly, and he asked whether either the king or queen of the giants was deaf. But I explained to him how, for the two years I had lived among the giants, I had been like a man on the street talking to people in a steeple far above. I told him, too, how the sailors on the ship had seemed to me the tiniest little creatures I had ever seen.

The captain laughed heartily, and during the whole voyage we were the best of friends. With a favorable breeze all the way, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and so sailed safely home to the tiny shores of England.

*Adapted from Jonathan Swift's
"A Voyage to Brobdingnag."*



PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

HOW BOYS MAKE FURNITURE FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City



A WAGON-LOAD OF RAW MATERIAL.

Two things help to make good results in box furniture—good boxes and good boys—although I have found the results from the combination of good boxes and bad boys to be equally successful, simply because, in my experience, I have found "bad boys" to be "good boys." The boys mentioned here, however, are good boys—quite the best in New York City.

Before beginning to make box furniture, be sure you have your tools ready. A few good sharp tools are absolutely necessary, if you expect good results. Do not attempt to do anything with the small, useless tools which are often found in a child's cheap tool-chest, costing about five dollars. For that amount of money the seven tools here mentioned may be bought, and will last a

lifetime. With the following tools you are equipped for work:

1. A large hammer with a good claw.
2. An iron-handled screw-driver.
3. An iron jack-plane (kept well sharpened).
4. A square.
5. A rule (we often use a yardstick).
6. A cross-cut saw. (A rip-saw also is helpful, but not necessary.)
7. An iron vise screw for the work-bench vise. A big jack-knife every boy has.

A nail-set can be improvised by filing off the end of a large nail. With plenty of sandpaper, a little putty, and some stain, or paint, of the desired color, we are ready to begin work.

Borrow a brace and two bits (one quarter-inch bit, the other the size of a broom-handle) for boring the holes when fastening the vise on the work-bench.

I used to say, first get your boxes; but now I state emphatically, first get your boys—then *they*

tinents there are large box-companies that make weekly rounds among the various shopkeepers, buying and collecting old boxes of every description.

We are very careful to get a variety of boxes, so as to have thick and thin lumber, and large



HURRYING UP THE STEPS, EAGER TO BEGIN MAKING "BOX FURNITURE."

will get the boxes. Be careful to select good boxes, that is, boxes with enough pieces of good wood in their sides to pay for purchasing them. We buy most of our boxes, as we use such large quantities, although we often have boxes given to us. We find that the shopkeepers are far more willing to save good boxes for us when they know we are ready to buy them for a small amount. It is not an uncommon thing for me to find, on my grocery or shoe bill, forty or eighty cents for boxes. Crates are also very useful when the strips of wood are thick enough to be planed to a smooth surface, as they may then furnish facing-strips and slats.

We do not realize that over a million dollars' worth of lumber is burned up every year in the boxes we ruthlessly discard. I found this wasteful condition throughout Europe as well as America, notwithstanding the fact that in both con-

tinents there are large box-companies that make weekly rounds among the various shopkeepers, buying and collecting old boxes of every description.

The boxes are then stacked in piles that can be easily reached by boys of all ages, uniform sizes being stacked together.

Next comes one of the most important steps if good furniture is to be the result of your labor—that of taking every box apart so that each piece of lumber that composes the six sides shall be intact, not split or broken to pieces. Few people know how to do this. You must remember that, when you make your furniture, every piece of this lumber will be used again.

To open a box, with the exception of dove-tailed boxes, place the screw-driver between the cover and box, close to each nail to be removed.



STACKING THE BOXES.



OPENING THE BOXES.



EACH PIECE OF WOOD IS STACKED ACCORDING TO LENGTH.

Strike the screw-driver gently with the hammer until the nail is raised above the surface a little, and withdraw the nail with the claw on the hammer. Then tap the bottom of the box from the inside, close to the nails, until they are "started," and withdraw the nails as when removing the cover. Remove the two sides last, as they are already nailed, or screwed to the two ends.

Care must be taken in the next step, when every piece of wood, no matter how small or knotty, is placed according to length. The longest ones are arranged first, and so on down to the smallest.



"IF PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED, THIS WORK-BENCH WILL BE FOUND VERY SATISFACTORY."

In this way a great waste of material is saved, as one can readily find the desired length.

On the preceding page a lad is seen measuring a fourteen-inch board against a nineteen-inch one. Finding he must waste five inches by sawing it down to fourteen inches, he will go to the fourteen-inch pile for his second piece.

The next important step is making the work-bench. This work-bench scheme I worked out several years ago in Norway, when I found that the average boy, both foreign and American, could do little with tools unless he had his fine, and usually expensive, work-bench. The expense of my work-bench seldom exceeds forty-seven cents, which is the cost of the vise screw. A good, strong packing-box, the proper height for the person that is to use it, is selected for the bench. Place the best side up for the top, with

your nail-set, "set" all the nails on the top so there will be no projecting nails with which to nick your tools, especially the plane. Remove the strips of one side of the box, leaving the top and bottom strip of wood to support the vise. Fit one of these strips inside of the box from the top to the bottom in the left-hand corner, and nail securely from the top and sides. This strip reinforces the vise.

Nail together three of the boards that were removed from the side, keeping their tops flush, until you have a long, thick block about three inches thick by five inches wide—that is, just the height of your box. This block forms the vise. Five inches from the top bore a hole the size of the vise screw, and another directly through the two strips of wood in the left-hand corner of the open side of the box, five inches from the top. Insert the vise screw so that it projects into the box. With your jack-knife, cut out and fit the vise screw onto the vise block, and screw securely.

From an old broom-handle saw a piece the length of your vise screw. This makes a good leverage stick. Bore another hole straight through the vise block and the bottom strips in the lower left-hand corner, about five inches from the floor, and insert the piece of broom-handle. Secure this to the vise block. Bore two or three quarter-inch holes in the projecting end of the broom-handle. A large nail, or peg, placed in the holes keeps the vise block parallel. An inch screw, screwed into the top of the work-bench, answers nicely for a bench stop, as the screw may be easily raised, or lowered, when planing boards of various thicknesses.

If properly constructed, this work-bench will be found very satisfactory. After one has been able to "do things" on this simple bench, it is an easy matter to add cupboards, doors, or a heavier top, like the other benches shown in the picture on this page. I am especially anxious that man be "master over a few things."

In my next article, I will tell you how we made our tool-chests and had our exhibition, and will show you some of the articles of furniture we took home to Mother and Baby Brother and Sister.

A SMALL TOBOGGAN-SLIDE THAT ANY BOY CAN MAKE

BY A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys," "The Handy Boy,"
"The Boy Craftsman," etc.

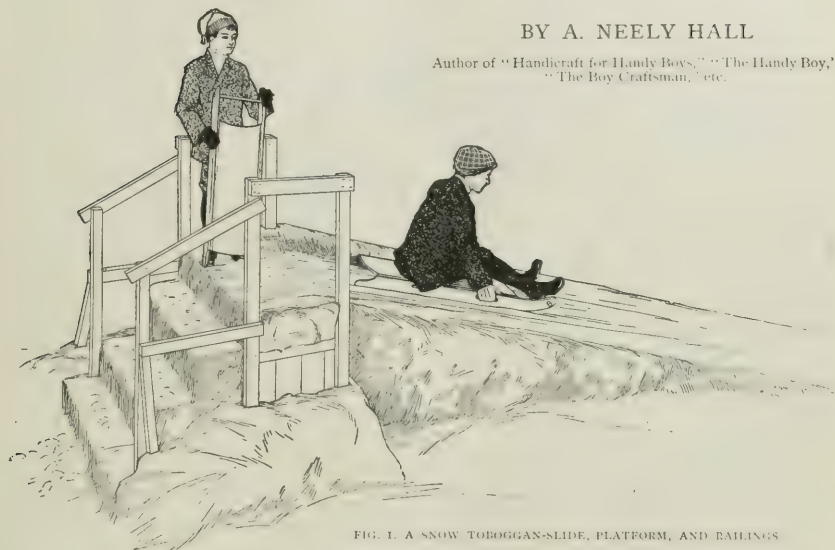


FIG. 1. A SNOW TOBOGGAN-SLIDE, PLATFORM, AND RAILINGS

A FRAME toboggan-slide is a simple structure for boys to build, but the matter of expense frequently prevents them from undertaking the work, or the idea does not occur to them until after the first snow-storm has arrived,—and any boy who has tried outdoor carpentry in cold weather, with gloves and heavy clothing to hamper the movements of hands and limbs, knows that it cannot be done satisfactorily. Such conditions often cause the abandonment of the idea of building a slide, or a postponement until the following autumn.

The plans here presented will enable a boy to build a small toboggan-slide with little or no expense, and he can put it up in cold weather because there is but little carpentry connected with the work, and part of that may be done indoors. Besides, as there are no heavy pieces of lumber to handle, small boys can do the work as well as can their older brothers.

Figure 1 shows the completed toboggan-slide, while Figures 2 and 3 show how it is constructed out of a packing-case, a few wooden strips, and snow. Of course, such a slide as the one illustrated may be built entirely of snow, but, unless

it is placed in a corner of a yard where there will be a high fence on each side of the platform to protect the coasters, there should be a railing to prevent any one from slipping off the top of the slide and possibly injuring himself. A most satisfactory form of construction for such railings is shown in Figure 2. In this a packing-case is used for a base, and the railing supports are fastened to it. Get a large packing-case, or, if you cannot find one, take a number of small boxes and bind them together with strips. The length of the packing-case, or the length of the combined boxes, should be at least three feet, as there should be this space between the railings.

Figure 3 shows how two uprights, A and B, should be spiked to each end of the packing-case, and how a crosspiece, C, should be fastened to the top ends of these. The top of the railing should extend at least two feet six inches above the finished toboggan-slide platform; and, as the top of the platform may be built up of snow twelve inches or more higher than the top of the box to make a higher slide, this height must be settled before cutting the railing uprights, in order to get them of the right length.

Figure 2 shows how the railings of the steps are fastened in place, and Figure 4, how the lower uprights, D, are connected and braced.

build a toboggan-slide in your own back yard one time; then another time, if you decide conditions are better in your chum's back yard, all you will

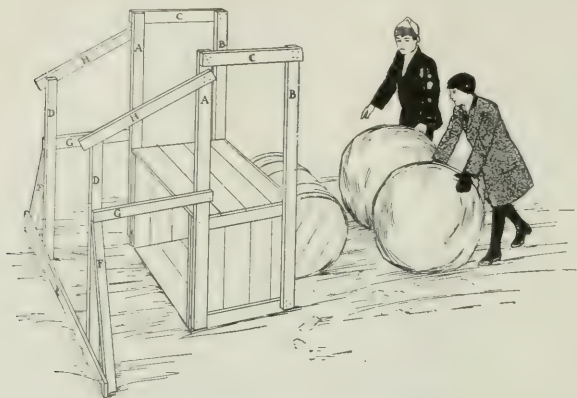


FIG. 2 THE COMPLETED RAILINGS AND PLATFORM.

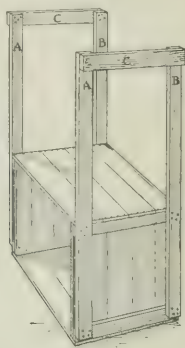


FIG. 3. HOW THE PLATFORM RAILINGS ARE NAILED.

First cut uprights D about eighteen inches shorter than uprights A (Fig. 2), then cut the board, E (Figs. 2 and 4), about three feet longer than the packing-case, and nail it to the edges of uprights D at their lower ends, placing the uprights the same distance apart as uprights A. Cut the braces, F, three or four feet long, and nail their ends securely to board, E, and uprights D. After making this piece of framework, set it about thirty inches away from the packing-case platform base, with uprights D directly in line with uprights A (Fig. 2), and connect the uprights with the crosspieces, G, and the hand-rails, H.

With the framework of the platform and steps completed, select a good location for your toboggan-slide; then place the framework upon a sled and pull it over to that spot and set it in position.

have to do will be to set the framework upon your sled and haul it over to his yard.

While you have been making the platform framework, your companions should have busied themselves with bringing together the snow necessary for the slide. The snow is gathered easiest by rolling it into balls, starting with small balls some distance away from the position selected for the toboggan-slide, and gradually working them over toward that spot as you roll them. Each boy may start a ball and roll it until it becomes too heavy for him to manage alone; then two or more boys should work together, and, when the balls are of the right size, roll them into position. The size of the balls should diminish in the proportion necessary to give the proper slope to the slide. Fill in the spaces between the balls with snow and tamp it down with a stick; then level off the tops. If the snow is too dry to pack well, pour water over the slide as you construct it. The more compact you make the slide, the more substantial it will be, and the longer it will last.

Pile upon the packing-case the amount of snow necessary to make the platform of the desired height; then build a set of steps to it, as shown in Figure 1. Make these steps broad, and pitch them slightly toward the back. Do not pour water on them, because it will make them slippery. They will wear down, of course, but they can be repaired quickly. If a board is built into the top of each step, they will be more durable.

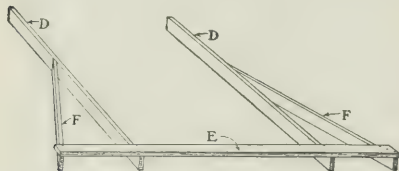


FIG. 4 HOW THE LOWER UPRIGHTS FOR THE STEP-RAILINGS ARE CONNECTED.

One good thing about this form of framework is its compactness and the ease with which it may be taken from one place to another. You may

The top of the slide should be made icy by pouring water upon it, but, before this is done, tracks should be formed by running a sled down the slide a few times. Make these tracks wide enough so that sleds of different widths will fit them. It is a good idea, also, to bank up the snow along each side of the slide to form a ledge, so there will be no possibility of a sled running off of the slide in case it leaves its tracks.

If there is a scarcity of snow, much may be saved by filling in a portion of the base of the slide with a barrel or with boxes. The snow placed upon the top of the barrel or boxes will form an arch over them and make the slide just as firm as though it were built entirely of snow.

A couple of planks may also be used for the upper portion of the slide to save snow (Fig. 5). These may be either ten inches or twelve inches in width by whatever length you can get. Fasten them together with wooden battens placed about three feet apart, as shown in Figure 6, and nail a strip to each edge, as shown, to form a guard with a three- or four-inch projection. If ten-inch planks are used, they may be placed two or three inches apart, in order to make the slide that much wider (Fig. 6). The width of a sled is greater than that of one plank, so the runners could not possibly run into the opening left between the planks. Nail a board across uprights B of the platform framework (Fig. 5) to sup-

port the upper end of the planks. Then build up a snow-slide at the end of the planking, as shown in Figure 5, to make the slide as long as is desired, and embed the end of the planks in the snow.

These ideas have been worked out in a very

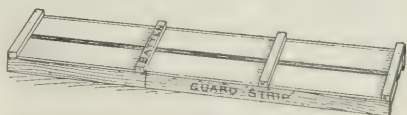
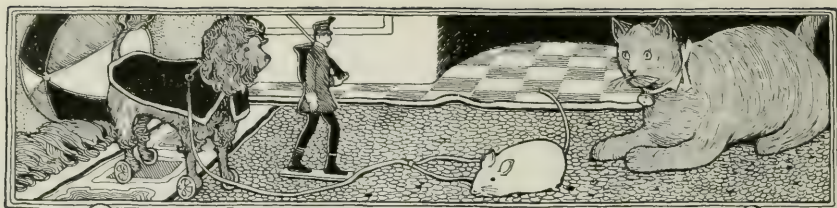


FIG. 6. HOW TWO PLANKS MAY BE BATTENED TOGETHER.

simple form, but any boy who wants to build a more elaborate toboggan-slide, longer, and with a higher platform, will readily see that its construction will be similar. A number of packing-cases may be fastened together to make the platform as large as is desired, while several lengths of planking may be used for the slide, supported at the ends on snow piers—just as a long bridge is supported upon piers of masonry. If several packing-cases are fastened together for a large platform, they should be bound with strips, and in case the top boxes are made of thin wood, a flooring of boards should be nailed across them to distribute the weight of the coasters who are to stand upon them and thus prevent the possibility of breaking through.



FIG. 5. "A COUPLE OF PLANKS MAY BE USED FOR THE UPPER PORTION OF THE SLIDE."

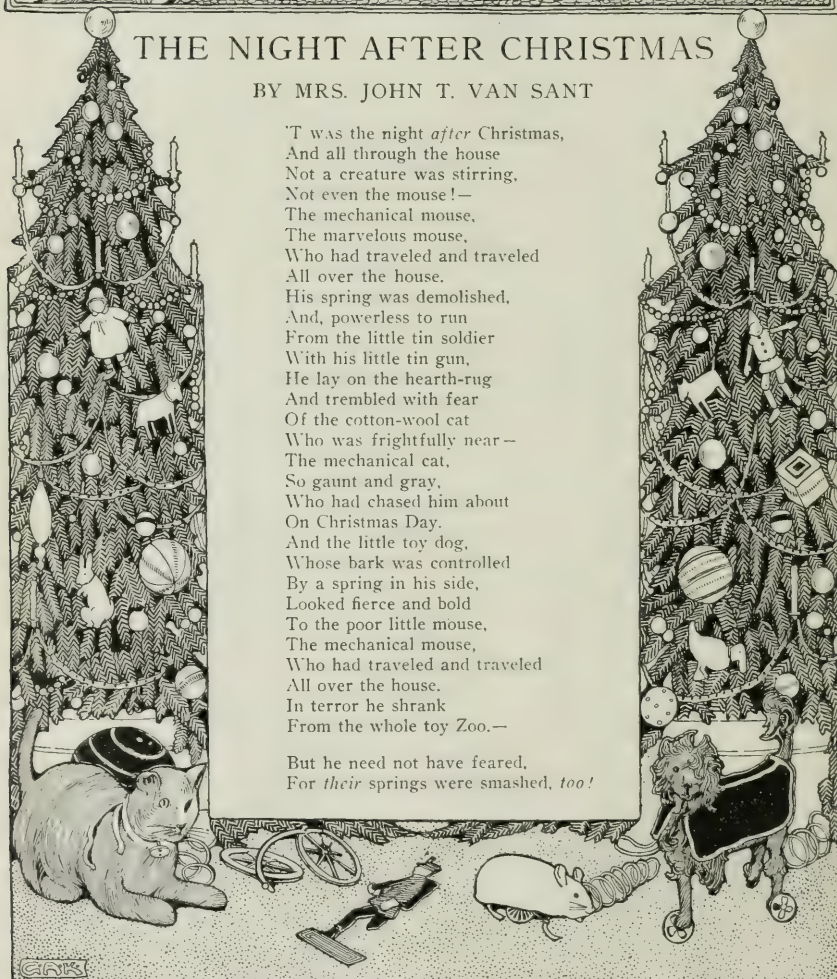


THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

'T WAS the night *after* Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even the mouse!—
The mechanical mouse,
The marvelous mouse,
Who had traveled and traveled
All over the house.
His spring was demolished,
And, powerless to run
From the little tin soldier
With his little tin gun,
He lay on the hearth-rug
And trembled with fear
Of the cotton-wool cat
Who was frightfully near—
The mechanical cat,
So gaunt and gray,
Who had chased him about
On Christmas Day.
And the little toy dog,
Whose bark was controlled
By a spring in his side,
Looked fierce and bold
To the poor little mouse,
The mechanical mouse,
Who had traveled and traveled
All over the house.
In terror he shrank
From the whole toy Zoo.—

But he need not have feared,
For *their* springs were smashed, too!



PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER VI

PEG TURNS TRAPPER

For a moment after little Jack and the Indian had disappeared I stood still, so appalled that I scarce seemed able to move. It is true that I had been apprehensive at not finding the boy, but that came from a vague fear that he might have wandered too far. That he should have been taken away by a savage or any one else had never entered my mind.

I came to my senses and tore wildly across the open space to the spot where they had disappeared, and then on into the forest. I was nigh to panic and ran blindly, conscious only of a great fear in my heart; but after a time my thoughts cleared, and, though my alarm was not less, I realized that I must summon all my wits if I would regain the boy.

I slowed my pace and took note of my surroundings with a view to finding some trace of the Indian's passage through the wood. I knew of men to whom every bent twig would have told a story; who could find footprints even on the leaves and moss; who could follow a trail unerringly by signs that were not visible to the unskilled, and, though I lacked experience in this wood lore, I had heard much of the methods, and made an effort to use what I could remember of it.

But search as I might, there were no signs to guide me that I could understand. I stopped and listened, shuddering at the solemn stillness of the deep forest, which I knew hid a host of living creatures, with hostile eyes upon me even as I stood. All about me in the silent, sunlit solitude were huge trees, putting out tender shoots of green through which the shimmering light shed shifting shadows on the soft earth. At my feet the brown carpet of leaves was starred with hepaticas, bloodroot, and anemones, while here and there little clumps of fern fronds made emerald patches, and sprouts of dog-tooth violets, splashed with darker color, marked a damper spot or perhaps a spring.

But, though there was naught to tell me in which direction my path lay, naught was to be gained by standing still; so I started forward,

heeding not the briers that caught at my skirts as if to stay my progress.

Ere long, I began to question the wisdom of my attempt to catch the Indian. Might it not be wiser to return to Denewood and give the alarm? Against this was the time it would require to retrace my steps, and also the feeling that it would seem almost as if I were turning my back upon Jacky. Moreover, sooner or later there would be inquiries for both the boy and me; Hal would then tell of our meeting, and I had no doubt they would be after us in short order.

So I determined to go on. It was what my love for the child dictated, and, as if to confirm this decision, my glance was suddenly arrested by a bloodroot flower crushed into the brown leaves a yard or two ahead of me.

I leaned down to examine it, and found that it was freshly broken, for the thick red sap which gives the flower its name was not yet dry, and, though I was not sure, it looked to me as if there were a slight depression around the broken plant that might have been made by a foot. Eagerly I peered about, hoping to see other signs, and was rewarded by finding a dead leaf turned up to show the damp under side. Something must have disturbed it but a short while before, and my heart gave a great bound of joy.

Then, to dash my spirits, came the thought that an animal might have left such traces.

But proof of this was easy, and, standing beside the crushed flower, I stepped forward toward the upturned leaf. To my delight I found that the distance was about what I should judge a man's pace to be; and once more, as if to reward my patience, a broken flower the same space away in a straight line caught my eye.

Here surely was evidence that some person had been walking there, and, though I saw no further signs, these three marks gave me the general direction of the traveler, and spurred me on to continue the pursuit. True, it might not be the Indian at all,—but I put this thought from me.

I went forward more cautiously now, alert to catch any other indication that I had reasoned truly, yet found naught more to point the way; but I reflected that I had a redskin to deal with, and tales of them had taught me that I should

not have seen his three footprints had he not been careless or indifferent.

After a space, I began again to doubt that I was on the right track, and presently stopped in despair. To go on blindly through that great forest would lead to naught, and I was about to turn back when I bethought me of a tale I had been told, namely, that distant sounds can be heard if one sets an ear to the ground.

In an instant I had dropped to my knees, and, brushing aside the dry leaves, pressed my head against the damp earth, listening with all my might.

At first there was silence, then soft pats upon the ground came to me faintly. Straining every nerve, I caught a regular beat like the slow jog-trot of a man. Moreover, I judged it to be not far away.

I leaped to my feet, ready to shout "Jacky" at the top of my voice; yet, ere I did so, a new thought entered my mind, and I put my hand to my mouth to stifle the cry. I was sure that if the Indian knew he was being followed, my chance of ever catching up with him would vanish. Naught save his carelessness, and great good luck on my part, had brought me thus near him. I must still be cautious till I sighted him.

I pressed forward at top speed, and presently came to a brook running merrily among the gray stones. In two minds whether to cross or not, I stopped to listen. This time I heard no sounds, though I crushed my ear closer than ever to the damp earth.

"He has halted," I said to myself as I arose; but somehow I did not feel sure of it.

"Nay," I murmured, on second thought, "he has taken to the brook to hide his trail. I've heard of that Indian trick."

Of this I felt certain and was gladdened, for now I had only to take the merry stream as my guide, and could push on more rapidly.

And at last I had my reward! My long chase was not in vain. Ahead of me, picking his way carefully among the stones, was a tall Indian, and on his back he carried Jacky. My heart nigh ceased its beating with joy at the sight.

"Jacky!" I cried at the top of my voice; "Jacky! Jacky!"

CHAPTER VII

THE EAGLET

My shout halted the savage abruptly, and he wheeled about to face me, showing plainly enough that my appearance was a complete surprise; but he waited only an instant, then turned, and, stepping out of the water, plunged into the woods. With a bound across the little stream,

I took after him as fast as I could; for, having come this far, I was not to be put off.

"Jacky!" I kept calling as I ran; "Jacky! Wait for me!" And though I did not gain, the Indian, hampered by the boy, did not draw away from me, and we raced on for a time, neither securing any advantage.

But at length my breath began to come in shorter gasps, and I knew that in the end I must be distanced.

Jacky, however, now took a hand in the matter, and I heard him crying at the top of his voice:

"I tell you 't is Aunty Peg! I *will* stop and speak to her!" and I saw him beat the warrior about the head with his little fists.

I had no hope that the boy's childish efforts would deter the Indian, but to my surprise and delight, the savage stopped in obedience to his orders, and set him upon the ground, where they waited till I came up to them.

"Oh, Jacky!" I panted, "what are you doing out of bounds alone?"

"I 'm not alone, Aunty Peg," he answered readily and with truth. "We 're going to shoot a deer; Uncle Hal is taking care of muvver, so I 'm not needed at home, and I 'm not naughty."

It all came out in such a burst of injured innocence that I saw he had no idea he was doing aught he should not have done, and for a moment I was at a loss.

"The fledgling must some day leave the nest," said the Indian, in a deep voice. "To chain it is to cripple it, but even an eaglet must be taught to fly."

"The Eaglet's my Indian name. I like it better than Jack," put in the boy, complacently; but I heeded not his words, for I was looking at the redskin before me. His face was familiar, as if, perchance, I had seen him before, but I could in no wise place the time or circumstance. He was adorned as for a ceremony. His moccasins were rich with beads, his leggings fringed and embroidered with quills of the porcupine, and he was painted gaily with yellow, red, and white. On his head were two eagle feathers arrogantly upright, and he had the haughty manner of a chief.

Little Jack too, I noted, had a worked band about his head with two feathers sticking in it, and this afforded me much comfort, for I had heard that Indians strip of all ornament those they mean to harm. Thus there was no indication that any hurt was intended to the boy; nevertheless, the situation seemed threatening enough, and I decided that my best plan was to put a bold front on the matter, and show the savage that, at least, I was not afraid.

"You had no right to take the boy," I said to him. "He is too young to leave his mother."

"The maiden can say where the Eaglet is," he returned stolidly, adding, as if it were an afterthought, "tell the mother of the Eaglet that the appointed time is come."

"Think you I will desert the lad?" I exclaimed, for he seemed to take it for granted that I would start back immediately. "I shall not leave him."

"It is well," he replied indifferently. "Now we go."

He took Jacky's hand and started forward with a light step.

"Nay," I protested, "that is not the way to his home!"

"The Eaglet's home lies where Tiscoquam is going," he answered, and strode off, with Jacky trudging happily along beside him.

There was naught to be done but follow and keep my wits about me. I felt certain that by dinner-time we must be missed and the search for us organized, so I concluded that my wisest course now was to stay by the boy until we were found.

When the sun was at its highest, the Indian suddenly stopped and settled down on his haunches with a grunt.

"Eat here," he announced, and drew forth from his pouch a piece of dried meat. Cutting it into thin strips, he handed some slices to Jacky; but the boy relished it not.

"I'd rather have fowl, please," he said; but as no fowl was forthcoming, he ate a portion of the meat on my telling him that hunters must take the rough with the smooth.

After the savage had eaten his fill, he wiped his knife upon the sole of his moccasin and handed it and the lump of meat to me. A woman, to his thinking, could expect naught better than second place; and, though I had no particular inclination to eat, I knew that all my strength was needed, and made shift to gnaw a little of the dried flesh. The knife, however, had been but indifferently cleansed, and so, before I used it, I took the precaution to thrust it once or twice into some damp earth, after which I wiped it upon a clump of newly sprouted ferns.

All this I did with as much show of coolness as I could muster. To tell the truth, I was at my wit's end to know what was best to be done, but I was certain that a show of courage would not hurt my cause; for all the while the Indian watched me with eyes that gleamed like sparkling bits of jet, though he scarce moved a muscle, nor could I learn aught of what he thought from the expression of his face. He simply sat there

eying me, and I went on with my meal, trying to seem as indifferent as he.

At length he drew forth his tobacco-pouch, and, after throwing a pinch of tobacco into the air to placate some deity of his own, he filled a small pipe. This he lighted with two flints struck together against some dried pith, and began to smoke, ignoring me completely, as if he had decided that my presence mattered naught one way or the other.

Jacky, seeking entertainment, had wandered off a little, and I thought it a good time to come to an understanding with the redskin, if I could; so I turned to him, and, speaking with as few words as possible, after the Indian fashion, demanded what he meant to do with the boy.

"The Eaglet goes to his home," he answered, and turned his eyes to what I guessed was the northward.

"Nay, you wish to deceive me," I protested; "his home lies not there."

"His home lies with his people, the Mengive," he retorted. This startled me, for it is what the Iroquois call themselves, and their lands are far from Denewood.

"Who are you?" I asked. "I thought you were a Delaware."

"Tiscoquam is no Lenni-Lenape slave," he said, half angrily, the Delawares being subject to the Iroquois. Then with a quick gesture, he put his hand to his neck and plucked out a stout cord, at the end of which glittered a bit of yellow gold, which he held toward me. It was the battered half-joe that had centered the target of the bride's wreath, and, as I looked, the scene of the shooting-match that had taken place soon after Bee's marriage came back to me, and I understood why this man's face had been vaguely familiar.

"I remember," I murmured, under my breath. "Tiscoquam is a chief of the Senecas," he announced proudly.

"What has the boy to do with you?" I asked, after a moment. "What mean you when you talk of 'his people'? He is no Indian, though his hair is black."

"Is he not the papoose of the young Eagles?" he demanded, showing in the flashing of his eyes the intensity of his feeling. "Is he not the son of the great white chief who shoots with the bow of the red man? Is he not the son of the great squaw who fears naught, and looks with the level eyes of the warrior? Tiscoquam knows he is the child the Mengive have need of."

"But think of his poor mother!" I gasped.

"Pity her not," said Tiscoquam, sternly. "The mother of every eaglet knows that it will fly some day, yet would she rather be the mother of

that eaglet than of the timid lapwing. He goes to his people," he ended, with his voice dropped low as if he whispered; but had he shouted it, it could not have been more impressive.

I knew not what to say. I was helpless in the face of the grim determination of the savage before me.

"Listen to a true tale," he began suddenly, speaking as if to himself. "For many moons, Tiscoquam has waited. His people have grown timid as does. Their hunting-grounds are given to the plow. Their lands melt like ice at the breath of spring. Tiscoquam has seen his chiefs follow Cornplanter to the island of Manhattan to beg of the white men's council that the redskins be not enslaved even as are the blacks." The words came out with a rush of anger, and he spat upon the ground as though he had poison in his mouth.

"But this has naught to do with the boy," I said, quite bewildered, for I saw that he spoke from the bitterness of his heart. "He is but a child, and cannot endanger your liberties."

"For many moons, Tiscoquam has waited," he repeated, calm again after his outburst. "He has watched this sachem and that. He has said of this one, 'He is great, and will lead the Senecas as of old.' He has thought of such a warrior, 'He will widen our lands, and the braves of the Iroquois will be as the leaves of the forest.' But no! The people dwindle. Their lodges are few, and they are cut down like the grass of the fields. They are led to Manhattan to seek favor of the white men who are ever pressing upon them. Their hearts are turned to water!"

He stopped for a moment, as if the recollection of his humiliation was more than he could bear.

"But to-day Tiscoquam turned his face from the council fires," he went on, a grimmer tone coming into his voice. "Tiscoquam knows that all the Senecas lack is a great warrior. He pondered these matters as he walked alone in the forest, and his spirit was sad within him. Then came the young Eaglet. In his heart there was no fear of the red warrior. The eyes of the Eaglet met the eyes of Tiscoquam. The heart of the Eaglet is one with the heart of Tiscoquam. The Eaglet asks good hunting. Then Tiscoquam looks back into the past. He sees the marriage feast; the young Eagle whose arrow pierces the

apple in the air; the squaw with eyes that hold no fear. He remembers the shooting, and his spirit is once more glad within him. The Great Spirit has answered the prayer of Tiscoquam. Tiscoquam has found the warrior who shall lead the Iroquois to victory." He ended in a low voice even as before, but lifting his arms straight up beside his head, the fingers outstretched as if to touch the heavens.



"THE HEART OF THE EAGLET IS

There was silence for a moment. It was all too plain to me that the Indian, though he meant no harm to Jacky, had yet a fixed purpose, and I, a weak girl, could in no way change his will.

"Think you his father will sit idle and let you steal his son?" I asked.

"The young Eagle can shoot with the bow," Tiscoquam answered calmly; "can he follow the trail as well? Tiscoquam and the Eaglet will go fast and far."

"You cannot go so far that I will not go too," I replied promptly.

Tiscoquam waved his hand as if to brush away a subject in which he had no interest.

"Enough," he grunted. "A brave has not the

heart of a woman. Go back and tell the pale-faces Tiscoquam has the Eaglet, and let them catch him if they can."

"I'll not leave the boy," I insisted stubbornly. "Come then, but murmur not, lest Tiscoquam lose patience," said the Indian. "The Eaglet shall grow strong. He shall be the king of a great nation. His white blood will give him the cunning to put at naught the purposes of the

Whether this came about as the result of my threat that Cousin John would surely follow I know not, but it set me thinking, and I resolved to mark our path wherever an opportunity served.

"Tiscoquam's way lies here," the Indian grunted, pointing to the brook as we started. "Go before."

I protested that I preferred to follow along the bank, but he would have his way, and, seeing that I had no choice, I took off my shoes and stockings to wade the stream.

As I stepped into the water, I chose a soft spot on the edge to set my foot, thinking that the print of it would show the way to those who followed, but Tiscoquam was not to be fooled. Casting an evil glance at me, he lifted a flat stone from the bed of the brook and set it upon the place. In a few moments the gray rock would dry, leaving naught to show its sudden change of position.

"Go!" growled Tiscoquam, and I splashed ahead, realizing that his sharp eyes would be upon me every moment. Nevertheless, my brain was busy, and my position in front at least permitted me to set the pace, which I took care should not be too swift, though I was ordered now and then to cease my loitering.

In this way we went on for quite a distance, but at length, much to my relief, for my feet began to suffer from the sharp stones, we took to the woods again, and I was allowed to put on my shoes and stockings.

After leaving the stream, the Indian was not so watchful of my doings, thinking, doubtless, that none would

pick up our path at the end of that long passage through the brook. This gave me a chance to bend or quietly break a twig here and there along the way, and to do such other things as occurred to me to make our route clear.

All the while, Jacky seemed as happy as the child as if he were already the great chief of his dreams. I saw no need of telling the boy in what danger we lay. Rather did it seem wise to encourage, for his own protection, his innocent attachment for the savage.

So we plodded on for two hours or more, chatting of the deer to be killed (always just a little deeper in the forest), while my heart grew



ONE WITH THE HEART OF TISCOQUAM

white men. His red heart will give him the courage to lead red men. The Eaglet shall rule the Senecas. The Senecas shall rule the land once more!" He rose suddenly to his feet. "The time to take the trail has come," he ended.

"I was plain he had no mind to argue further, so I took little Jack's hand and prepared to follow in silence.

CHAPTER VIII

MAGIC

ERE we took our flight through the forest, Tiscoquam was at pains to obliterate all signs of our resting-place, and made it plain that he meant to leave no trace behind.

heavier and heavier as I thought of poor Bee's anxiety and my own helplessness.

Finally, as the sun began to cast long rays between the tree trunks, we stopped.

"Here is the place to kindle fire," said the Indian, stringing his bow. "Tiscoquam goes to shoot squirrels. Let the pale-face maiden gather sticks," and with that he disappeared into the forest.

The fact that he feared not to leave us alone showed all too plainly how helpless we were; but his absence gave me an opportunity for which I had been longing.

Always my thoughts were on those I hoped were already looking for us, and if in any way I could let them know that we were headed for the Iroquois country in the north, such information might save them many days of vain searching, and bring the succor we stood in such dire need of.

If I could but write a note telling of our destination, perchance it might be found by those tracing our steps. But this was easier said than done, as Mummer might have put it.

In my pack-pocket there was but a small housewife, naught else, not so much as a handkerchief. I thought at first to scratch my message on a piece of birch-bark, but there were none of those trees about, and, as I gathered fagots at Tiscoquam's order, I racked my brains to think what I could use.

Just then, Jacky, who was helping me, opened his hand and showed me three pieces of paper, which he had been holding rolled up in his hot little palm.

"See, Auntie Peg, we'll light the fire with these!" he suggested proudly, looking at me with a happy smile.

Here before me was one of the materials I needed, and I cast about for the best way to obtain it without risking his suspicion of my purpose, lest a chance word from him should betray the secret to the savage.

"Jacky!" I cried, with a show of surprise at his proposal, "you would never light a fire with paper! No true hunter does it in that fashion."

"Don't they, Auntie Peggy?" he asked innocently. "Then how do they?"

Now I was as ignorant of the matter as he, but I looked wise and shook my head.

"Watch Tiscoquam," I suggested mysteriously, and held out my hand for the crumpled ball, which he gave me without a word.

"Don't tell Tiscoquam," he cautioned in an undertone, and went off to find more sticks.

I lacked now but half the means of writing; and remembering the marking stones, as we chil-

dren used to call hard bits of colored clay which we treasured to draw pictures with, I set about looking for one. But my search was vain. Naught but flints could I discover, and these would not serve. As I yet hunted, the white, starlike flower of the bloodroot caught my eye, and I nigh cried out with joy. Here, indeed, was the ink I needed! The juice from the stem would make fine red marks upon my scraps of paper.

Still pretending to be on the outlook for firewood, I retraced my steps along the path we had come till I was out of sight of our stopping-place. There I halted and set to work to carry out my plan.

Little Jacky's fire-lighters had evidently been picked hastily out of the waste-basket in Mummer's office, for two of the bits were filled upon one surface with close columns of figures.

The other side, however, was blank, and, plucking a bloodroot, I printed as quickly as I could the following message:

Tiscoquam is taking Jacky to the Seneca country to make him a great chief. I go with them. All well. Do not fear harm for the boy.

These words nigh filled my sheet, and I was about to sign it "Peg," when I bethought me of a hunter or trapper finding it who knew naught of us. This determined me to use the space left for our address, so I added, "For Denewood in Germantown."

There was still a little room in the lower corner, but not enough to print my name, so large was I obliged to make the letters; then, remembering how many times I had used my mysterious ring to make wax seals, I rubbed some of the bloodroot juice upon the cutting and stamped it upon the spot at the end of my brief note.

To my delight, the design showed perfectly, and I was assured that, once in the hands of any one at home, there would be no doubt that I had written it.

My next task was to find a suitable place to leave my message; but, as I looked about me, it seemed as though one spot was as good as another, for I must trust its being found at all to a merciful Providence. I put it on a rock at my feet, placing a stone on one corner against its blowing away, and it looked so small in that vast forest that my heart misgave me lest no one would come upon it. Indeed it was plain that I must do something to attract attention to it.

By dint of hard thinking, albeit I wasted no time for fear of Tiscoquam's return, I hit upon the plan of tearing one of the other pieces of paper into bits and putting on each a bloodroot seal from my ring.

This I did with all haste, dropping them at equal distances from one another on both sides of the spot where lay my little letter.

"Surely," I thought, "any one picking up a scrap of paper with so strange a marking will look for more, and so be led to the place I wish them to go."

This scheme seemed so encouraging that I was about to tear up the remaining portion of my paper in order to extend the trail, but, as I glanced down, I saw written thereon in Mummer's crabbed script, "Overhaste churns bad butter!"

It was as if the old steward himself had spoken a warning, and I thrust it into my pocket to save it, as seemed wise, against future needs.

Luckily, Jacky, playing the mighty hunter most earnestly, had scarce noted my absence.

"Just see all I've got, Aunt Peg!" he exclaimed, pointing proudly at the pile of sticks he had gathered.

"Where did you find so many?" I asked penitently.

"Come and I'll show you," he answered, and I set to work with a will.

Not long after this Tiscoquam returned, and with him was an Indian woman, his squaw. Where she had been I know not, but evidently their meeting was prearranged, and perhaps accounted for Tiscoquam's slow pace, which had permitted me to overtake him.

This woman carried a little animal of some sort, and a few roots of katniss, which are not unlike turnips, and immediately she set to work to kindle the fire and prepare the food. She took no notice of Jacky or me so far as I could tell, though I doubted not she was well aware of all we did.

Tiscoquam sat for a while watching me idly, as I thought. Presently he rose to his feet and began circling the open glade in which we had stopped, gazing intently upon the ground. As he reached the outer edge of it, he suddenly gave a grunt, looking sharply at me. Then he turned and disappeared into the wood. 'T was plain he had marked my footprints and was on the track leading to the information I had left to guide those whom I hoped would be searching for us.

Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for he returned, holding in his hand my precious message,

and several of the smaller scraps of paper. He came running quickly, and it was plain that he was excited, though, with the Indian habit of suppressing emotion, he endeavored to hide his agitation. I was greatly frightened, thinking he would seize upon this as a pretext to leave me behind, but to my surprise he went directly to the squaw, holding out for her inspection the papers I had marked. The woman, when she saw them, gave a half-stifled cry of amazement, and started back, pressing her hands to her breast and lowering her head as if fearful that a blow might fall.

Presently Tiscoquam strode over to where I stood, and, holding out a bit of the paper with the imprint of the seal plainly visible, struck it with the forefinger of his other hand.

"Where did the pale-face maiden learn this magic?" he demanded sharply.

Now at the word "magic" I thought it wise to encourage any awe he might have on that score, and, by playing on his superstitions, win some consideration.

"You do well to call it magic, Tiscoquam," I said, gravely, though I had not the faintest idea what all the pother was about.

"What is the portent?" he demanded, again striking the paper with his finger.

"That it bodes no good to you to keep the child and me," I returned promptly.

"Tiscoquam's heart is not turned to water even now," he returned proudly; "but the pale-face maiden is free to go."

"I go not alone, Tiscoquam," I answered; and then, noting the broad band of white paint about each of his wrists, another idea came to my mind.

Seeing a bloodroot flower at my feet, I leaned down, pretending to fix a shoe-latchet, but in reality smearing with the juice from its stem the stone set in my ring and now turned palm inward. Suddenly I rose and grasped the Indian by the wrist, squeezing the seal down upon the white band.

"And by this sign," I cried, "know that evil will befall you and your race an you keep the boy and me an hour longer!"

Tiscoquam looked at the imprint on the white paint, and, though an Indian brave may not show fear, he staggered back from me as if he saw a ghost.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

WHY PETER RABBIT HAS ONE LESS ENEMY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

PETER RABBIT was happy. There was no question about that. You had only to watch him a few minutes to know it. He could n't hide that happiness any more than the sun at midday can hide when there are no clouds in the sky. Happiness seemed to fairly shoot from his long heels as they twinkled merrily this way and that way through the brier-patch. Peter was doing crazy things. He was so happy that he was foolish. Happiness, you know, is the only excuse for foolishness. And Peter was foolish, very, very foolish. He would suddenly jump into the air, kick his long heels, dart off to one side, change his mind and dart the other way, run in a circle, and then abruptly plump himself down under a bush and sit as still as if he could n't move. Then, without any warning at all, he would cut up some other funny antic.

He was so foolish and so funny that finally Tommy, who, unseen by Peter, was watching him, laughed aloud. Perhaps Peter does n't like being laughed at. Most people don't. It may be Peter was a little bit uncertain as to why he was being laughed at. Anyway, with a sudden thump of his stout hind-legs, he scampered out of sight along one of his private little paths which led into the very thickest tangle in the old brier-patch.

"I'll have to come over here with my gun and get that rabbit for my dinner," said Tommy, as he trudged homeward. "Probably though, if I have a gun, I won't see him at all. It's funny how a fellow is forever seeing things when he has n't got a gun, and when he goes hunting he never sees anything!"

Tommy had come to the great gray stone which was his favorite resting-place. He sat down from sheer force of habit. Somehow, he never could get past that stone without sitting down on it for a few minutes. It seemed to just beg to be sat on. He was still thinking of Peter Rabbit.

"I wonder what made him feel so frisky," thought Tommy. Then he laughed aloud once more as he remembered how comical Peter had looked. It must be fun to feel as happy as all that. Without once thinking of where he was, Tommy exclaimed aloud: "I declare, I wish I were a rabbit!"

He was. His wish had come true. Just as quick as that, he found himself a rabbit. You

see, he had been sitting on the wishing-stone. If he had remembered, perhaps, he would n't have wished. But he had forgotten, and now here he was, looking as if he might very well be own brother to Peter Rabbit. Not only did he look like Peter, but he felt like him. Anyway, he felt a crazy impulse to run and jump and do foolish things, and he did them. He just could n't help doing them. It was his way of showing how good he felt, just as shouting is a boy's way, and singing is the way of a bird.

But in the very midst of one of his wildest whirls, he heard a sound that brought him up short, as still as a stone. It was the sound of a heavy thump, and it came from the direction of the brier-patch. Tommy did n't need to be told that it was a signal, a signal from Peter Rabbit to all other rabbits within hearing distance. He did n't know just the meaning of that signal, and, because he did n't, he just sat still. Now it happens that that was exactly what that signal meant—to sit tight and not move. Peter had seen something that to him looked very suspicious. So on general principles he had signaled, and then had himself sat perfectly still until he should discover if there was any real danger.

Now Tommy did n't know this, but being a rabbit now, he felt as a rabbit feels, and, from the second he heard that thump, he was as frightened as he had been happy a minute before. And being frightened, yet not knowing of what he was afraid, he sat absolutely still, listening with all his might, and looking this way and that, as best he could, without moving his head. And all the time, he worked his nose up and down, up and down, as all rabbits do, and tested the air for strange smells.

Presently Tommy heard behind him a sound that filled him with terrible fear. It was a loud sniff, sniff. Rolling his eyes back so that he could look behind without turning his head, he saw a dog sniffing and snuffing in the grass. Now that dog was n't very big as dogs go, but he was so much bigger than even the largest rabbit, that to Tommy he looked like a giant. The terrible fear that filled him clutched at Tommy's heart until it seemed as if it would stop beating. What should he do, sit still or run? Somehow

he was afraid to do either. Just then the matter was settled for him. "*Thump, thump, thump!*" the signal came along the ground from the brier-patch, and almost any one would have known just by the short sharp sound that those thumps meant "Run!" At just the same instant, the dog caught the scent of Tommy full and strong. With a roar of his great voice he sprang forward, his nose in Tommy's tracks.

Tommy waited no longer. With a great bound he leaped forward in the direction of the brier-patch. How he did run! A dozen bounds

brier-patch looking for some place where he could get in more comfortably. But there was no place, and after a while he gave up and went off.

Tommy sat right where he was until he was quite sure that the dog had gone. When he *was* quite sure, he started to explore the brier-patch, for he was very curious to see what it was like in there. He found little paths leading in all directions. Some of them led right through the very thickest tangles of ugly looking brambles, and Tommy found that he could run along these with never a fear of a single scratch. And as he hopped along, he knew that here he was safe, absolutely safe from most of his enemies, for no one bigger than he could possibly get through those briars without being terribly scratched.

So it was with a very comfortable feeling that Tommy peered out through the brambles and watched that annoying dog trot off in disgust. He felt that never, so long as he was within running distance of the brier-patch, would he be afraid of a dog. Right into the midst of his pleasant thoughts broke a rude "*Thump, thump, thump!*" It was n't a danger-signal this time. That is, it did n't mean "Run for your life." Tommy was very sure of that. And yet it might be a kind of danger-signal, too. It all depended on what Tommy decided to do. There it was again—"*Thump, thump, thump!*" It had an ugly, threatening sound. Tommy knew just as well as if there had been spoken words instead of mere thumps on the ground that he was being warned to get out of the brier-patch—that he had no right there, because it belonged to some one else.

But Tommy had no intention of leaving such a fine place, such a beautifully safe place, unless he had to, and no mere thumps on the ground could make him believe that. He could thump himself. He did. Those long hind-legs of his were just made for thumping. When he hit the ground with them, he did it with a will, and the thumps he made sounded just as ugly and threatening as the other fellow's, and he knew that the other fellow knew exactly what they meant—"I'll do as I please! Put me out if you can!"

It was very clear that this was just what the other proposed to do if his thumps meant anything at all. Presently Tommy saw a trim, neat-looking rabbit in a little open space, and it was something of a relief to find that he was about Tommy's own size. "If I can't whip him, he certainly can't whip me," thought Tommy, and straightway thumped, "I'm coming," in reply to the stranger's angry demand that he come out and fight.

Now the stranger was none other than Peter



"PETER RABBIT WAS VERY INDIGNANT."

brought him to the brier-patch, and there just before him was a tiny path under the brambles. He did n't stop to question how it came there or who had made it. He dodged in and scurried along it to the very middle of the brier-patch. Then he stopped to listen and look. The dog had just reached the edge of the briars. He knew where Tommy had gone. Of course he knew. His nose told him that. He thrust his head in at the entrance to the little path and tried to crawl in. But the sly old brambles tore his long tender ears, and he yelped with pain now instead of with the excitement of the chase. Then he backed out, whining and yelping. He ran around the edge of the

Rabbit, and he was very indignant. He considered that he owned the brier-patch. He was perfectly willing that any other rabbit should find safety there in time of danger, but when the danger was past, they must get out. Tommy had n't; therefore he must be driven out.

Now if Tommy had been himself, instead of a rabbit, never, never would he have dreamed of fighting as he was preparing to fight now—by biting and kicking, particularly kicking. But for a rabbit, kicking was quite the correct and proper thing. In fact, it was the only way to fight. So instead of coming together head-on, Tommy and Peter approached each other in queer little half-side-wise rushes, each watching for a chance to use his stout hind-legs. Suddenly Peter rushed, jumped, and—well, when Tommy picked himself up, he felt very much as a boy feels when he has been tackled and thrown in a foot-ball game.



"WITH PETER HE MADE VISITS TO A GARDEN."

Certainly Peter's stout hind-legs were in good working order.

Just a minute later Tommy's chance came, and Peter was sent sprawling. Like a flash, Tommy was after him, biting and pulling out little bunches of soft fur. So they fought until at last they were so out of wind and so tired that there

was no fight left in either. Then they lay and panted for breath, and quite suddenly they forgot their quarrel. Each knew that he could n't whip the other; and, that being so, what was the use of fighting?

"I suppose the brier-patch is big enough for both of us," said Peter, after a little.

"I'll live on one side, and you live on the other," replied Tommy. And so it was agreed.

In three things, Tommy found that, as a rabbit, he was not unlike Tommy the boy. These three were appetite, curiosity, and a decided preference for pleasure rather than labor. Tommy felt as if he lived to eat instead of eating to live. He wanted to eat most of the time. It seemed as if he never could get his stomach really full. There was one satisfaction, and that was that he never had to look very far for something to eat. There were clover and grass just outside the brier-patch,—all he wanted for the taking. There were certain tender-leaved plants for a change, not to mention tender bark from young trees and bushes. With Peter he made occasional visits to a not too distant garden, where they fairly reveled in goodies.

These visits were in the nature of adventure. It seemed to Tommy that not even Danny Meadow-mouse had so many enemies as he and Peter had. They used to talk it over sometimes. "It is n't fair," said Peter, in a grievous tone. "We don't hurt anybody. We don't do the least bit of harm to any one, and yet it is n't safe for us to play two minutes outside the brier-patch without keeping watch. No, sir, it is n't fair! There's Redtail the Hawk watching this very minute from way up there in the sky. He looks as if he were just sailing round and round for the fun of it; but he is n't. He's just watching for you or me to get one too many jumps away from these old briers. Then down he'll come like a shot. Now what harm have we ever done Redtail or any of his family? Tell me that."

Of course Tommy could n't tell him that, and so Peter went on: "When I was a baby, I came very near to finding out just how far it is from Mr. Blacksnake's mouth to his stomach by the inside passage, and all that saved me was the interference of a boy, who set me free. Now that I'm grown, I'm not afraid of Mr. Blacksnake,—though I keep out of his way,—but I have to keep on the watch all the time for that boy!"

"The same one?" asked Tommy.

"The very same!" replied Peter. "He's forever setting his dog after me and trying to get a shot at me with his terrible gun. Yet I've never done *him* any harm,—nor the dog either."

"It's very curious," said Tommy, not knowing what else to say.

"It seems to me there ought to be some time when it is reasonably safe for an honest rabbit to go abroad," continued Peter, who, now that he was started, seemed bound to make the worst of his troubles. "At night, I cannot even dance in the moonlight without all the time looking one way for Reddy Fox and another for Hooty the Owl."

"It's a good thing that the brier-patch is always safe," said Tommy, because he could think of nothing else to say.

"But it is n't!" snapped Peter. "I wish to goodness it was! Now there's—listen!" Peter sat very still with his ears pricked forward. Something very like a look of fear grew and grew in his eyes. Tommy sat quite as still and listened with all his might. Presently he heard a faint rustling. It sounded as if it was in one of the little paths through the brier-patch. Yes, it surely was, and it was drawing nearer. Tommy gathered himself together for instant flight, and a strange fear gripped his heart.

"It's Billy Mink!" gasped Peter. "If he follows you, don't run into a hole in the ground, or into a hollow log, whatever you do! Keep going! He'll get tired after a while. There he is—run!"

Peter bounded off one way and Tommy another. After a few jumps, Tommy squatted to make sure whether or not he was being followed. He saw a slim, dark form slipping through the brambles, and he knew that Billy Mink was following Peter. Tommy could n't help a tiny sigh of relief. He was sorry for Peter; but Peter knew every path and twist and turn, while he did n't. It was a great deal better that Peter should be the one to try to fool Billy Mink.

So Tommy sat perfectly still and watched. He saw Peter twist and turn, run in a circle, criss-cross, run back on his own trail, and make a break by leaping far to one side. He saw Billy Mink follow every twist and turn, his nose in Peter's tracks. When he reached the place where Peter had broken the trail, he ran in ever widening circles until he picked it up again, and once more Peter was on the run. Tommy felt little cold shivers chase up and down his back as he watched how surely and persistently Billy Mink followed. And then—he hardly knew how it happened—Peter had jumped right over him, and there was Billy Mink coming! There was nothing to do but run, and Tommy ran. He doubled and twisted and played all the tricks he had seen Peter play, and then at last, when he was beginning to get quite tired, he played the same trick on Peter that had seemed so dreadful when Peter played it on him: he led Billy Mink straight to

where Peter was sitting, and once more Peter was the hunted.

But Billy Mink was getting tired. After a little, he gave up and went in quest of something more easily caught.

Peter came back to where Tommy was sitting. "Billy Mink's a tough customer to get rid of



"ONCE THEY MET BOBBY COON."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

alone, but, with some one to change off with, it is no trick at all!" said he. "It would n't work so well with his cousin, Shadow the Weasel. He's the one I *am* afraid of. I think we should be safer if we had some new paths; what do you think?"

Tommy confessed that he thought so too. It would have been very much easier to have dodged Billy Mink if there had been a few more cross paths. "We'd better make them before we need them more than we did this time," said Peter; and, as this was just plain, sound, rabbit common sense, Tommy was forced to agree. And so it was that he learned that a rabbit must work if he would live long and be happy. He did n't think of it in just this way as he patiently cut paths through the brambles and tangles of bush and vine. It was fear, just plain fear, that was driving him. And even this drove him to work only by spells. Between times, when he was n't eating,

he sat squatting under a bush just lazily dreaming, but always ready to run for his life.

In the moonlight he and Peter loved to gambol and play in some open place where there was room to jump and dance; but, even in the midst

Jay was watching Reddy Fox, and when he saw a hunter. When Blacky the Crow was on guard, he knew that he was reasonably safe from surprise. At least once a day, but more often several times a day, he had a narrow escape. But he grew used to it, and, as soon as a fright was over, he forgot it. It was the only way to do.

As he learned more and more how to watch, and to care for himself, he grew bolder. Curiosity led him farther and farther from the brier-patch. And then, one day, he discovered that Reddy Fox was between him and his castle. There was nothing for it but to run and twist and double and dodge. Every trick he had learned he tried in vain. He was in the open, and Reddy was too wise to be fooled. He was right at Tommy's heels now, and with every jump Tommy expected to feel those cruel white teeth. Just ahead was a great rock. If he could reach that, perhaps there might be a crack in it big enough for a frightened little rabbit to squeeze into, or a hole under it where he might find safety.

He was almost up to it. Would he be able to make it? One jump! He could hear Reddy panting. Two jumps! He could feel Reddy's breath. Three jumps! He was on the rock! and—slowly Tommy rubbed his eyes. Reddy Fox was nowhere to be seen. Of course not! No fox would be foolish enough to come near a boy sitting in plain sight. Tommy looked over to the old brier-patch. That at least was real. Slowly he walked over to it. Peering under the bushes, he saw Peter Rabbit squatting perfectly still, yet ready to run.

"You don't need to, Peter," said he. "You don't need to. You can cut one boy off that long list of enemies you are always watching for. You see, I know just how you feel, Peter!"

He walked around to the other side of the brier-patch, and, stooping down, thumped the ground once with his hand. There was an answering thump from the spot where he had seen Peter Rabbit. Tommy smiled.

"We're friends, Peter," said he, "and it's all on account of the wishing-stone. I'll never hunt you again. My! I would n't be a rabbit for anything in the world. Being a boy is good enough for me!"

(To be continued.)



"REDDY FOX WAS BETWEEN HIM AND HIS CASTLE."

of these joyous times, they must need sit up every minute or so to stop, look, and listen for danger. It was at night, too, that they wandered farthest from the brier-patch. Once they met Bobby Coon, and Peter warned Tommy never to allow Bobby to get him cornered. And once they met Jimmy Skunk, who paid no attention to them at all, but went right on about his business. It was hard to believe that he was another to be warned against; but so Peter said, and Peter ought to know if anybody did.

So Tommy learned to be ever on the watch. He learned to take note of his neighbors. He could tell by the sound of his voice when Sammy

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

EUGENE FIELD, LOVER OF CHILDHOOD

It was writing sermons that brought Eugene Field the first money he earned by authorship. He got ten cents apiece for them, a prize offered by his grandmother, a noble sum to a boy of nine in a New England college town; and he wrote them, he used to say in after years, with a painstaking care that he never achieved later. All but one of these ten-cent gems have disappeared. This one commences with the following statement:

The life of a Christian is often compared to a race that is hard, and to a battle which a man must fight hard to win; these comparisons have prevented many from becoming Christians.

He signed these efforts Eugene P. Field, for he strongly objected to having no middle name, as had all his boy companions. So he chose Phillips for that position, after Wendell Phillips, who was a hero of his, and stuck to the P. through his school-days.

This is about all the signs of precocity discoverable in "Gene." He spent his boyhood days chiefly in the business of being a boy, a business that kept him thoroughly and happily occupied; indeed, he liked it so much that he never gave it over entirely, remaining largely boy to the end of his life, always ready for a practical joke, always fond of pets, always fond of collecting. He never forgot how to play, even though he died from overwork.

When I saw Eugene Field, he was a tall, lank, bald-headed man, with what he called "gander-blue eyes," the best, kindest, merriest, and most winning eyes I have ever met. No child ever came into contact with Field without falling completely in love with him, and this though he was an inveterate tease. The whole seven of us were his slaves and chums at once, and the week he spent in our house was one of the golden weeks of our lives, unforgotten to this day.

Field was born at St. Louis in 1850, but he was never sure whether his birthday fell on September 2 or 3. While he was young, it was always celebrated on the second day of the month, but whether this was because that really was the date, or whether it was because of what his father had once said, to the effect that since September 3 having been the day on which Oliver Cromwell

died, no child of his should celebrate it as a birthday, Field never surely knew. Anyway, he chose the later date during the grown-up part of his life, but he used to discuss the subject and wonder about it regularly as each birthday drew near.

His mother died when he was barely six, and 'Gene and his brother Roswell were mothered by a cousin, Mary Field French, who took the boys back east with her and brought them up. Field loved this second mother deeply, and to her he dedicated his first volume, "A Little Book of Western Verse," in a tender little poem.

Field studied for a while at a preparatory school in Amherst, and at fourteen worked under a fine old scholar, Reverend James Tufts, who gave him that enthusiasm for the classics which remained strong through life. At eighteen he entered Williams College, but the following year, when his father died, he chose as his guardian Professor John William Burgess, and went to Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, where the professor was teaching. But after a year there, he moved again, restless as he always was, to the University of Missouri, at Columbia, where Roswell was a student.

The next year, he ceased collegiate life and went for a six months' trip to Europe, most of it in France and Italy. And in 1873 he married Julia Sutherland Comstock, sister of a college chum. He settled in St. Louis, and began work as a journalist, work that lasted all the rest of his life, except for one year's holiday with his family in Europe in 1889-1890.

Field had a perfect genius for friendship. Drifting from St. Louis to St. Joseph, from there to Kansas City and Denver, and bringing up finally in Chicago, he made everywhere a circle of friends who loved him to the end. He was the most sociable of men, always finding time to give to those who knew him, in spite of the enormous amount of work he got through.

But it was children whom Field loved best, and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about, or boxed, or nodded strange heads, or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how, a few hours after his death, a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr.

Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much-loved figure lay, and left there. In a little while he came limping down-stairs, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there.

'Gene loved fairies and gnomes and spells. He was always a little afraid of the dark, and not ashamed to say so, either. In one of his work-rooms was a trap-door leading to the attic, a dark, mysterious place, and Field liked to keep that door shut.

"Something queer *might* come down it, you know, and spirit me off," he said, with his quaint, twisted sort of smile; an adorable smile!

Somehow Field always appears to me as the ideal of the American type. He drew from New England, and was brought up there as a boy, and yet belonged to the West, which he passionately loved. He was full of the finest kind of humor, and the tenderest soul that ever breathed. All men were alike to him; he had friends in all classes, he was at home everywhere. There was about him, too, a certain homespun quality into which his genius fitted well. Whoever you were, and whatever you might want, you felt sure that Field would understand you, and would be able to tell you just the right thing. Perhaps he might laugh at you, but if he did, he'd set you laughing too. He loved home folks and home ways, he loved his country, not blindly, for he made fun of her faults, but as a man loves what is close and dear.

No one, not even Stevenson, ever wrote more lovely poems for and about children. While he was traveling with his family in Germany, his oldest son died, and this great sorrow gave Field a wonderful sympathy for human loss and grief, especially that which comes through the death of a little child. Such poems as "Little Boy Blue" and "The Little Boy," put that tragedy into words so simple and perfect that they stand unmatched; no matter how well you know them, you cannot read them over without a sudden tightening of the heart and tears that will rise in spite of you. His first poem, or at least the first one he thought worthy of being preserved from the oblivion of newspaper columns, was "Christmas Treasures," written in 1879, which touched on this same theme, though then he had not suffered a personal loss.

But for all this exquisite power to express grief, Field was the most sunny-natured, joyous man, who believed in laughter just as he believed in fresh air. You had to laugh, he would say, and the more you laughed, the better for you and all about you. He was a marvelous mimic, there was no one he could n't hit off to the life, and he

has kept a company of friends shaken with helpless laughter while he impersonated the idiosyncracies of some character known to all. He could have made a success as an actor, and was an incomparable reader and speaker, with a deep, fine voice. It is said that, while he was a college undergraduate, he used to threaten his staid relatives with going on the stage unless he were allowed plenty of spending money.



EUGENE FIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LANS AND MIROSKY, CHICAGO.

Field was thirty-three when he came to Chicago, which was to be his future abiding-place. Here he built himself a house, out in the suburbs, where he had his large and interesting library, full of first editions and rare copies. Here, too, or at least on the lawn outside, he had his donkey, Don. Don was utterly useless. He did nothing but eat and bray. But Field loved him. Since there were no fences separating house from house, the donkey was kept tethered. But now

and then the little beast would break his rope and gallop off, to work havoc in the neighbors' gardens. So Field got into the way of keeping a lookout for him, and, should he miss him, up to the top of the house he 'd run, open a window, and, leaning out, proceed to heehaw in the most lifelike manner. Presently, faint from the distance, the answering bray of the affectionate animal would come wafted on the wind, and Field would rush away in the direction of the sound to bring the truant home.

The home-life of the gentle-hearted poet was infinitely tender and beautiful, as so many of his best-known verses testify. But in addition to these, he wrote many charming bits of prose or rhyme intended only for the members of his family. One of these was published in *ST. NICHOLAS* in 1896, and is reprinted here, with the paragraph which introduced it at that time:

"For years it was Mr. Field's habit to write personal verse about his children. There are a number of scrap-books filled with these little poems and quaint rhymes which have never been seen outside the home circle. When Roswell Francis Field, usually called 'Posey,' was born, he received many beautiful presents from the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Field—porringers, spoons, cups, and other gifts serving a baby's joys and needs. The one thing lacking, his father thought, was a silver plate, which he purchased for Posey. For this plate Mr. Field composed the following beautiful verse, which was afterward engraved in facsimile upon the plate:

"Inscription for my little son's silver plate.
Unto Roswell Francis Field his father Eugene
Field giveth this Counsel with this Plate. Sep-
tember 2, 1893.

"When thou shalt eat from off this plate,
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord;
Though unto dignity inclined,
Unto the serving-folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God, for health and food,
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

Besides the poems by which he is most familiar, Eugene Field wrote a number of beautiful fairy

stories. It is a pity not to know these stories, which are full of the folklore spirit Field knew and loved so dearly. "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" and "Second Book of Tales" are the titles, and, besides the fairy interest, they possess to a high degree that faith in all good and beautiful things, that trust in God's ways, which were a deep strain in Field's character.

Field began to write late; not till he was over thirty did he begin to do work other than the journalistic kind by which he lived, and which, though clever, witty, full of allusions, and better than anything else being done, was not the enduring sort, depending on the moment's interest and accident for its own being. Once he did get started on the real labor of literature, he worked unceasingly. He seemed to want to make up for lost time, and would take no rest, would hear of no vacation. He was a tireless reader, and would lie half the night poring over books, for no one could make him take care of himself. Never really robust, his physique began to suffer. Severe dyspepsia gave him almost constant pain, and he got into the habit of eating hardly anything. On November 4, 1895, during the night, he died, alone and peacefully, to judge by the calm serenity of his face.

Gracious and fine and gentle as he was to all who knew him, this last year of his life he seems to have been doubly lovable. No one who met him during the last months but spoke of the amazing kindness, the sweetness, the patience of his character. Chicago idolized him. When the news of his death came, people would not believe it; he was too much loved, it could not be that he was dead!

He left behind him a novel, published the following year, which was really an autobiography, "The House," unfinished by a single chapter. In this chapter the two people who had built the house, which was now finished and waiting, were to enter and live there. Joel Chandler Harris wrote the introduction for this book, in which he makes this comment:

The chapter that is unwritten in the book is also unwritten in the lives of perhaps the great majority of men and women.

Field's own chapter ended too soon. But America was the better for his short life. And, as James Whitcomb Riley sang:

... Meed exceeding all,—
The love of little children laured him.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

WHEN THE LITTLE NEW-YEAR CAME IN

BY MARY SMALL WAGNER

I am the Little New-Year, oho!
Here I come, tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring to one and all,
Big folks and little folks, short and tall;
Each one from me some treasure may win,
So open your doors and let me in!

—KINDERGARTEN SONG.

THEY were all going to Grandfather's on New-Year's eve—to let the Old-Year out and the New-Year in, all except Tommy Tucker and his sister Jane, who had toothache.

Tommy Smith was his name, but they called him "Tommy Tucker" for short.



"HE COULD SEE AN OLD MAN HURRY OUT, AND SOMEBODY CAME IN WITH THE SNOW."

Poor Jane had cried herself to sleep, but Tommy Tucker lay thinking. "I must let the Little New-Year in," he said to himself, and then he dropped asleep.

It was just five minutes of twelve, by the little French clock on the mantel,

when he awoke. There was a light in the room, so Tommy could see it. He put on his little pink wrapper and slippers and hurried down-stairs.

Then the big clock struck: One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—



"IT IS A CALENDAR."

eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. As Tommy threw open the front door, saying, "Good-by, Old-Year! Happy New-Year!" he could see an old man hurry out, as the snow blew in, and *somebody* came in with the snow.

"Shut the door, Tommy; it is cold," said a voice.

Tommy turned in the direction of the voice, and there sat a little boy in the big rocker by the fire. He had curls, and little bells were sewed on his gown, which had a great many tucks. "It must be the Little New-Year!" thought Tommy.

The little boy was looking earnestly into a large book or calendar.

Tommy came closer and looked over his shoulder. It *was* a calendar.

"Your calendar, Tommy, for last year," said the Little New-Year; "Old-Year left it here." A great many of the numbers were bright gold, but some were dull.

"What do they mean?" asked Tom.

"The bright gold numbers stand for your good days, the dull for the bad," answered the Little New-Year, sadly.

"Why, what did I do on July 4?" said Tommy.

"You tied a fire-cracker to Toby's tail," answered the Little New-Year, with a sigh.

"And on March 5?"

"You disobeyed your mother."

"On January 16?"

"You told a wrong story."

Tommy hung his head. "Can't you brighten up the dull numbers, Little New-Year?"

"I am afraid not, Tommy, but I hope *my* year will have more bright numbers."

"I'll try," said Tommy.

Then he never knew exactly how it happened, but suddenly he felt the Little



"THEY WENT LIKE A PUFF OF THISTLE-DOWN."

New-Year carrying him up the stairs, and they went like a puff of thistle-down, until Tommy found himself in bed, with the little boy laughing at the foot.

"Why do you have so many tucks in your gown, Little New-Year?" asked Tommy.

"I grow so fast that I let down one every day; there are 365 of them!" And he laughed and shook his bells.

"Shaking my bells with a merry din," said Tommy, remembering his Kindergarten Song.

"What did you say?" asked Little New-Year.

Then Tommy sang all the Kindergarten Song, and told him of the play that went with it.

"Is n't that nice!" cried the Little New-Year. "I will be with you through the year," he went on, "though you will not see me. I will bring snow in winter,



"TOMMY FOUND HIMSELF IN BED, WITH THE LITTLE BOY LAUGHING AT THE FOOL."

and flowers in summer, until I am an old year, when I, too, must go to make room for the *New* Little-Year, as Grandfather made room for me."

"I see," said Tommy.

"And now, good-by, Tommy; don't forget your calendar!" and the Little New-Year laughed and ran down-stairs, his bells growing fainter and fainter until the sound died away. Then Tommy went to sleep.

The next morning, Tommy told Daddy Smith all about the Little New-Year's visit. "It was a dream, Tom," said Daddy. But Tommy knew better all the time.



"'IT WAS A DREAM, TOM,' SAID DADDY."

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



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AN ALASKAN MAIL-TEAM.

AMONG ALASKA'S ANIMALS

ALASKA is not like Central Africa, where hundreds of different kinds of animals may be found in the same locality. Nearly every species in Alaska has its own particular part of the country for a home. The only one which seems to have no preference, and may be found almost anywhere, is the small black bear.

The beautiful archipelago known as Southeast Alaska, where tourist steamers thread their way through a mystic maze of channels all summer, among spruce-covered islands and islets, is the home of the shy, blacktail deer. It is such a pretty, graceful creature, with its glossy, brownish coat, its impudent little black tail, and its slender, curving, pointed horns, that one feels more like petting it than killing it. It scarcely ever weighs over one hundred pounds; you could carry it in your arms if it were tame; but ruthless hunters have made it dread a human being, and only under pressure of starvation, when winter snows have covered its food too deeply to be reached, will it come near a human habitation.

There was once a lighthouse keeper on a little,

lonely island in this region who cleared most of the land and planted a vegetable garden, and in a distant part of it he had a large cabbage patch. When the winter storms came, the wind swept this patch so freely that the old cabbage stalks and some uncut plants remained exposed above the snow. One morning, the keeper's little daughter called out in great excitement, "Oh, Papa! Come and see the pretty animals in the garden!" Sure enough, two blacktail deer were browsing on the cabbage stalks. They were still wet from swimming across the straits from another island. The little girl went softly out to them to make friends, but they immediately fled to a neighboring thicket.

In a day or two, the cabbage stalks had all been eaten, and the little animals would stand in the bare patch and look wistfully toward the keeper's house. Then the little girl took cabbages from the cellar and walked toward them, holding the vegetables out in her hands; but again they fled.

So, for several days, she would take cabbages and lay them in the patch, and when she was gone

the deer would come and eat them. Gradually the little animals would let her come nearer and nearer, until at last one dared to take a cabbage from her hand. It is needless to tell how that little girl and her deer became great chums, for before they came she had had no playmates, and had been as lonesome as they were; but fortunately the cellar of the lighthouse was well stocked and never again did they suffer for food or she for companionship.

A great glacial barrier, from Mount Saint Elias to the coast, cuts off Southeast Alaska from Alaska proper. After coasting past this barrier, one comes to a remarkable island: long, high, and narrow, covered densely with hemlock and spruce, extending out for twenty miles like a jetty into the ocean, and terminating in a high, jagged mountain of rock shaped like a rooster's comb. I once landed at this spot (known as Cape Saint Elias), and found one lone Indian family living there, a man and wife and two children. After some conversation, I learned why he lived in such a lonely place. It was a foxes' paradise. Red, blue, and silver foxes prowled the island over. The previous year had been a bonanza one for the lone trapper. He had even gotten one black

becoming extremely rare, for which skins he got seven hundred dollars apiece.

Alaska's foxes, especially the more desirable fur varieties, are so rapidly disappearing that fox-farms have been established. Especial effort is being made to propagate the blue fox, the silver gray, and the black fox. The latter has become so nearly extinct that the one trapped by my Indian friend was the only one caught that year. Red foxes are very plentiful in many parts of the territory, and fully half the fox furs of other colors so much worn now are red fox skins dyed. Last summer, I was one of a party which cornered a magnificent red fox in a thicket near the shores of Cook Inlet. We saw him go in, and could faintly distinguish him through the bushes, apparently crouching close to the ground. I fired point-blank, and saw him jump and stretch out on his side. Then we plunged in to drag him out, and found only a poor little rabbit scarcely bigger than a kitten. What became of Mr. Fox we never found out.

But let us go farther west, to that rugged, mountainous peninsula lying between Prince William Sound and Cook Inlet, for this is the great game-preserve of Alaska, the spot where the



"THE BIGGEST BEAR TRACKS I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE" (SEE PAGE 271)

fox, the rarest of all, and had received four hundred dollars for its skin in Cordova. But his greatest good luck was to kill two sea-otters, now

homes of three of its largest animals overlap: the moose, the mountain-sheep, and the huge and dangerous Kodiak bear. Kenna Peninsula, as it is

called, has every variety of scenic country: mountains and meadows, lakes and forests, brooks and bays. Its lakes are surrounded by hills of spruce



A BULL MOOSE THAT HAS SHED HIS ANTLERS.

and hemlock, with giant mountains rising above the timber-line, first grass-covered, then bare, then capped with snow. Its streams meander through groves of tall cottonwoods and smaller birch and alder. Through these groves whole families of moose roam wild; bulls with huge antlers, smaller cows, and awkward, big-jointed calves.

Kenai Peninsula is reached by steamer from Seattle, stopping at the town of Seward in Resurrection Bay. From here the unfinished Alaska Northern Railroad runs entirely across the peninsula, skirting some of its most beautiful lakes. A few years ago, I was one of a hunting party returning to Seward in a motor-car on the railroad, when a magnificent bull moose, which had swum across Lake Kenai, came majestically out of the lake and mounted the railroad embankment scarcely six hundred yards ahead of us. In fact, we were almost upon him when he discovered us and started down again to the water. There were at least five in the party with rifles, but we were much more demoralized by surprise than was the moose. We stopped the car and scrambled out,

firing wildly. When the firing commenced, the big animal seemed to be almost close enough to be hit with a brick or an old shoe, yet he calmly sank in the water and swam away amid a perfect shower of bullets, turning his head occasionally to see if he was pursued, until he was out of range. Then we discovered a boat and tumbled frantically into it; but it had no oars. We improvised paddles out of some timber slabs, and gave fruitless chase until our prey walked up out of the water on the far side of the lake, apparently none the worse for a three-mile swim, and disappeared in the bushes.

Moose shed their antlers periodically and grow new ones, and there is nothing more pathetic-looking than a bull moose without his antlers.

Between sixteen hundred and two thousand feet above sea-level, along the Alaskan coast, all trees cease to grow, and the mountains are covered only by a deep carpet of succulent, bright green grass. This altitude is called the timber-line. Above it, on the mountain sides of the Kenai Peninsula, one can often see with good binoculars many white objects moving about against the



THE KADIAK BEAR.

green background. All Alaskan hunters carry binoculars, and frequently scan the higher mountain sides through them; and when these white

objects are seen, the hunters will note keenly the direction of the wind, and climb some carefully chosen mountain trail toward the timber-line, for

been made since the tide had gone out. I looked at the precipitous sides of the bay, and felt that he would probably have to return our way before



"THE MOST AMUSING PETS IN THE WORLD
ARE BEAR CUBS."



the white objects are the most prized of all Alaska's game, the magnificent, curly horned mountain-sheep. Their inaccessibility and keenness of scent make their pursuit the most arduous and hazardous hunting in Alaska, and their meat, when tender, is the most delicious of all game meat.

While the big, ferocious Kadiak bear prowls through the forests of the Kenai Peninsula, his real home is farther west, in the island of Kadiak, from which he gets his name, and all along the west shores of Cook Inlet. One cannot land anywhere along these shores without almost immediately coming upon the tracks of this huge animal in the mud or sand, for he lives on berries and fish, and follows streams and shore-lines looking for food. On one occasion I was making a reconnaissance of the headwaters of Iniskin Bay, near Iliamna, and we reached a point where the falling tide had made of the bay a vast mud-flat. I left my boat to continue the reconnaissance on foot, taking with me my steward with a lunch-basket and a photographer with a camera. We were about to start unarmed, when the cockswain of the boat suggested that I take a rifle, and placed one in my hand. We had gone several miles and completed our work, when we came upon the biggest bear-tracks I ever saw in my life. The animal had evidently gone up the bay but an hour or two before, for the tracks had

the tide came in again, and the tide was even then rising. Then I realized that the magazine of my rifle held but five cartridges, and I had already fired two of them. Moreover, they were small steel bullets which would have no stopping effect upon such an animal unless they reached a spot causing instant death. With the gravest misgiving I started my unarmed attendants ahead as fast as they could walk, and took up a slower pace as a rear-guard. By good fortune, we outstripped the bear, but I never again went into that part of the country without being properly armed.

The Kadiak bear is dark brown in color and an exceedingly ugly brute. If he finds you blocking his way, or suspects that you are going to interfere with his feeding, he will attack you ferociously. On the other hand, when they have their stomachs full and you are not in their way, they may let you go by with the most mortifying lack of interest. They sleep in caves all winter, and seem to be impervious to cold during their long slumber.

Some Alaskans say that by making an unusual noise you can frighten a bear away, but an unarmed prospector once tried this advice on a bear which had not seen him, by hammering his gold pan on his pick. The result was that he spent the night in a tall tree and only came down when the bear went away for breakfast. And to add to his



"HUSKY" PUPPIES—"THE DEAREST AND MOST VALUABLE OF ALL ALASKAN ANIMALS."

troubles, he found, when he gathered up his tools, that he had knocked holes in his pan when he beat it on the point of his pick.

Probably the most amusing pets in the world are bear cubs. In their gambols they stand on their hind feet and wrestle like human beings, or they will stand up and drink with great gusto from a bottle held between their front paws.

Westward of Kadiak, on the long narrow Alaska Peninsula, all trees disappear, and the rolling hills and meadows are covered with long, succulent grass. This is the home of the prettiest animal of Alaska, and, next to the mountain-sheep, the most delicious food-animal known. It is the caribou. It has a body as sleek and graceful as that of an antelope, with mouse-brown back, pure white flanks and legs, and enormous outspreading and recurving, sharp-pronged antlers. A peculiar feature of these antlers is that the first branch of one of them curves directly in front of the forehead and then spreads straight out to the front into a broad, edgewise fan, which is called the plow. These animals roam in herds and feed almost entirely upon the grass of this region. When the snow falls and freezes in winter, they first use the plow to break the snow crust, and then their horns like rakes to scrape the snow from the grass.

In arctic Alaska, especially in the Bering Sea region, we find the fur-seal, the walrus, the reindeer, and the polar bear; but the description of these and their habits is always an accompaniment of arctic stories, and will not be repeated here. I cannot close, however, without mentioning the dearest and most valuable of all Alaskan animals: the "Malamute" or "Husky"; the Alaska dog. Strong as a young ox, absolutely indifferent to cold, and almost humanly intelligent, he draws

the Alaskan and his goods and chattels for thousands of miles through the frozen, trackless wilderness, and in camp becomes his sympathetic companion, comrade, and friend.

CAPTAIN JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

CLEANING SOILED MONEY

ALL the boys and girls who read these pages know how important it is to keep one's self and one's clothing spick and span, not only because it looks so much better, but because cleanliness is actually necessary to health.

Now Uncle Sam has applied this idea to the paper money that he makes. Gradually it becomes soiled as it passes from hand to hand, paying the grocer, the marketman, or the shopkeeper, or is deposited in savings-banks by grimy hands.

The doctors say the soiled money is unhealthy and may carry sickness from one to another, and yet for years it has been in circulation, sometimes until it becomes so worn that the bankers send it to the United States Treasury to be "redeemed"—that is, to exchange it for clean bills of the same value. These bank-notes were formerly made into pulp which was sold and made into writing-paper. This waste caused great loss to the Government.

Burgess Smith, a workman in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in the department where soiled money is received from the banks to be exchanged for new bills, knew of this loss, and, in trying to find a method of preventing it, he made the discovery that paper money, if not torn or eaten into by acid so the lettering is destroyed, can be washed and made as clean as collars or handkerchiefs. When washed, the bills are so crisp and clean that they look as if they had just been printed.

He accordingly designed what is called the money-washer; and, when tried, it was found to be a complete success, since one machine will clean 35,000 bank-notes and dry them ready for packing into bundles, every six hours.

The way in which the money is washed and dried by machinery is interesting. First, each bill is placed by the woman operator on a rubber-covered cylinder that, as it revolves, carries it through a tank filled with what a washerwoman would call soap-suds—soap melted in hot water. This cleanses the bill, removing all grease and dirt.

Then another revolving conveyer draws it out of the vat of soap-suds and carries it through a tank of pure water that rinses it thoroughly. The now clean money must be dried, and this is the most interesting part of the process.

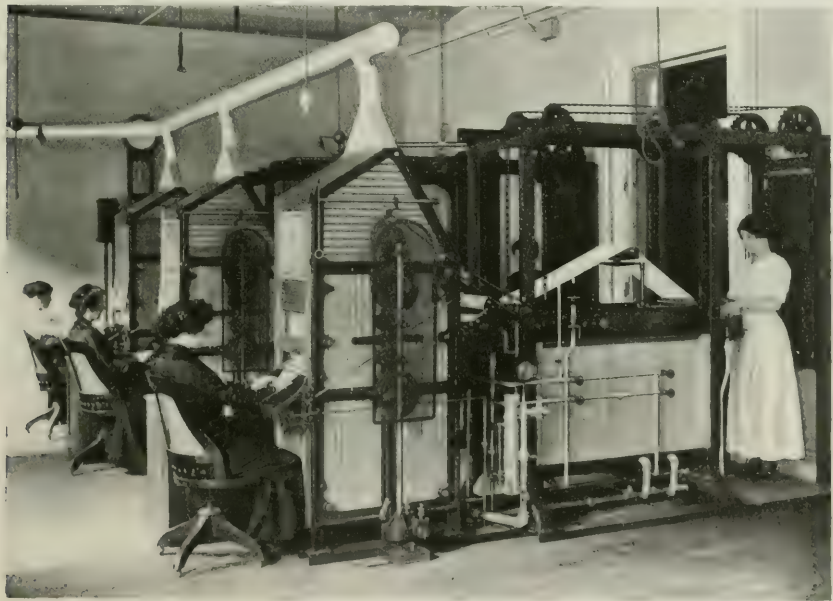
The five-dollar or ten-dollar note, or whatever the denomination may be, passes from the rinsing tank, on an endless, moving, cotton belt, between two polished steel rolls revolving so close to each

is thoroughly dried as it passes between them. The pressure of the hot rollers also stiffens it and smooths it out, so it comes out of the machine perfectly flat, and looking like new currency, every figure and every letter perfectly distinct.

With the money-washer, bills can be cleaned at a very small expense when compared with the printing and engraving of new currency. A toy electric motor of one half horse-power moves the mechanism at such a speed that four money-cleaners can clean and dry in a day 140,000 bills, ranging from one dollar to \$100, at a cost of only one tenth of a cent each.

The money-washers are used not only in Washington, but, in the branch treasuries of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, are turning soiled currency into bills as good as new, to the extent of nearly one million a day, to be sent to banks throughout the country in return for the soiled money which is a menace to those who handle it.

This preservation of our currency means a saving of millions of dollars a year to the nation in



THE MONEY WASHING-MACHINE.

other that they leave only enough space for the note to pass between them. The rolls are hollow and heated inside by gas flames, so that each bill

avoiding the great expense of destroying old bank-notes and making new ones to replace them.

D. ALLEN WILLEY.

AUTOMOBILING ON THE ICE

WINTER sports have long attracted visitors from all parts of Europe to certain favored localities in the Alps, just as similar pastimes serve as the

is a center for this exciting and picturesque form of automobiling on the ice. Some of the new vehicles are simply sleds which are driven over the ice by means of a propeller similar to the type in use on aeroplanes, but the most ingenious mechanical coasters combine the principles of the sled and the automobile, and move over the ice by means of pronged wheels which cut into the frozen surface, thereby getting a grip on it—a grip as firm as that which a rubber tire obtains on the most favorable road or pavement.

In our American "auto-scooter" there is used practically the same method of adapting the automobile to ice locomotion, the chassis having sled-runners substituted for the front wheels, while the rear wheels have a heavily coggod tread.

magnets which draw Americans to Montreal, Canada, Saranac Lake, New York, and other scenes of "ice carnivals" and ice frolics. Within recent years, however, the Alpine winter sports have grown tremendously in popularity, and crowds of unprecedented size—in which young people predominate—are usually to be found throughout the season at the favorite coasting and skeeing Meccas in France and Switzerland.

A characteristic of the past few years has been the eager and unending quest for something new in the form of winter sports. The revelers have refused to remain content with skating, tobogganing, and the other time-honored diversions, and have cast about for all kinds of novelties. Every manner of game that can be satisfactorily played on the ice has been introduced, and even dancing is attempted on the frozen surfaces. However, the credit for providing a brand-new sensation for the devotees of winter sports belongs to the men who have invented and developed what are known as motor-sleds. Chamonix

The scooter attains a high speed, of course, but an even more exciting method of traveling over an ice-bound lake or river is on the ice-yacht—



A SWISS MOTOR-SLED



Courtesy of the New York "Sun."

THE "AUTO-SCOOTER," WHICH HAS RUN 61 MILES AN HOUR.

another American invention—which, in a high wind, has been known to spin along at the rate of eighty-five or ninety miles an hour.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE AT 110°

A TREE covered with white crystals until every twig of it is apparently formed of delicate lace-like frost—that is the appearance of the tree in



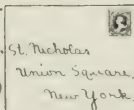
THE SLUDGE-COVERED TREE.

this remarkable photograph, which was taken on an August day, when the thermometer registered the great heat of 110°.

The tree stands within one hundred feet of the engine-house of a mine in Arizona, and every day the sludge from the boilers is blown out with great force, the white particles clinging to everything they touch. The tree was killed long ago by this treatment, and now stands in the middle of a winter landscape, several hundred feet in area, for it will be noted that all the boulders and ground about it are covered with white "snow." To the beholder of the actual scene, however, the hillside beyond was unaffected and had a mid-summer appearance in strange contrast with this queer "winter landscape."

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
????????????????



NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this "Because We Want to Know" page, for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department cannot afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—I. DIFOR

WHIRLS AND SOAP-BUBBLES

TALLADEGA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Father told me the other night to write to you and find out why all whirlpools turn to the right.

Will you also tell me why, after you have blown a soap-bubble and put your finger over the end of the pipe so the air cannot escape, the bubble becomes more brilliant? Also, when you blow two bubbles out of the same dipping, why the second one is always more brilliant?

Is it true, and why, that the twist of all trees is to the right?

Yours truly,

WILLIAM W. LADD.

Large whirls, such as occur in cyclones, tornadoes, waterspouts, etc., turn to the right in northern latitudes and to the left south of the equator, on account of the earth's motion around its axis. For small whirls this effect becomes inappreciable, and the direction is determined by accidental causes. If, for example, you move a paddle through still water, the whirlpools behind it will revolve in opposite directions.

Soap-bubbles show colors only when the film is very thin. Bubbles, on standing, become thinner by evaporation, and the colors appear gradually and increase in brilliancy. A second bubble is thinner than the first and therefore more brilliant.

I do not know whether trees have a tendency to twist to the right rather than to the left.—E. L. N.

WHY OUR EARS RING

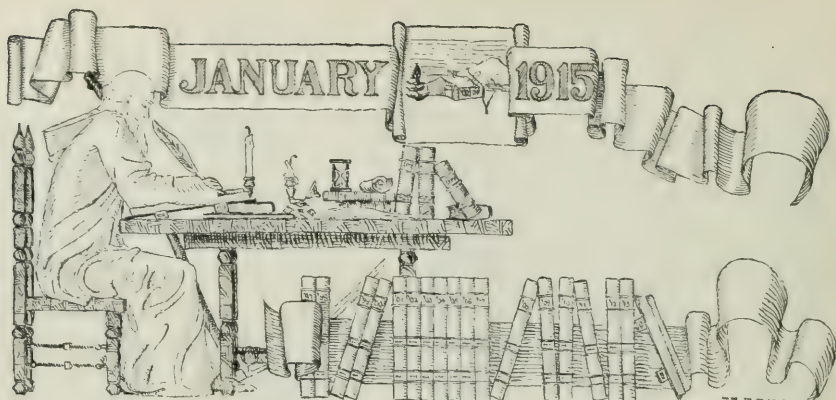
SAGINAW, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Because We Want to Know" why our ears ring?

Your faithful reader,

FLORENCE MARCIA VAN AUSEN.

Our ears ring when something sets the auditory nerve to vibrating in certain unusual ways. A large dose of quinine, cold water in the middle ear, the pressure of a tumor, a sudden blow upon the head, and many other causes for disturbance of the auditory nerve cause its impulse to be sent to the brain in such a way that we speak of it as ringing of the ears.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1914)

HERE we are again, dear Leaguers, at the portal of another year—with its enchanting vista of three hundred and sixty-five Glorious Possibilities stretching out before us—those Possibilities which are surely going to make us the "so-much-better" and "so-much-wiser" folk that we are bent upon becoming! How glorious they seem, indeed! But they will greet us, one by one; and so, at the dawning of the New-year, through which they will come "marching, endless, in a single file," let us remember that noble "Exhortation of the Dawn" from the old Sanskrit: "Look well to this day! For it is life—the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the

verities and realities of your existence—the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. . . . To-day, well-lived, makes every Yesterday a dream of Happiness and every To-morrow a vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this day!" Or, as our own Emerson has so wisely said: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the Year!"

It is in some such spirit, we are sure, that each member of the League is facing 1915—with the high resolve to make a reality of "the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty," or some other precious possibility of Every Day.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 179

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Olive E. Northup** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Naomi Archibald** (age 12), Maine; **Susanna Paxton** (age 12), Kansas; **Helen Donnelly** (age 10), Louisiana; **Mary Margaret Kern** (age 7), Indiana.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Katherine Hunn** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Dorothea Derby** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Maria B. Platt** (age 14), N.Y.; **William R. Anderson, Jr.** (age 16), N.J.; **Christina Phelps** (age 12), Conn.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Robert Martin** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Margaret Cohn** (age 16), California. Silver badges, **William H. Savin** (age 14), Illinois; **Lillian Alexandra Anderson** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Margaret Pratt** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Virginia L. Hyams** (age 13), California.

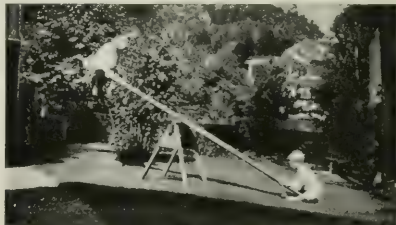
PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **J. Warren Shoemaker** (age 16), Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, **Norman Johnson** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Elise Sedberry** (age 14), Texas, **Dorothy Booth** (age 11), Connecticut; **Miriam Johnson** (age 13), Colorado.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Warren Hanna** (age 16), North Dakota; **G. Huanayra Cowle** (age 13), England.



BY GEORGE STRAUS, AGE 13.



BY WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, AGE 13.

"HAPPY HOURS."

THE RIVER

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 12)
(Honor Member)

THE throstle in the flowering thorn
Poured forth his heart in joy,
While dabbled in sweet Avon's stream
A barefoot country boy.

He sent his fleets of paper boats
A-sailing down the stream,
And many a lovely nook he knew
In which to idly dream.

And, I dare say, full many a time
The water brightly clear
He envied; for it left that town
A million times a year.

I think he plucked an iris there,
Fresh from the river-bank;
Or threw a stone, to watch it break
The quiet, as it sank.

Perhaps the river now has lost
Young Shakspeare's bright reflection
Perhaps the willows by the bank
Have lost the recollection.

But April comes, and, on the thorn,
A throstle sings at last;
And still the river gently tells
Of Shakspeare and the past.

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY OLIVE E. NORTHUP (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1914)

FOR nine days and nights, the great ocean liner *Czarina* had wrestled with the winds and waves of the Atlantic on her way from St. Petersburg to New York; but on the morning of the tenth day, every one on board was



"HAPPY HOURS." BY EITSE SPIDDERBY, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE)

thrown into a state of excitement at sight of a long, thin line of gray lying low against the western horizon.

To little Ivan Ostrakoff, leaning against the railing which ran around the crowded steerage deck of the *Czarina*, this distant line of gray, which was soon to broaden and deepen into the fertile shores of North America, meant the beginning of a new life and new hope. Many and many a time in his dreams of the future he

had imagined this new country as a place where each man was his own master, where the rich did not oppress the poor, and the poor might, if it were their will, rise to the highest station in the land. Here the doors which led to learning were always open, the gates to knowledge always stood ajar, and in the heart of every American burned the desire to live a higher and better life.

Thus, as the great steamer moved slowly into the harbor of New York and the outlines of that great city loomed up black and powerful against the sky, Ivan's heart beat faster and his breath came quicker, for he realized that at last his dreams had come true—America, the Land of Opportunity, lay before him! Soon the



"HAPPY HOURS." BY NORMAN JOHNSON, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

gang-plank was lowered, he mingled with the surging crowd about him, and so passed through the doorway into this land of promise.

THE RIVER

BY KATHERINE HUNN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1914)

OH give me the river, the river in springtime,
A boat, and two oars, and a book;
And down in the grove where the buds are just breaking,
I'll fish with my line and my hook.

OH give me the river, the river in summer,
Away from the world and its strife;
And down in the nook where the flowers are blooming,
I'll drowsily squander my life.

OH give me the river, the river in autumn,
When the purple-gray haze tops the trees,
And the woods that are decked in their wonderful glory
Seem to sigh to the tune of the bees.

OH give me the river, the river in winter,
'T is all frozen over, you see,
And all that I need is my skates—and a sweetheart,
To glide down the river with me!

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY NAOMI ARCHIBALD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

IT was a hot night in August. The family had all gone to bed, leaving Katie, the cook, to shut and lock the door. But poor tired-out Katie had fallen sound asleep in her kitchen.

The house was in a lonely place, and a poor weary

tramp, not knowing it was so late, came to the door to ask for food, and permission to spend the night in the barn. Finding the door open, the temptation was too strong for the poor fellow, and he went in and lay down on the couch, perceiving that the owners were all asleep.

He had not been sleeping more than two hours when he was awakened by a slight noise; he soon realized that it was some other intruders like himself, but with more serious designs. They were burglars, and were just congratulating each other on finding the door open.

The tramp got up, and, going softly to the door, said:

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY SUSANNA PAXTON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"Honk! honk!" Every member of the household sat upright in bed. "Honk-k-k-k!"

The hired man and Father met at the foot of the stairs, still crawling into their clothes.

Each had recognized the sound of the horn on the family auto, and had started to the barn.

They found the stable door leading into the room where Beauty, the children's new pony, was left untied at night, securely locked.

The garage room, a new addition built on to the old barn, was connected with the pony's room by a single door.

To their amazement, this door was wide open, but all outside doors were locked. Beauty was munching hay at her stall. After a thorough search for tramps, the men shut the connecting door, locked the outside ones, and, much mystified, went back to bed.

The next night the same thing happened. Father again went to the barn, only to find the outside doors locked, but the door between the stable and garage again open.

The third night Father and the hired man spent in the garage.

About three o'clock in the morning, the door between the stable and garage opened, and Beauty calmly walked to the auto, took the horn bulb between her teeth, and began to chew it! At an exclamation from Father, she wheeled suddenly and went back to her own stable.

Later, when Father related his experience to Beauty's former owner, he said the pony had been taught tricks



"HAPPY HOURS" BY J. WARREN SHOEMAKER, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1914.)

"Who is there?" The burglars, thinking it was the owner of the house, ran away; and the tramp, after resting a while longer, went off too.

The family, coming down in the morning and finding the door open, said to each other how lucky it was that no one had come in, little knowing all that had passed through the "open doorway" during that night.

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

WHEN I see a door ajar, I always wish to peep in. The very fact that it is open makes me feel that there is something worth seeing beyond it. And that is the way it is with the St. Nicholas League—it is an open doorway that is inviting every one to come inside; and I, like many others, have accepted the invitation.

There are only pleasant surprises that meet me beyond this open door that I have just entered. First, there is the invitation to delightful and congenial work, for certainly every one would be interested in some branch of the League. Then the great lesson of patience is taught by the League. Any one who sends in a contribution must wait almost four months before he can discover if it is good enough to win a prize! Perseverance is also taught by the League, for "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." Next, the League has offered me its beautiful motto, "Live to learn and learn to live." And the last thing that the League has given to help me on the road to success is the promise of reward, for every one likes that, although many do not acknowledge it.

Considering all this, I think that the St. Nicholas League has more advantages to offer than any other "open doorway."



"HAPPY HOURS" BY DOROTHY BOOTH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

in her earlier days, and had learned to unlatch doors, which easily explained the mystery of the open doorway.

Then he laughed, and said he always had trouble when he tied the pony near an auto, and had replaced several horns because of Beauty's fondness for what the hired man called her "new kind of chewing-gum."

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY CARTER MCCULLOUGH, AGE 11.



BY PHYLLIS RADFORD, AGE 13.

BY MIRIAM JOHNSON, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY ELIZABETH CLUVERIUS, AGE 12.



BY NEVRETT S. BARTOW, AGE 13



BY WILLIAM S. FIDDLE, AGE 13.



BY ROSE F. KEEFE, AGE 13.



BY JAMES I. CLIFFORD, AGE 13.



BY MARGARETTE MARTINI, AGE 13.

"HAPPY HOURS."

ON THE RIVER

BY MARIA E. PLATT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

In the East, in crimson splendor,
Rose the sun to crown the dawn;
Temple bells along the river
Sound to greet the rising morn.

Opal lights upon the river,
Sampan sails of amber hue,
Fading softly in the distance,
Dark, against a sky of blue.



"HAPPY HOURS." BY KATHRYN ROHNERT, AGE 11.

Little craft of all description,
Rice-boats tossing in the sun,
Junks, are sailing on the river,
And the day has just begun.

Twisting, winding Irawadi,
Coursing onward to the bay
On the banks and in the river
Little Burmese children play.

Fleeting day upon the river
Passes swiftly into night,
And the river, dark and tranquil,
Sleeps beneath a blaze of light.

Dark and mystic Irawadi,
Twinkling lanterns hung on high,
Little craft upon the river,
Sleeping 'neath a starlit sky.

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY HELEN DONNOLLY (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

We live in a large white house in the country.

I am lame, and cannot run in and out of doors like most children.

In front of my room is a wide balcony, with a glass door opening on it.

I love to watch the wagons pass, loaded with hay and cotton. I can also watch the negroes at work in the cotton fields. They pick big bags full and drag them to the ends of the rows, emptying them into large baskets. But, best of all, I love to watch the birds. Once in a while, I see an empty oriole's nest, swinging in the breeze from the branch of a tree.

As the dinner gong sounds, Mary, the cook, comes up with an inviting meal on her tray. She moves a small table near the open door. When I have finished eating, my crumbs are all scattered on the balcony for the birds. Not long ago, one little bird ate crumbs from my hand. They enjoy these crumbs in winter, especially.

I am in a wheel-chair, so I can go out on the balcony at any time. From my open door I can see the bed of bulbs Father set out. He had many different kinds, so they would not all bloom at once. Later, he fills this bed with red geraniums. I always send some of these to my sick friends.

My uncle brought me a little dog who had been taught to beg. He never hurts kitty when they play together.

My mother often sits with me and points out things I would not notice.

Do you wonder I like to sit in the open doorway?

THE OPEN DOORWAY

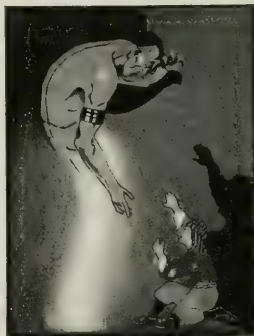
BY CAROLYN FANNY ROGERS (AGE 11)

Yes, it was the open doorway that caused Caesar's misbehavior. In the first place, Caesar's owner, Mrs. Brown, wished to go to a certain play at a popular theater. Now you must know that Caesar was a big collie, and a spoiled pet.

He followed his mistress into the theater, gravely indeed for the amount of mischief he had in his head. While Mrs. Brown was at the box-office purchasing her tickets, Caesar was busy investigating. Unfortunately, a performance was then taking place.

A soloist was singing sweetly, the orchestra was playing softly, and the whole house intently listening, when Caesar poked his too inquisitive nose in the open doorway.

He walked slowly down the aisle to the orchestra and sat down. The music was sweet, very sweet indeed, but Caesar evidently did not think so, for he threw back his head and let out one pitiful and distressing howl.



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

The soloist red-dened, stopped, and turned away disgusted. The orchestra played violently to drown Caesar's unwelcome voice. The audience tittered, and, in short, it was a very bad mix-up, caused by an "innocent pup."

At this instant, Mrs. Brown appeared, looking for her dog. Seeing the commotion he was causing, she hastened down the aisle to him. Caesar, greatly disturbed at the noise, saw her, and made great leaping

bounds up the aisle toward her, landing stiffly on his four legs.

Mrs. Brown got hold of the dog's collar and hurried out. But, dear me! Caesar was taught a lesson when he got home. The soloist felt, the orchestra knew, and the audience decided, that an open doorway can cause a lot of trouble.

ON THE RIVER

BY DOROTHEA DERBY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1914)

From the mountains, through the meadows, through the green and waving meadows,
 Waving, blowing in the breezes that refresh the thirsty day,
 Past the highlands, past the lowlands, winding slowly through the forest,
 Pausing oft to make the flowers fresher with its snow-cooled spray,
 Runs the river, sparkling, falling, singing, sighing, on its way.



"HAPPY HOURS." BY ANNE LANE WARREN, AGE 11.

Down this river, lightly dancing like the lily-pads a-floating,
 Tossed by every sporting whitecap, filled with bubbling springtime glee,
 Come canoes of whitest birch-bark, colored, manned by Indians skilful,
 Deftly passing every rapid, every brown, uprooted tree,
 Till they come a-down the river to the deep, blue, open sea.



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY ELLIEN ALEXANDER ANDERSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

After them come clumsy flatboats, clumsy, but with precious burdens;
 Slow they ply across the river, poled by men of countenance grim,
 But who face the unknown forests, face the dark and savage forests,

As they face the rock-filled river, pass each stone submerged and dim,
 Those who conquer every hardship, trusting God and praising Him.

Now a-down this ancient river that has seen the painted savage,

Seen the pioneers, the settlers, heard their joys and sorrows too,

Come the steamboats, puffing, panting, churning into frothy bubbles

All the water once so sparkling, now of dingy, somber hue,

But which, hurrying to the ocean, mingles with its unchanged blue.

THE OPEN DOORWAY

(A true story)

BY ELIZABETH NASON (AGE 14)

Just outside of Vienna, in the midst of a lovely garden, stood a large stone house. This was a physical culture school. It was more like a home to that family of happy little girls that dwelt within. Some were from Germany, some from Austria, some from Belgium, and some from Russia.

About the first of August, nineteen hundred and fourteen, as they were romping and chasing about in the garden, they were informed that war had been declared, and they must leave immediately, for the Government had demanded their palatial home for a hospital.

Of course no time was to be lost. Those who still had homes were sent to them, but most of their homes had already been broken up, and their fathers and brothers had gone to war, and the mothers of some were then working in hospitals as Red Cross nurses.

Their guardian, who is an American woman, took the children to England. They had just gotten rested and comfortably settled, after their long, hard journey, when the English Government demanded that house, also, for a hospital. So there they were, nine little girls and two young women, all without homes. Finally, they thought of America, and as they knew its doors are open to all those in trouble, the teacher decided to bring them here.

After much trouble they obtained steamship tickets. They had to come in the steerage, but they were glad to get that.

The teacher had not thought of the immigration laws. But they all looked so pretty that Uncle Sam did not have the heart to send them back.

So now in another lovely garden in Yonkers the little exiles are free and happy. Here they have again started their studies, without fear of further interruption, or having to give up their school-rooms for hospitals.



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY MARGARET COHEN, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1914.)

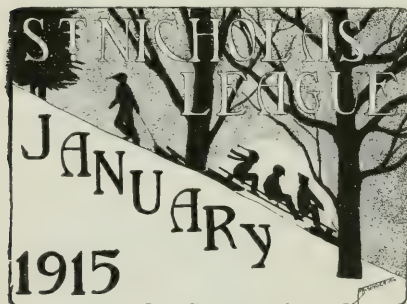
THE RIVER OF LIFE

BY WILLIAM R. ANDERSON, JR. (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I STOOD as in a trance upon the brink
Of a tempestuous stream which wildly surged
O'er rocks and bars as though 't were madly urged
On from behind; and, as if like to sink,
Upon its turbid tide a myriad souls
Did strive, the most in vain, to reach an isle
Where from their struggles they might pause awhile;
The rest, not drowned, were cast upon the shoals.

From Nowhere unto Nowhere seemed to flow
This mighty river, for an endless mist
Obscuring all the view seemed to resist
The eye's attempts the great Beyond to know.
And, as I mused, from out this Waste to me
This awful murmur came—"Eternity!"



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANK BISINGER, AGE 14

THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY MARY MARGARET KERN (AGE 7)

(Silver Badge)

MILDRED and her mother were visiting Uncle George and Aunt Martha. They lived in the country, and Grandpa lived there too.

Grandpa had a beautiful little Scotch collie puppy. Mildred liked to play with the puppy on the big lawn. His name was Brownie.

Aunt Martha had many beautiful chickens, and she was very proud of them.

One night, before Mildred's visit was over, her mother heard the chickens making a great deal of noise.

It was about three o'clock in the morning. But she arose and called Uncle George and Aunt Martha. Uncle George was up in a minute, and Aunt Martha was close behind him.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and you could see for miles over the country. They were expecting chicken thieves, but they could not see any.

But what do you think they did see? Mr. Brownie was in the chicken coop!

Brownie's bed was in the barn. The door of the barn had not been closed, and the door of the chicken house had been left open, too.

The chickens were badly frightened. Uncle George said they were piled up "three deep."

Brownie was given a sound spanking and put in the barn. After that, when he thought about going to visit the chickens, Mr. Brownie found no open doorway.

THE RIVER

BY CHRISTINA PHELPS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

FLY with the flying river,
As on to the sea it goes;
Flow with the flowing river,
As ever and onward it flows,

Smiled on by the sun in the daytime,
Shone on by the moon at night;
Kissed by the rain in summer,
And blessed by the darkness and light;

Winding through forests and moorlands,
Dashing down cataracts free,
With a message from the mountains
To the wild and wonderful sea.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Dorothy C. Ramsdell
Catherine F. Urell
Helen D. Church
Katharine Van R.
Holste
Miette M. Brugnot
Ailetha Deitrick
Edith Brill
Daisy P. Williamson
F. Alma Dougherty
Ruth B. Brewster
Clarissa J. Wätjen
Lucy Andrews
Doris Purgington
Frances Kestenbaum
Agnes Nolan
Margaret S. Beach
Margaret Day
Marjorie McCrea
Sibyl Sears
Mildred Benjamin
Bessie Rosenman
Frank L. Way
Louis McL. Fisher
Dorothy L. Tait
Kathryn Barnhisel
Frances E. Mills
Marian Wightman
Marjorie M. Carroll
Elizabeth Roper
Margaret White
Dorothy Rossiter
Albert Campbell
Elizabeth B. Cobb
Harry Cohen
Nancy Vuille
Lily Caddoo
Virginia M. Allcock
Marcella H. Foster
Katharine Brooks
Margaret Overington
Charles H. Smith
Jessie Edgerly
Page Williams
Esmer L. Lowell
Nell Hiscox
Lowry A. Biggers
Emilie U. Goode
Eileen Hayes
Clara L. Lowie
Alice Pratt
Marion Ellet
Helen Miller
Mary C. Ballard
Gertrude Woolf
Harriet G. Warnecke

Margaret P. Smith
Mollie Greenfield
Marjorie Seligman
Elizabeth T. Scott
Bridget B. Knight

VERSE, 1

Eleanor Hebblethwaite
Florence M. Treat
Eleanor Johnson
Margaret C. Bland
Mary R. Evans
Ruth Hess
Marion M. Casey
Gretchen Herz
Elizabeth Le B. Chase
Max Konecky
Ethel W. Kidder
Marion K. Valentine
Sarah F. Borock
Helen H. Stevens

Gertrude M. Harkins
Elizabeth Sheble
Grace L. Savage
Selma Brenner
Phyllis Moorhouse
Mildred E. Fish
Gladys E. Livermore
Dora G. Golder
Ruth M. Cole
Frances Riker
Elizabeth Peirce

DRAWINGS, 1

Ruth C. Robinson
Beatrice B. Brown
Mary A. Cushman
Jessie L. Remington
Helen Lowe
Helen Wieg
Beryl M. Selbert
Edwin M. Gill



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY MARGARET PRATT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

Dorothy Levy
Miriam R. Ottinger
Helen L. Carroll
Ruth Gullette
Elizabeth Elting
Thyrza Weston
Dorothy C. Snyder
Charles Schley
Margaret C. Haagott
Nell Adams
Carroll Alexander

Walter Jensen
Venette M. Willard

DRAWINGS, 2

Katharine Winchester
Mary McKittrick
Dagney Meldahl
Eleanor Wilson
Lauri Maki
Katharine B. Neilson

R. McGrath
Mary E. Askev
Anne C. Sharp
Josephine Hayes
Alice L. Walter
Mildred Fisher
Eleonor I. Tullitt
Frederick W. Agnew
Adelaide Winter
Edith B. Woodworth
Marion Lazenby
Virginia Gardiner
Elizabeth Hantzel
Margaret Perley
Edith T. Searies
Evelyn Ringemann

John P. Vose
Anna Crawford
Carolyn Eshman
Gertrude Slaughter
Katharine C. Switzer
Katherine M. Pinckney
Grace A. Moore
Dolly Thompson
Elspeth MacLaren
Helen C. Kirkwood
Ernest Loeb
Edith Baker
Elizabeth Harlow
Marjorie G. Allin
Katherine Matter
Katherine B. Card

Esther M. Daly
Anna L. Forstall
Lowell Comfort

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Nannie E. Timberlake
Margaret M. Horton
Marie F. Boas
Frances M. Doane
Paul Olsen
Mary E. Orr
Helen F. Neilson
Phyllis Coate
Rosalie Wilson
Jennie E. Everden
Lucia P. Barber
Patrina M. Collis
Ruth Farrington
Julia Van Voast
Irma Gortner
Cornelia A. Ely
Eva P. Jamison
Alec H. Pearl
Mary L. Reeves
Myra B. Cavis
John Perez
Evelyn R. Brooks
Ethel Carter
Jessica B. Noble
Whitney Henry
Alice Richards
Louise May
Francis F. Palmer
Geo. E. Spitzmiller
John S. Williams
Marshall Shaffer
Miriam Wilson
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.
Henry W. Powell
Carolyn R. Averbek
D. Frederick
Pomeroy, Jr.
Barbara Westmacott
Edith Shaw
Mary Cunningham
Helen Ferguson
Dora Ritchie
Mildred Presby
Margaret Underhill
Margaret L. Southam
Dorothy H. Leach
Miriam B. Bidle
Richard H. Balch
Marion Adams
Woodbury S. Ober
M. Gladys Müller
Alethea Carpenter
Lucy Pomeroy
James E. Marsh
Elizabeth Huff
Lucienne Glorieux
Eleanor Gibbons
Ruth G. Hawley
Marion Thayer
Alice M. Johnson
Gilbert Byron
Ruth McKinnie

Harold Blach
Frances Scott
Gertrude A. Cushing
Jean Kitchen
Janet Mac Gowan
Margaret Sherwin
Della Schenck
Wallace Wiggins
Stanleigh Honeywell

PUZZLES, 1

Eloise M. Peckham

Henry S. Johnson
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Edith Mabel Smith
John W. Sanborn
Martha Lambert
Sewell Woodward
Florence F. Wallace
Anna Schumansky
Annie Bainbridge
Emily Pendleton
Joe Earnest
Elizabeth Cushing

Bessie Radlofsky
Elizabeth R. Child
Henrietta M. Archer
Henrietta Wolf
Josephine Bigger
Dorothy E. Walker
Katharine Risher
Mildred Ascheim
Charles B. Johnson
Fred Floyd
Ruth Freiberg
Mildred H. Lanman

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 183

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 183 will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Reason Why," or "The Wakening World."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Triumph of Faith."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Chance Shot."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Fine Feathers," or a Heading for **May**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph. But the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"AT YOUR SERVICE" BY VIRGINIA I. HAYES, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE)

Dorothy Dingwall
Mildred Aaron
Mildred MacIntosh
Mildred Hanks
Hortense Douglas
Clayton B. Seagars
Helen Goodell
Isabel Emery
Doris M. Crepin
Zoe Shippen
Mary Gernung
Barbara Knight
Alice Hughes
Glady's Hiegelman
Mary C. Cohen
Katharine Reynolds
Clarence Rogers, Jr.
Page Benthall
Selma Osborn
Bessie Chapman
Elvira Miller
Dorothy I. Denby
Robert Gwynn
Frances S. Badger
Louise McElroy
Louis F. Adams
Glady's A. Quentell
Cecile Waters
Amy P. Smith
Elizabeth Thompson
Ralph Schubert
Wyatt F. Carter
Evangeline Clark
Barbara Lee
Jeanne Wadman
Robbins H. Miller
Miriam Spille
Jean von der Lanken
Marie Gormully
Annelie de Witt
Elizabeth Carnatt
Florence Jennison
Anne Johnston
Harry Libbaum
Esther Rice
Edith E. Thomas
Peggy Gantt
Jane Webster
Frances Sturgis
Howard Payson
Marjorie Scharr

Madeline R. Brown
Ethel C. Litchfield
Betty Lowe
Reba Simmons
W. G. Seward, Jr.
Nathalie G. Nelson
Dessa K. Palmerlee
Marjorie Hunt
Dorothy Powell
Helen Allen
Virginia Woodraby
Pauline Coburn
Anne Burrow
Robert J. Sloan, Jr.
E. Barrett Brady
Edith Bennett
Elizabeth Knabe
Elizabeth N. Wilcox
Grace E. Wagner
Horton H. Honsaker
Rice Johnson
Margaret Griffith
Nancy Fletcher
Robert McCauley
Marjorie E. M. Grant
Janet Scott
Joseph Ohlinger
Robert W. Seaman
Helene Toering
Juliet W. Thompson
Kathryn Renshaw



"AT YOUR SERVICE" BY MARGARET I. BARNES, AGE 12

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Watson C. Cady
Arthur Deifelsen
Ernest Weyer
Kenneth D. Smith
Russel A. Reed

May V. Vail
Elizabeth Slade
Clara Fredericks
Priscilla M. Safford
Henry Hagan
Margaret Avery
Grace H. Parker
Frances E. Galpin

Leona Larkabury
Gertrude H. Woodward
Anne E. Moffett
Joseph Gruenbaum
Ruth Weinberger
Chas. A. Noble, Jr.
Paalynne May
Edith M. Coit

THE LETTER-BOX

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the article printed in the February number of last year—just about a year ago—entitled “The Story Corner” and telling of the hour in a great library when the most famous stories for young folk are retold to scores of girls and boys who throng to hear them. They will remember, too, the photographs,—showing the youngsters crowding close into the story corner and listening with eager, intense interest, spellbound by some fairy-tale of Grimm’s or Andersen’s, by the adventures of “Robin Hood and His Merry Men,” or perhaps by one of the dear nursery stories familiar to us all. And so, this year, we gladly print the following earnest appeal to the girls and boys who read St. NICHOLAS to aid the kind folk of the Henry Street Settlement in telling these beloved stories to the children of New York’s overcrowded East Side.

Here is the letter from the Head Worker of the Settlement:

DEAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: Did you ever hear the story of “The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat,”—yes, of course, for St. NICHOLAS told it to you—and that of “Old Cluck-Cluck and her little Chick Tuppin’”? I think, of them all, my favorite was the story of “The Three Bears.” But you will find it very hard to realize that there are hundreds of little girls and boys who live near us on Henry Street who have never heard any of these tales. Their mothers are too busy to tell them stories, even if they knew them; and in the narrow crowded rooms where they must live there is no place for play. Some of our little neighbors are already too busy helping father and mother earn money for food and clothing to have time for stories.

We feel sure that the boys and girls who read this magazine will be glad to help us tell these stories to our new little Americans. Every Friday afternoon last winter, our Kindergarten room was filled with a hundred and fifty little girls who listened eagerly to the stories of “The Sleeping Beauty,” “The Pied Piper of Hamelin,” “Cinderella,” and the rest—and the boys had a fine story of their own every Saturday. We cannot have those story-hours this year unless our friends come to our help. Contributions, large or small, may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Todd, 48 Henry Street, New York City.

Very sincerely yours,

DR. JANE E. ROBBINS.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How very glad I was when the postman brought you to-day! I have been looking forward for you to come ever since the last number.

There are so many nice stories that I hardly know which I like best, but I think “The Runaway” was my favorite. To read such a fine story as that one and get all excited, to come to the end and see (*To be continued*), is simply awful. But then it makes one look forward to the next issue so much more, does n’t it?

I was so sorry to have missed “The Lucky Sixpence” and its sequel, “Beatrice of Denewood,” that I got the books and read them. It has been a long time since I read anything that interested me more.

I enjoy reading the Letter-box very much. The ones from Europe are so interesting.

With best wishes, your most devoted reader,

SARAH DUKE GRAHAM (age 13).

LA ROMANA, SANTO DOMINGO, WEST INDIES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I look forward to your arrival with pleasure.

La Romana seems a queer name for a town. It means “The Scales” in English; the way it got the name is this: before this place was ever a town, there was a pair of scales here, and it was the only one for miles and miles around, so the people from out in the country brought their cocoa here to weigh it. Then a town sprang up.

The way that great woods have been cut down here and made into waving fields of sugar-cane is perfectly wonderful.

Your grateful reader,

EDITH L. HARRIS (age 9).

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for over two and a half years. Papa buys you at the book store every month.

I am very proud to say I am one of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart’s little friends. She has given me quite a number of curiosities which she gathered in her travels. One is a little negro doll named “Martha Ann of the Evergreens,” given to Mrs. Stuart by Mary Mapes Dodge.

I was reading about Annie Fellows Johnston, and, as in her home, we are not made to lay aside St. NICHOLAS before it is finished. But my brother Elliot and I are so anxious to see you each month, that one month he has you first and the next I do. Elliot is ten and I am twelve years old. Besides Elliot and me there are two little sisters, and a baby brother, who was born Thanksgiving Day, 1912.

I am your friend,

MARY BALLINTINE.

COLONY, OKLA., SEGER INDIAN SCHOOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old this week. I go to this boarding-school; my papa is the principal. We have a large farm in connection with the school; the boys help to raise the crops and take care of the stock. We have a park with ten large deer, and now have two little baby deer.

There is a creek very near the school where the boys go swimming; many of them can swim under water for a long way, but I have not learned that stunt yet. When school is in session, we have moving-picture shows two nights each week. We had a nice closing program.

I have always gone to Indian schools, and I think I learn more than if I were in a school for white children, as we have so many more interesting things than in white schools. Every Tuesday night we have a story hour.

I have been writing on the typewriter since I was five years old. I read the St. NICHOLAS from the boys’ reading-room, and I like it very much. I lived in an Indian school for five and one half years in South Dakota, among the Sioux. Up there we had fine sport skating and coasting in the winter, and we went to the Black Hills for the summer. I have an Indian name, it is Oglala Hochshela; it is Sioux.

Very sincerely your reader,

PAUL H. HAMAN (age 8).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a ranch, five miles from the post-office and thirty-eight miles from town.

I have a little colt that I am going to raise on skimmed milk. It is a very pretty little thing, but it kicks. It hurts when it kicks. It kept me locked up in the stable for a long time. I was climbing all over the stable. At last I got out.

We have got five cats. The dog fights with the best one, and plays with the little kittens.

I ride horseback all the time. I ride after the cows. There is a wild bear hanging around our ranch, and there is a deer hanging around, too. I like to read you.

BARBARA POTTER (AGE 7).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and am one of your most devoted and interested readers. "The Runaway," "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," and "Beatrice of Denewood" were my favorite stories.

The Letter-box is also very interesting. Your puzzles and advertising competitions have changed long, dull hours into short, happy ones.

With best wishes for a prosperous future, I remain,

Your loving reader,

CARLA TORNEY (AGE 13).

KUSHLA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a farm. I will tell you how to make molasses. First you strip the leaves off the sugar-cane with long knives, then you cut the ripe stalks of sugar-cane down and haul them to the sugar cane mill. Next you run it through the mill to squeeze the juice out in a barrel, then you pour the juice out into a long pan and cook it. A green foam rises, which you skim off; cook the molasses till done enough, then pour into a can through cotton flannel, then pour into cans or jugs, and the molasses is made.

The story I liked best was "With Men Who Do Things." "The Lucky Stone" ended beautiful, I thought. We have three cows. We call them Mary Jane, Blossom, and Kate.

Your loving reader,

KATHARINE LU McDONALD (AGE 8).

BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for a year, this is the first time I have written you. I have no pets, but I think you are the best companion I could have. I am visiting my grandmother now, and am having a very nice time.

My favorite story is "The Lucky Stone," and I was so sorry when it ended. It is bedtime now, so I must close.

Your loving reader,

EVELYN HILLMAN (AGE 8).

THREE RIVERS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the stories in ST. NICHOLAS very much. I like especially the pictures of the mountains. I have been through the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Rocky Mountains. The Sierra Nevada Mountains are covered with evergreen-trees. How I would like to climb some of the tall fir-trees! The Rocky Mountains are very steep and tall. On one side of the train, there was a river running swiftly, and I could see the mountains better than on the other side. The name of the river is the Arkansas River. On the other side the mountains are close to the train. When I was

going through the mountain coming back from California, I saw two geysers. When we were in California, I went to San Diego.

Your interested reader,

JULIAN F. EVANS (AGE 7).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A photograph of a horse with two heads, one on each end, calmly carrying two riders in opposite directions, reminds one of the classical phrase "the camera cannot lie—but the camera man can"! This is a very clever print from two negatives, and was



made by taking two pictures of the same horse against the same background and standing on the same spot. About the only detail that exposes the deception is the shadow of the horse, which shows only one rider! By using part of each negative and cleverly matching it up, this striking result was obtained.

Yours very truly,

C. L. E.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much indeed. You are the most interesting magazine I ever read. My mother took you when she was a little girl; we have some numbers printed in 1877.

I liked the story "Beatrice of Denewood" very much. I have not taken you quite a year, but I hope to take you some more years yet.

Yours truly,

ROBERT CHILD (AGE 8).

CARMEL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have not taken you very long, but we like you very much.

Carmel is on the Carmel Bay. South of Carmel are Mount Carmel and Point Lobos. Point Lobos is a wonderful place with very dangerous rocks. There is a place in the rocks where the air comes through so strongly that when the water dashes up onto the rocks it is blown back in spray. This is called the Blow Hole. There are a great many other interesting places around Carmel.

My sister and I are members of the League, and we enjoy it very much.

I am always your interested reader,

ELIZABETH PERKINS (AGE 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I'm very fond of your magazine, and would not miss a number for a good deal. I am eleven years old, but I loved those round, fat little bears in the section For Very Little Folk. They were so cunning.

I was sorry to have "Beatrice of Denewood" end, for I liked it very much.

Your interested reader,

PHOEBE MOTT MOORE.

THE writer of this little poem has failed to state his age, but from "internal evidence," as the learned critics say, we believe it comes from a very young correspondent.

THE WORKING WOMAN
BY FLEMMING COLLINS JR.
THE WORKING WOMAN IN AND OUT
GOS ABOUT
WITH HER LITTLE BROOM
AND DUSTS THE ROOM
ALL NICE AND CLEAN
AND THEN SHE STRINGS THE
BEEN

MILTON, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Without you I don't know what I would have done while I have been in Europe. My brother and I have taken you since 1907, bound at the end of the year. I have just recovered from scarlet fever after giving it to my nurse, who is now laid up, "finishing off," while I am deep in ST. NICHOLAS. I got the scarlet fever just after we came from Italy, where we had been touring in a motor. We went to all sorts of places. Alassio, San Remo, Genoa, Parma, Florence, Bologna, Sestri Levante, Verona, the Italian Lakes, Garda, Maggiore, Como, and Lecco.

We also went into Switzerland, but in no places, alas! did we find anything like ST. NICHOLAS. We leave for Paris to-morrow. I've been waiting for days to write this. Au revoir.

FRANCIS HOWARD (age 12).

OGDEN, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love your magazine, and I anxiously wait each month for the next one.

That called "The Runaway" is about the best story. Next to that comes "The Lucky Stone."

I have read the whole last number through.

I got a year's subscription for a Christmas present, and I told my aunt that if she would give me a year's subscription every year, I would be satisfied. I have many things for Christmas, but I like this about the best.

Your anxious reader,

FLORENCE JENKINS (age 11).

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how much I enjoy your magazine; not only I enjoy it, but the whole family enjoys it. I look forward to your coming every month.

This is my first letter to you, but I thought I must

write. I love to read the Letter-box, and enjoy the League very much.

Wishing you lots of success,

Your loving reader,

JEANNETTE MERMACK (age 10).

HELSINGÖR, DENMARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending our summer holidays in Denmark, and as I thought it might interest you, I will tell you something about it. Our hotel is right next to the Oresund, and we can see Sweden across the bay. On our right is the Kronborg castle, that is the castle where *Hamlet* used to live. This castle was built by Frederick II from 1577 to 1585, and restored by Christian IV in 1635. When it was new, the roof was quite gray, but now it is almost entirely green, and I am sure it looks just twice as pretty. To get to the Kronborg castle, one has to cross a moat, go through an arch, and down a path which leads between a lot of little houses to another arch, before one comes to the castle itself. This is surrounded by another moat, out of which the castle wall rises. In many places in this wall there are little holes, and bluebells and small trees are growing out of them. When one has crossed the second moat, one comes to another archway. On one side there is a gate, and behind it are the vaults. On the other side a short path leads to the courtyard of the castle. We went first into the castle, where we saw many pretty pictures, and we climbed a tower from where we had a fine view. Afterward we went down to the vaults, which are the coldest, dampest, and darkest things I've ever seen. The first thing we saw when we passed the gate was a very ghostly-looking statue of Holger Danske, made out of white stone. Holger Danske is the spirit of Denmark, who is supposed to sleep there, but when war comes he wakes up and conquers Denmark's enemies. The poor soldiers used to have to exercise down in the vaults, and there are also huge stone boxes where they put provisions in time of war. In one of these there were two or three fried eggs, and our guide said they had been left there by the Swedes and were over two hundred years old. Was n't that absurd? As we came out of the castle, we saw the platform where the ghost of *Hamlet's* father walked.

There are beautiful woods and meadows here, and so many of the prettiest wild flowers. Very often we go for long walks and bring home large bunches of them. In one of these walks we came upon *Hamlet's* grave, which is a tiny hill built out of stones. We also saw the spring from which *Ophelia* used to drink.

We all just love the ST. NICHOLAS, and at present it is the only thing we've got to read, because Mother could n't bring a lot of books to the seaside. I don't know which is my big sister Helen's favorite story, whether it is "Beatrice of Denewood" or "More Than Conquerors," but "Beatrice of Denewood" is certainly the favorite of my little sister Blossom and myself.

Lovingly,

GEORGE DAVIS.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting the ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and Mother thinks it is a lovely magazine. There are so many nice stories in it. The story I liked best was "With Men Who Do Things" and the story about Sir Walter Scott, also the historical stories. But there are so many good ones that I could write a whole lot down.

Your devoted reader,

ALICE JOHNSTON (age 11).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, forms a quotation from "King Henry IV."

WORD PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1
 2 24
 3 23
 4 25 22
 5 26 21
 6 27 20
 7 28 19
 8 20 18
 9 30 17
 10 31 16
 11 15
 12 14
 13

FROM 2 to 24, equal value; 3 to 23, a song of joy; 4 to 22, a company of travelers; 5 to 26, trace; 6 to 27, spoken; 7 to 28, a musical composition for two performers; 8 to 29, network; 9 to 30, to assess; 10 to 16, to go in again; 11 to 15, an icy rain; 12 to 14, the foot of a quadruped; 32 to 17, to scorch; 33 to 18, ran away; 34 to 19, part of the eye; 35 to 20, an ideally beautiful place; 36 to 21, a famous English school; 1 to 25, a feminine name; 2 to 26, to peel; 3 to 27, a wooden clamp; 4 to 10, confused noise; 5 to 9, a fisherman's basket; 6 to 8, a pronoun; 29 to 11, the nights before holidays; 30 to 12, a shrill bark; 31 to 13, high; 32 to 14, to simmer; 33 to 15, pedal extremities; 22 to 16, in a roundish mass; 21 to 17, at no time; 20 to 18, a masculine nickname; 23 to 35, tardy; 24 to 36, to wander.

WARREN HANNA (age 16).

WORD-SQUARE

1. A FEMININE name. 2. To acquire knowledge. 3. Rescued. 4. A feminine name. 5. Finished.

PAULINE LYLES (age 10), *League Member*.

TRANSPPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose colorless, and make to jump. Answer, pale, leap.

1. Transpose a tropical plant, and make a means of illumination. 2. Transpose not easily broken, and make

should. 3. Transpose twisted, and make cautious. 4. Transpose to let, and make a frame for holding a picture. 5. Transpose experienced, and leave forsook. 6. Transpose coarse flour, and leave crippled.

The foregoing words are not all of the same length. When they have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet.

EDNA M. GUCK (age 14), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

WHEN the following words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous English poet, and another row of letters will spell the maiden name of his first wife.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A climbing plant that bears fragrant flowers. 2. Pertaining to an organ. 3. A water-nymph. 4. An important city. 5. Something that figures largely at May-day festivities. 6. Wicked. 7. A plover-like, crested bird. 8. Special faculties. 9. A four-sided pillar or monument. 10. To slight.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 14), *Honor Member*.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Certain delicious deserts. 2. A valley. 3. A masculine name. 4. A small lizard. 5. Centers. 6. An imaginary monster. 7. To acquire by labor.

The initial letters spell the name of a famous novel, and the letters represented by the following groups of numbers each spell the name of a character in this most famous book:

I. 2-3-10-23-1-2.
II. 23-21-15-3-28-9.
III. 9-16-17-24-7-4-16-26-13-25.
IV. 22-18-23-16-17.
V. 15-9-12-19-9.
VI. 23-1-2-17-9-27-10.
VII. 27-3-19-3-2-2-26.
VIII. 1-20-9-11-2.
IX. 7-18-2-6-4 10-3 19-14-26-18-12-11-13-21-
I-27.
X. 10-23-1-9-28 10-25 19-21-1-4-22-18-1-7-19-
8-27-16

The author, born nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, is 4-1-27 15-9-7-16-3-23 20-2-21-16-16.

G. HUANAYRA COWLE (age 13).



A Valentine for You.



From the colored mezzotint, by permission of R. Manro & Sons, London, England.

"LITTLE ELSIE."—PAINTED BY B. JENKINS.

ST. NICHOLAS

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WHERE THE BUFFALOES BEGIN

BY OLAF BAKER

OVER the blazing camp-fires, when the wind moaned eerily through the thickets of juniper and fir, they spoke of it in the Indian tongue—the strange lake to the southward whose waters never rest. And Nawa, the medicine-man, who had lived such countless moons that not even the oldest brave in the tribe could remember a time when Nawa was not old, declared that, if only you arrived at the right time, on the right night, you would see the buffaloes rise out of the middle of the lake and come crowding to the shore; for there, he said, was the sacred spot where the buffaloes began. It was not only Nawa who declared that the buffaloes had their beginnings under water, and were born in the depths of the lake. The Indian legend, far older even than Nawa himself, said the same thing, and Nawa was only the voice that kept the legend walking on two feet.

And often in the winter, when the wind drove with a roar over the prairies and came thundering up the creek, making the tepees shudder and strain, Little Wolf would listen to it and think it was like the stampede of the buffaloes. And then he would snuggle warmly under the buffalo-robe that was his blanket, and be thankful for the shelter of the tepee. And sometimes he would go very far down the shadow-ways of thick sleep, and would meet the buffaloes as they came up from the lake, with the water shining on their shaggy coats and their black horns gleaming in the moon. And the buffaloes would begin by being very terrible, and shaking their great heads

at him as if they fully intended to make a finish of him there and then. But afterward they would come close up to him, and smell him, and change their minds, and be companionable after all.

Little Wolf was only ten years old, but he could run faster than any other Indian boy in the tribe, and the wildest pony was not too wild for him to catch and ride. But the great thing about him was that he had no fear. He knew that an angry bull bison would gore you to death, and that if the prairie-wolves ran you down, there would be nothing left of you but your bones. Also, he was well aware that if you fell into the hands of the terrible Assiniboin, they would kill you and scalp you as neatly as could be. Yet none of these things terrified him. Only, being very wise for his age, he had a clear understanding that, for the present, it was better to keep out of their way.

But of all the thoughts that ran this way and that in his quick Indian brain, the one which galloped the hardest was the thought of the great lake to the south where the buffaloes began. And as the days lengthened and the spring began to be a thing that you could smell on the warm blowing air, the thought grew bigger and bigger in Little Wolf's brain. At last it was so very big that Little Wolf could n't bear it any longer; and so, one morning, very early, before the village was astir, he crept out of the tepee as noiselessly as his namesake, and stole along below the junipers and tall firs till he came to the spot where the ponies were hobbled.

The dawn was just beginning to break, and in the gray light the ponies looked like dark blotches along the creek; but Little Wolf's eyes were very sharp, and soon he had singled out his own pony, because it had a white fore foot, and a white patch on its left side. When he spoke, calling softly, the animal whinnied in answer, and allowed himself to be caught. Little Wolf unhobbed him, slipped on the bridle, which he had brought with him, and leaped lightly upon his back. A few minutes afterward, horse and rider had left the camp behind them, and were out upon the prairie, going due south.

When the sun rose, they were already far upon their way. Little Wolf swept his piercing gaze round the immense horizon, lest there should be any danger, moving or in ambush, which might interrupt his journey, or make him alter his course. Far off, so far as to be just on the edge of his sight, there was a dim spot on the yellowish gray of the prairie. Little Wolf reined in his pony to watch if it moved. If it did, it crept so slowly as to seem absolutely still. He decided that it was a herd of antelope feeding, and that there was nothing to fear.

On he went, hour after hour, never ceasing to watch. The prairie-grouse got up almost under his pony's feet. The larks and savanna-sparrows filled the air with their singing, and everywhere the wild roses were in bloom. It seemed as if nothing but peace would ever find its way among these singing-birds and flowers; yet Little Wolf knew well that the Assinibouins could come creeping along the hollows of the prairie, like wolves, and that there is no moment more dangerous than the time when there is no hint of danger.

All this time he had not seen a single buffalo, but he told himself that this was because the herds had taken some other way, and that he would probably not see any until he was near the lake. He lost sight of the shadowy spot he had seen so far away. If he had known that it was a party of Assinibouins on the war-path, he might have thought twice about continuing to the lake, and would probably have returned along his trail to give warning to his tribe. But his head was too full of the singing of the birds and of the breath of the roses, and, above all, of the great thought of the buffaloes, fighting below the lake.

It was late in the afternoon when, at last, he sighted the lake. It lay, a gray sheet with a glint of silver, glimmering under the sun. He looked eagerly on all sides to see if there were any signs of buffaloes, but far and wide the prairies lay utterly deserted, very warm and still in the white shimmer of the air. As he approached nearer, however, he saw trails, many trails, all going in

one direction and leading toward the lake. Antelope and coyote, wolf and buffalo; all these had left traces behind them as they went to the water and returned. But it was the buffalo trails which were most numerous and most marked, and which Little Wolf noted above all the others.

When he was quite close to the lake he dismounted, and, hobbling his pony, turned him adrift to graze. Then he himself lay down behind some tussocks of prairie-grass, above the low bank at the edge of the lake, and waited. From this position he could overlook the lake, without being seen. He gazed far over its glittering expanse, very still just now under the strong beams of the sun. It was disappointingly still. Scarcely a ripple broke upon the shore. You could not possibly imagine that the buffaloes were struggling underneath. Little Wolf asked himself where was the movement and the mysterious murmur of which Nawa had spoken? But, being of Indian blood, he had no impatience. He could afford to wait and listen for whole hours, if need be.

The time went on. Slowly the sun dipped westward, and the shadows of the grass grew longer. Yet still the lake kept its outward stillness, and nothing happened. At last the sun reached the horizon, lay there a few moments, a great ball of flame, and then sank out of sight. Twilight fell, and all over the vast wilderness crept a peculiar silence like a wild creature stealing from its lair, while far in the west there lingered long the strange orange light that belongs to the prairie skies alone when the sun is down, and the night winds sigh along the grass. And whether it was the sighing of the wind or not, Little Wolf could not tell, but there came to him along the margin of the lake a strange, low murmur that died away and rose again. As the night deepened, it grew clearer, and then he was certain that it was not the wind, but came from the center of the lake. For hours he lay and listened, but the mysterious murmur never ceased. Sometimes it was a little louder; sometimes a little softer; but always it was plain to hear—a wonderful and terrible thing in the silence of the night. And as Little Wolf lay watching under the stars, the words of Nawa kept singing in his head:

• Do you hear the noise that never ceases?

It is the buffaloes fighting far below.

They are fighting to get out upon the prairie.

They are born below the Water, but are fighting for the Air,

In the great lake in the Southland where the Buffaloes begin!"

Suddenly, Little Wolf lifted himself up. He could not tell whether he had been asleep or not,



"LITTLE WOLF SWEEP HIS PIERCING GAZE ROUND THE IMMENSE HORIZON."

but there, in the lake, he saw a wonderful sight: the buffaloes!

There they were, hundreds and hundreds of them, risen out of the lake. He could not see the surface any more. Instead, he saw a lake of swaying bodies, and heads that shook; and on their horns and tossing heads the water gleamed in the moonlight, as he had seen it in his dreams.

Little Wolf felt the blood run along his body. He clutched at the prairie-grass, crushing it in his hot hands where the pulses throbbed. Through his staring eyeballs he drank in the great vision. And he did not only drink it with his eyes: he drank it also with his ears and with his nose; for his ears were filled with the trampling and snorting of the herd, and the flash of the water as they moved—it with their feet; and his nose drank the sharp, moist smell of the great beasts as they crowded upon each other; the smell which the wolves know well when it comes dropping down the wind.

Little Wolf never knew what came to him, nor what spirit of the wild it was which whispered in his ear; but suddenly he leaped to his feet and loosed a ringing cry out of his throat. And when he cried, he flung his arms above his head; and then he cried again.

At the first cry, a shiver passed through the herd, like an electric thrill. As if they were one beast, the buffaloes threw up their heads and listened, absolutely still. They saw, in the white light of the moon, a little wild Indian boy above the margin of the lake, who made swift motions with his arms. He seemed to speak with his arms—to talk buffalo talk with the ripple of his muscles and the snatch of his fingers in the air! They had never seen such a thing before. Their little eyes fastened upon it excitedly, and shot out sparks of light. And when it cried again, there swept through the stillness of the herd a stir, a movement, a ripple which you could see. And the ripple became a wave, and the wave a billow. It was a billow of buffaloes, which, beginning on the outskirts of the herd, broke along the margin of the lake in a terrifying roar.

It was a wonderful sound, that roar of the buffaloes on the edge of a stampede. It rolled far out upon the prairie in the hollow silence of the night. Wandering wolves caught it, threw their long noses to the moon, and howled an answering cry.

It was the hour when, on the lonely prairie lands, the feet of the wild folk pad softly, and sound carries to an immense distance. But the ears it might have warned—the quick ears of Assiniboin braves on the war-path—did not catch it, being too far off upon the northern trail.

On moccasins, noiseless as the padded feet of the wolves, as grim, and almost more cruel, these painted warriors were stealthily approaching the camp of Little Wolf's people, determined to wipe it out ere the dog-star faded in the dawn.

But now the buffaloes had received the strange message which the Indian boy waved to them from the margin of the lake. He himself did not understand it. He cried to the buffaloes because he could not help it; because he loved them as the creatures of his dreams. But when he saw and heard their answer; when they came surging out of the lake like a mighty flood, bellowing and stamping and tossing their heads, a wild excitement possessed him, and, for the first time in his life, he knew the meaning of fear!

Swift as one of the wolves themselves, he darted toward his pony. To unhobble it and leap upon its back took but a moment. Then he was off, riding for his life!

Behind him came the terrible sound of the buffaloes as they swept out of the lake. He threw a quick glance behind to see which way they took. He saw a dark surging mass throw itself out upon the prairie and come on at a gallop, heading due north.

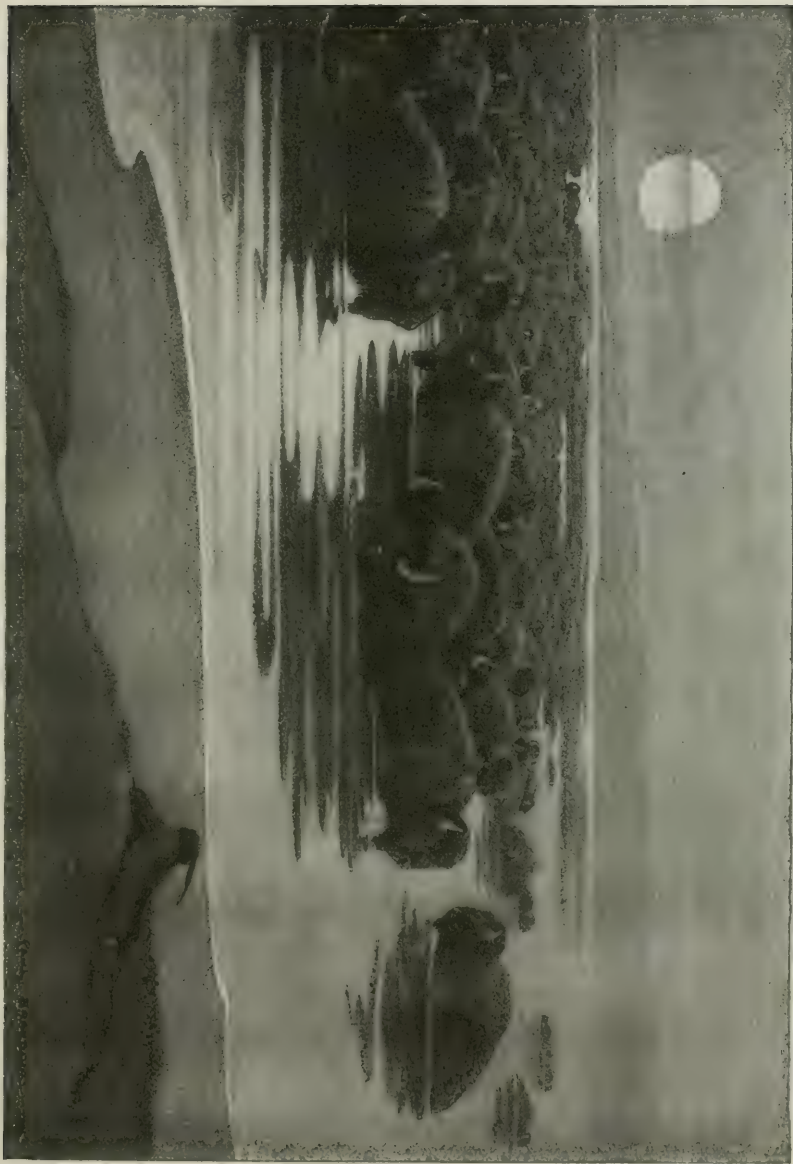
Little Wolf turned his pony's head slightly westward so as to escape the middle rush of the herd. If once it surrounded him on all sides, he did not know what might happen. If his pony had been fresh, he could have easily outstripped the buffaloes, but after a long day the animal was tired, and was going at half his usual speed. Little Wolf threw a quick glance over his shoulder. The buffaloes were gaining! He cried to his pony, little, short cries that made a wild note in the night.

Soon, as they swept along, the leaders of the left flank of the herd drew so close that he could hear the snorting sound of their breath. Then they were abreast of him, and the pony and the buffaloes were galloping side by side. Yet they did nothing to him. They did not seem to have any other desire but to gallop on into the night.

Soon Little Wolf was completely surrounded by the buffaloes. In front, behind, on both sides, he saw a heaving mass of buffaloes that billowed like the sea. Again, as when he had cried beside the lake, a wild feeling of excitement seized him, and he felt the blood stir along his scalp. And once again he cried aloud, flinging his arms above his head, a long, ringing cry. And the buffaloes replied, bellowing a wild answer that rolled like thunder far along the plains.

North the great gallop swept. Down the hollows, over the swells of the prairie, below the lonely ridges with the piles of stones where the

"THERE THEY WERE, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF THEM, RISEN OUT OF THE LAKE."



Indians leave their dead; crashing through the alder thickets beside the creeks; through the shallow creeks themselves, churning the water into a muddy foam, the mighty herd rolled on its way, and the thunder of its coming spread terror far and wide in the hearts of all lesser prairie



"IT SEEMED AS IF HE, TOO, WERE A MEMBER OF THE HERD."

folk. The antelopes were off like the wind; the badgers and coyotes slunk into their holes. Even the wolves took warning, vanishing shadow-like along the hollows east and west, so as to be well out of the way.

Little Wolf was beside himself with excitement and joy. It seemed as if he, too, were a member of the herd, as if the buffaloes had adopted him and made him their own.

Suddenly he saw something ahead. He could

not see very clearly, because of the buffaloes in front of him; but it looked like a band of Indians. They were not mounted, but were running swiftly on foot, as if to regain their ponies. At first, Little Wolf thought they were his own people, as he knew, by the outline of the country, that the camp could not be far off. But then he saw that they were not running toward the camp, but away from it. And then very swiftly, the thing flashed upon him. They were Assiniboins, the deadly enemies of his tribe, and they must have left their ponies some distance off, in order to approach the camp unseen through the long grass, and attack it in its sleep!

Little Wolf knew well that, unless they reached their ponies in time, the buffaloes would cut off their retreat. Once that great herd hurled itself upon them, nothing could save them from being trampled to death. He cried shrilly, hoping that it would excite the buffaloes even more. He saw the Indians making desperate efforts to escape. The buffaloes seemed as if they answered to his cries. They bore down upon the fleeing Indians at a terrible gallop, and, in spite of the long distance they had come, never slackened speed. One by one the Indians were overtaken, knocked down, and trampled underfoot. The herd passed pitilessly over their prostrate bodies.

Suddenly, Little Wolf's pony went down. He leaped clear as the animal fell. Fortunately, by this time, they were on the extreme outskirts of

the herd, and before Little Wolf could get to his fallen pony again, the last buffalo had passed.

OVER the blazing camp-fires, when the wind rises and moans eerily through the thickets of juniper and fir, they still speak of the great lake to the south where the buffaloes begin; but now they always add the name of Little Wolf to the legend, —the boy who led the buffaloes, and saved his tribe.

"A FEBRUARY SALE"

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

A SPRINGLIKE warmth was in the air,
And, without rhyme or reason,
I strolled abroad, when on a tree
This poster pinned I chanced to see,—
The firm was

"Time and Season"

"Before our Spring and Summer Goods"
(It ran) "we get together,
We're selling off a splendid stock
Of our left-over weather!
There's not a style that in this sale
Will not be represented;
The value and variety

ARE QUITE
UNPRECEDENTED!

"The Sunshine offered in this sale
Is spring's, gold-wove
and flashing;
The rains, of all the standard makes,
In styles subdued or dashing.
The frosts are guaranteed to wear,
Their quality surprises;
With January thaws to match,
ASSORTED
LENGTHS AND SIZES.

"We've Aired from May, light-weight and soft,
That must be sold with quickness;
Snow-storms, of winter's finest weave,
And extra length and thickness.
Some splendid sunsets, from the hand
Of Fall, the famous dyer;
Some April rainbows, very choice,

ONE ONLY
TO A BUYER.

"Some Sample Zephyrs, just returned
By June, that we've had word of,
We'll sell half-price—cold snaps at cost—
Were e'er such bargains heard of!
Warm waves, some little odds and ends
From summer stocks collected,
Must go at once; some twilights, too,
IN EVENING
SHADES SELECTED.

"A broken line of Thunder-Storms,
Good style, although last
summer's;
And gales,—for March was overstocked,—
Of styles to suit all comers.
Some remnants of October haze,
Shopworn, but soft and mellow;
December glooms, in blues and grays,
AND FOGS,
IN AUGUST YELLOW.

"No goods exchanged, or C. O. D.,
They're things we hate to
part with;
And all the prices are reduced,
Absurdly low to start with!
Come, pick and choose!" (The sun went in.)
"You'll never find together"
(A dash of rain), "as advertised,
SO MANY
KINDS OF WEATHER!

"THE MONTH IS SHORT—"

(Down came the floods;

The folk flew helter-skelter.)

"THE GOODS ARE GOING FAST!"

With that

A "bargain" breeze blew off my hat!

I turned and ran for shelter!



My Grandpapa



SOME boys I know have grandpapas
 Grave, dignified, and tall,
 Or old men just like Santa Claus;
 And some have none at all.
My grandpapa's just seven years old,
 And very, very small!

He wears a frill around his neck,
 And has a funny hat;
 His hair is all in tumbled curls,
 And he is pink and fat.
 I am the only boy I know
 Whose grandpa is like that!

They painted him on ivory,
 A little boy in blue,
 And never any more in all
 The years he grew and grew.
 Some people say I look like that—
 I hope it is n't true!

He grew to be a General,
 And more than six feet tall;
 But I am best acquainted with
 The picture on the wall—
My grandpapa, just seven years old,
 And fat, and pink, and small!
Dorothy McPherson Farnsworth.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF ST MARK'S, VENICE

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER VIII

AN EXCITING GAME

LORISTAN referred only once during the next day to what had happened.

"You did your errand well. You were not hurried or nervous," he said. "The Prince was pleased with your calmness."

No more was said. Marco knew that the quiet mention of the stranger's title had been made merely as a designation. If it was necessary to mention him again in the future, he could be referred to as the Prince. In various Continental countries there were many princes who were not royal or even serene highnesses—who were merely princes as other nobles were dukes or barons. Nothing special was revealed when a man was spoken of as a prince. But though nothing was said on the subject of the incident, it was plain that much work was being done by Loristan and Lazarus. The sitting-room door was locked, and the maps and documents, usually kept in the iron box, were being used.

Marco went to the Tower of London and spent part of the day in living again the stories which, centuries past, had been inclosed within its massive and ancient stone walls. In this way, he had throughout boyhood become intimate with people who to most boys seemed only the unreal creatures who professed to be alive in school-books of history. He had learned to know them as men and women because he had stood in the palaces they had been born in and had played in as children, had died in at the end. He had seen the dungeons they had been imprisoned in, the blocks on which they had laid their heads, the battlements on which they had fought to defend their fortified towers, the thrones they had sat upon, the crowns they had worn, and the jeweled scepters they had held. He had stood before their portraits and had gazed curiously at their "Robes of Investiture," sewn with tens of thousands of seed-pearls. To look at a man's face and feel his pictured eyes follow you as you move away from him, to see the strangely splendid garments he once warmed with his living flesh, is to realize that history is not a mere lesson in a school-book, but is a relation of the life stories of men and women who saw strange and splendid

days, and sometimes suffered strange and terrible things.

There were only a few people who were being led about sight-seeing. The man in the ancient Beef-eaters' costume, who was their guide, was good-natured, and evidently fond of talking. He was a big and stout man, with a large face and a small, merry eye. He was rather like pictures of Henry the Eighth, himself, which Marco remembered having seen. He was specially talkative when he stood by the tablet that marks the spot where stood the block on which Lady Jane Grey had laid her young head. One of the sight-seers who knew little of English history had asked some questions about the reasons for her execution.

"If her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, had left that young couple alone—her and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley—they'd have kept their heads on. He was bound to make her a queen, and Mary Tudor was bound to be queen herself. The duke was n't clever enough to manage a conspiracy and work up the people. These Samavians we're reading about in the papers would have done it better. And they're half-savages."

"They had a big battle outside Melzarr yesterday," the sight-seer standing next to Marco said to the young woman who was his companion. "Thousands of 'em killed. I saw it in big letters on the boards as I rode on the top of the bus. They're just slaughtering each other, that's what they're doing."

The talkative Beef-eater heard him.

"They can't even bury their dead fast enough," he said. "There'll be some sort of plague breaking out and sweeping into the countries nearest them. It'll end by spreading all over Europe as it did in the Middle Ages. What the civilized countries have got to do is to make them choose a decent king and begin to behave themselves."

"I'll tell my father that too," Marco thought. "It shows that everybody is thinking and talking of Samavia, and that even the common people know it must have a real king. This must be *the time*!" And what he meant was that this must be the time for which the Secret Party had waited and worked so long—the time for the Rising. But his father was out when he went

back to Philibert Place, and Lazarus looked more silent than ever as he stood behind his chair and waited on him through his insignificant meal. However plain and scant the food they had to eat, it was always served with as much care and ceremony as if it had been a banquet.

"A man can eat dry bread and drink cold water as if he were a gentleman," his father had said long ago. "And it is easy to form careless habits. Even if one is hungry enough to feel ravenous, a man who has been well bred will not allow himself to look so. A dog may, a man may not. Just as a dog may howl when he is angry or in pain and a man may not."

It was only one of the small parts of the training which had quietly made the boy, even as a child, self-controlled and courteous, had taught him ease and grace of boyish carriage, the habit of holding his body well and his head erect, and had given him a certain look of young distinction which, though it assumed nothing, set him apart from boys of carelessly awkward bearing.

"Is there a newspaper here which tells of the battle, Lazarus?" he asked, after he had left the table.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Your father said that you might read it. It is a black tale!" he added, as he handed him the paper.

It was a black tale. As he read, Marco felt as if he could scarcely bear it. It was as if Samavia swam in blood, and as if the other countries must stand aghast before such furious cruelties.

"Lazarus," he said, springing to his feet at last, his eyes burning, "something must stop it! There must be something strong enough. The time has come. The time has come." And he walked up and down the room because he was too excited to stand still.

How Lazarus watched him! What a strong and glowing feeling there was in his own restrained face!

"Yes, sir. Surely the time has come," he answered. But that was all he said, and he turned and went out of the shabby back sitting-room at once. It was as if he felt it were wiser to go before he lost power over himself and said more.

Marco made his way to the meeting-place of the Squad, to which The Rat had in the past given the name of the Barracks. The Rat was sitting among his followers, and he had been reading the morning paper to them, the one which contained the account of the battle of Melzarr. The Squad had become the Secret Party, and each member of it was thrilled with the spirit of dark plot and adventure. They all whispered when they spoke.

"This is not the Barracks now," The Rat said. "It is a subterranean cavern. Under the floor of

it thousands of swords and guns are buried, and it is piled to the roof with them. There is only a small place left for us to sit and plot in. We crawl in through a hole, and the hole is hidden by bushes."

To the rest of the boys this was only an exciting game, but Marco knew that to The Rat it was more. Though The Rat knew none of the things he knew, he saw that the whole story seemed to him a real thing. The struggles of Samavia, as he had heard and read of them in the newspapers, had taken possession of him. His passion for soldiering and warfare and his curiously mature brain had led him into following every detail he could lay hold of. He had listened to all he had heard with remarkable results. He remembered things older people forgot after they had mentioned them. He forgot nothing. He had drawn on the flagstones a map of Samavia which Marco saw was actually correct, and he had made a rough sketch of Melzarr and the battle which had had such disastrous results.

"The Maranovitch had possession of Melzarr," he explained with feverish eagerness. "And the larovitch attacked them from here," pointing with his finger. "That was a mistake. I should have attacked them from a place where they would not have been expecting it. They expected attack on their fortifications, and they were ready to defend them. I believe the enemy could have stolen up in the night and rushed in here," pointing again. Marco thought he was right. The Rat had argued it all out, and had studied Melzarr as he might have studied a puzzle or an arithmetical problem. He was very clever, and as sharp as his queer face looked.

"I believe you would make a good general if you were grown up," said Marco. "I 'd like to show your maps to my father and ask him if he does n't think your stratagem would have been a good one."

"Does he know much about Samavia?" asked The Rat.

"He has to read the newspapers because he writes things," Marco answered. "And every one is thinking about the war. No one can help it."

The Rat drew a dingy, folded paper out of his pocket and looked it over with an air of reflection.

"I 'll make a clean one," he said. "I 'd like a grown-up man to look at it and see if it 's all right. My father was more than half drunk when I was drawing this, so I could n't ask him questions. He 'll kill himself before long. He had a sort of fit last night."

"Tell us, Rat, wot you an' Marco 'll 'ave ter do. Let 's 'ear wot you 've made up," suggested Cad.

He drew closer, and so did the rest of the circle, hugging their knees with their arms.

"This is what we shall have to do," began The Rat, in the hollow whisper of a Secret Party. "The hour has come. To all the Secret Ones in Samavia, and to the friends of the Secret Party in every country, the sign must be carried. It must be carried by some one who could not be suspected. Who would suspect two boys—and one of them a cripple? The best thing of all for us is that I am a cripple. Who would suspect a cripple? When my father is drunk and beats me, he does it because I won't go out and beg in the streets and bring him the money I get. He says that people will nearly always give money to a cripple. I won't be a beggar for him—the swine—but I will be one for Samavia and the Lost Prince. Marco shall pretend to be my brother and take care of me. I say," speaking to Marco with a sudden change of voice, "can you sing anything? It does n't matter how you do it."

"Yes, I can sing," Marco replied.

"Then Marco will pretend he is singing to make people give him money. I'll get a pair of crutches somewhere, and part of the time I will go on crutches and part of the time on my platform. We'll live like beggars and go wherever we want to. I can whiz past a man and give the sign and no one will know. Sometimes Marco can give it when people are dropping money into his cap. We can pass from one country to another and rouse everybody who is of the Secret Party. We'll work our way into Samavia, and we'll be only two boys—and one a cripple—and nobody will think we could be doing anything. We'll beg in great cities and on the highroad."

"Where'll you get the money to travel?" said Cad.

"The Secret Party will give it to us, and we sha'n't need much. We could beg enough, for that matter. We'll sleep under the stars, or under bridges, or archways, or in dark corners of streets. I've done it myself many a time when my father drove me out of doors. If it's cold weather, it's bad enough; but if it's fine weather, it's better than sleeping in the kind of place I'm used to. Comrade," to Marco, "are you ready?"

He said "Comrade" as Loristan did, and somehow Marco did not resent it, because he was ready to labor for Samavia. It was only a game, but it made them comrades—and was it really only a game, after all? His excited voice and his strange, lined face made it singularly unlike one.

"Yes, Comrade, I am ready," Marco answered him.

"We shall be in Samavia when the fighting for the Lost Prince begins." The Rat carried

on his story with fire. "We may see a battle. We might do something to help. We might carry messages under a rain of bullets—a rain of bullets!" The thought so elated him that he forgot his whisper and his voice rang out fiercely. "Boys have been in battles before. We might find the Lost King—no, the Found King—and ask him to let us be his servants. He could send us where he could n't send bigger people. I could say to him, 'Your Majesty, I am called "The Rat," because I can creep through holes and into corners and dart about. Order me into any danger and I will obey you. Let me die like a soldier if I can't live like one.'"

Suddenly he threw his ragged coat sleeve up across his eyes. He had wrought himself up tremendously with the picture of the rain of bullets. And he felt as if he saw the King who had at last been found. The next moment he uncovered his face.

"That's what we've got to do," he said. "Just that, if you want to know. And a lot more. There's no end to it!"

Marco's thoughts were in a whirl. It ought not to be nothing but a game. He grew quite hot all over. If the Secret Party wanted to send messengers no one would think of suspecting, who could be more harmless-looking than two vagabond boys wandering about picking up their living as best they could, not seeming to belong to any one? And one a cripple. It was true—yes, it was true, as The Rat said, that his being a cripple made him look safer than any one else. Marco actually put his forehead in his hands and pressed his temples.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed The Rat. "What are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking what a general you would make. I'm thinking that it might all be real—every word of it. It might n't be a game at all," said Marco.

"No, it might n't," The Rat answered. "If I knew where the Secret Party was, I'd like to go and tell them about it. What's that!" he said, suddenly turning his head toward the street. "What are they calling out?"

Some newsboy with a particularly shrill voice was shouting out something at the topmost power of his lungs.

Tense and excited, no member of the circle stirred or spoke for a few seconds. The Rat listened, Marco listened, the whole Squad listened, pricking up their ears.

"Startling news from Samavia," the newsboy was shrilling out. "Amazing story! Descendant of the Lost Prince found! Descendant of the Lost Prince found!"

"Any chap got a penny?" snapped The Rat, beginning to shuffle toward the arched passage.

"There!" answered Marco, following him.

"Come on!" The Rat yelled. "Let's go and get a paper!" And he whizzed down the passage with his swiftest rat-like dart, while the Squad followed him, shouting and tumbling over each other.

CHAPTER IX

"IT IS NOT A GAME"

LORISTAN walked slowly up and down the back sitting-room and listened to Marco, who sat by the small fire and talked.

"Go on," he said, whenever the boy stopped. "I want to hear it all. He's a strange lad, and it's a splendid game."

Marco was telling him the story of his second and third visits to the inclosure behind the deserted churchyard. He had begun at the beginning, and his father had listened with a deep interest.

A year later, Marco recalled this evening as a thrilling memory, and as one which would never pass away from him throughout his life. He would always be able to call it all back. The small and dingy back room, the dimness of the one poor gas-burner, which was all they could afford to light, the iron box pushed into the corner with its maps and plans locked safely in it, the erect bearing and actual beauty of the tall form, which the shabbiness of worn and mended clothes could not hide or dim. Not even rags and tatters could have made Loristan seem insignificant or undistinguished. He was always the same. His eyes seemed darker and more wonderful than ever in their remote thoughtfulness and interest as he spoke.

"Go on," he said. "It is a splendid game. And it is curious. He has thought it out well. The lad is a born soldier."

"It is not a game to him," Marco said. "And

it is not a game to me. The Squad is only playing, but with him it's quite different. He knows he'll never really get what he wants, but he feels as if this was something near it. He said I might show you the map he made. Father, look at it."

He gave Loristan the clean copy of The Rat's



"THE RAT WHIZZED DOWN THE PASSAGE WHILE THE SQUAD FOLLOWED HIM."

map of Samavia. The city of Melzarr was marked with certain signs. They were to show at what points The Rat—if he had been a Samavian general—would have attacked the capital. As Marco pointed them out, he explained The Rat's reasons for his planning.

Loristan held the paper for some minutes. He fixed his eyes on it curiously, and his black brows drew themselves together.

"This is very wonderful!" he said at last. "He

is quite right. They might have got in there, and for the very reasons he hit on. How did he learn all this?"

"He thinks of nothing else now," answered Marco. "He has always thought of wars and made plans for battles. He's not like the rest of the Squad. His father is nearly always drunk, but he is very well educated, and, when he is only half drunk, he likes to talk. The Rat asks him questions then, and leads him on until he finds out a great deal. Then he begs old newspapers, and he hides himself in corners and listens to what people are saying. He says he lies awake at night thinking it out, and he thinks about it all the day. That was why he got up the Squad."

Loristan had continued examining the paper.

"Tell him," he said, when he refolded and handed it back, "that I studied his map, and he may be proud of it. You may also tell him—" and he smiled quietly as he spoke—"that in my opinion he is right. The Iarovitch would have held Melzarr to-day if he had led them."

Marco was full of exultation.

"I thought you would say he was right. I felt sure you would. That is what makes me want to tell you the rest," he hurried on. "If you think he is right about the rest too—" He stopped awkwardly because of a sudden wild thought which rushed upon him. "I don't know what you will think," he stammered. "Perhaps it will seem to you as if the game—as if that part of it could—could only be a game."

He was so fervent in spite of his hesitation that Loristan began to watch him with sympathetic respect, as he always did when the boy was trying to express something he was not sure of. One of the great bonds between them was that Loristan was always interested in his boyish mental processes—in the way in which his thoughts led him to any conclusion.

"Go on," he said again. "I am like The Rat and I am like you. It has not seemed quite like a game to me, so far."

Loristan sat down at the writing-table and Marco, in his eagerness, drew nearer and leaned against it, resting on his arms and lowering his voice, though it was always their habit to speak at such a pitch that no one outside the room they were in could distinguish what they said.

"It is The Rat's plan for giving the signal for a Rising," he said.

Loristan made a slight movement.

"Does he think there will be a Rising?" he asked.

"He says that must be what the Secret Party has been preparing for all these years. And it must come soon. The other nations see that the

fighting must be put an end to even if they have to stop it themselves. And if the real King is found—but when The Rat bought the newspaper there was nothing in it about where he was. It was only a sort of rumor. Nobody seemed to know anything." He stopped a few seconds, but he did not utter the words which were in his mind. He did not say: "But *you* know."

"And The Rat has a plan for giving the signal?" Loristan said.

Marco forgot his first feeling of hesitation. He began to see the plan again as he had seen it when The Rat talked. He began to speak as The Rat had spoken, forgetting that it was a game. He made even a clearer picture than The Rat had made of the two vagabond boys—one of them a cripple—making their way from one place to another, quite free to carry messages or warnings where they chose, because they were so insignificant and poor-looking that no one could think of them as anything but waifs and strays, belonging to nobody and blown about by the wind of poverty and chance. He felt as if he wanted to convince his father that the plan was a possible one. He did not quite know why he felt so anxious to win his approval of the scheme—as if it were real—as if it could actually be done. But this feeling was what inspired him to enter into new details and suggest possibilities.

"A boy who was a cripple and one who was only a street singer and a sort of beggar could get almost anywhere," he said. "Soldiers would listen to a singer if he sang good songs—and they might not be afraid to talk before him. A strolling singer and a cripple would perhaps hear a great many things it might be useful for the Secret Party to know. They might even hear important things. Don't you think so?"

Before he had gone far with his story, the far-away look had fallen upon Loristan's face—the look Marco had known so well all his life. He sat turned a little sidewise from the boy, his elbow resting on the table and his forehead on his hand. He looked down at the worn carpet at his feet, and so he looked as he listened to the end. It was as if some new thought were slowly growing in his mind as Marco went on talking and enlarging on The Rat's plan. He did not even look up or change his position as he answered, "Yes. I think so."

But, because of the deep and growing thought in his face, Marco's courage increased. His first fear that this part of the planning might seem so bold and reckless that it would only appear to belong to a boyish game, gradually faded away for some strange reason. His father had said that the first part of The Rat's imaginings had

not seemed quite like a game to him, and now—even now—he was not listening as if he were listening to the details of mere exaggerated fancies. It was as if the thing he was hearing was not wildly impossible. Marco's knowledge of Continental countries and of methods of journeying helped him to enter into much detail and give realism to his plans.

"Sometimes we could pretend we knew nothing but English," he said. "Then, though The Rat could not understand, I could. I should always understand in each country. I know the cities and the places we should want to go to. I know how boys like us live, and so we should not do anything which would make the police angry or make people notice us. If any one asked questions, I would let them believe that I had met The Rat by chance, and we had made up our minds to travel together because people gave more money to a boy who sang if he was with a cripple. There was a boy who used to play the guitar in the streets of Rome, and he always had a lame girl with him, and every one knew it was for that reason. When he played, people looked at the girl and were sorry for her and gave her soldi. You remember."

"Yes, I remember. And what you say is true," Loristan answered.

Marco leaned farther forward across the table so that he came closer to him. The tone in which the words were said made his courage leap like a flame. To be allowed to go on with this boldness was to feel that he was being treated almost as if he were a man. If his father had wished to stop him, he could have done it with one quiet glance, without uttering a word. For some wonderful reason he did not wish him to cease talking. He was willing to hear what he had to say—he was even interested.

"You are growing older," he had said the night he had revealed the marvelous secret. "Silence is still the order, but you are man enough to be told more."

Was he man enough to be thought worthy to help Samavia in any small way—even with boyish fancies which might contain a germ of some thought which older and wiser minds might make useful? Was he being listened to because the plan, made as part of a game, was not an impossible one—if two boys who could be trusted could be found? He caught a deep breath as he went on, drawing still nearer and speaking so low that his tone was almost a whisper.

"If the men of the Secret Party have been working and thinking for so many years—they have prepared everything. They know by this time exactly what must be done by the messen-

gers who are to give the signal. They can tell them where to go and how to know the secret friends who must be warned. If the orders could be written and given to—to some one who has—who has learned to remember things!" He had begun to breathe so quickly that he stopped for a moment.

Loristan looked up. He looked directly into his eyes.

"Some one who has been *trained* to remember things?" he said.

"Some one who has been trained," Marco went on, catching his breath again. "Some one who does not forget—who would never forget—never! That one, even if he were only twelve—even if he were only ten—could go and do as he was told." Loristan put his hand on his shoulder.

"Comrade," he said, "you are speaking as if you were ready to go yourself."

Marco's eyes looked bravely straight into his, but he said not one word.

"Do you know what it would mean, Comrade?" his father went on. "You are right. It is not a game. And you are not thinking of it as one. But have you thought how it would be if something betrayed you—and you were set up against a wall to be *shot*?"

Marco stood up quite straight. He tried to believe he felt the wall against his back.

"If I were shot, I should be shot for Samavia," he said. "And for you, Father."

Even as he was speaking, the front door-bell rang and Lazarus evidently opened it. He spoke to some one, and then they heard his footsteps approaching the back sitting-room.

"Open the door," said Loristan, and Marco opened it.

"There is a boy who is a cripple here, sir," the old soldier said. "He asked to see Master Marco."

"If it is The Rat," said Loristan, "bring him in here. I wish to see him."

Marco went down the passage to the front door. The Rat was there, but he was not upon his platform. He was leaning upon an old pair of crutches, and Marco thought he looked wild and strange. He was white, and somehow the lines of his face seemed twisted in a new way. Marco wondered if something had frightened him, or if he felt ill.

"Rat," he began, "my father—"

"I've come to tell you about my father," The Rat broke in without waiting to hear the rest, and his voice was as strange as his pale face. "I don't know why I've come, but I—I just wanted to. He's dead!"

"Your father?" Marco stammered. "He 's—" "He 's dead," The Rat answered shakily. "I told you he 'd kill himself. He had another fit and he died in it. I knew he would, one of these days. I told him so. He knew he would himself. I stayed with him till he was dead—and then I got a bursting headache and I felt sick—and I thought about you."

Marco made a jump at him because he saw he was suddenly shaking as if he were going to fall. He was just in time, and Lazarus, who had been looking on from the back of the passage, came forward. Together they held him up.

"I 'm not going to faint," he said weakly, "but I felt as if I was. It was a bad fit, and I had to try and hold him. I was all by myself. The people in the other attic thought he was only drunk, and they would n't come in. He 's lying on the floor there, dead."

"Come and see my father," Marco said. "He 'll tell us what to do. Lazarus, help him."

"I can get on by myself," said The Rat. "Do you see my crutches? I did something for a pawnbroker last night, and he gave them to me for pay."

But though he tried to speak carelessly, he had plainly been horribly shaken and overwrought. His queer face was yellowish white still, and he was trembling a little.

Marco led the way into the back sitting-room. In the midst of its shabby gloom and under the dim light Loristan was standing in one of his still, attentive attitudes. He was waiting for them.

"Father, this is The Rat," the boy began. The Rat stopped short and rested on his crutches, staring at the tall, reposeful figure with widened eyes.

"Is that your father?" he said to Marco. And then added, with a jerky half-laugh, "He 's not much like mine, is he?"

CHAPTER X

THE RAT—AND SAMAVIA

WHAT The Rat thought when Loristan began to speak to him, Marco wondered. Suddenly he stood in an unknown world, and it was Loristan who made it so because its poverty and shabbiness had no power to touch him. He looked at the boy with calm and clear eyes, he asked him practical questions gently, and it was plain that he understood many things without asking questions at all. Marco thought that perhaps he had, at some time, seen drunken men die, in his life in strange places. He seemed to know the terribleness of the night through which The Rat had passed. He made him sit down, and he or-

dered Lazarus to bring him some hot coffee and simple food.

"Have n't had a bite since yesterday," The Rat said, still staring at him. "How did you know I had n't?"

"You have not had time," Loristan answered.

Afterward he made him lie down on the sofa.

"Look at my clothes," said The Rat.

"Lie down and sleep," Loristan replied, putting his hand on his shoulder and gently forcing him toward the sofa. "You will sleep a long time. You must tell me how to find the place where your father died, and I will see that the proper authorities are notified."

"What are you doing it for?" The Rat asked, and then he added, "sir."

"Because I am a man and you are a boy. And this is a terrible thing," Loristan answered him.

He went away without saying more, and The Rat lay on the sofa staring at the wall and thinking about it until he fell asleep. But, before this happened, Marco had quietly left him alone. So, as Loristan had told him he would, he slept deeply and long; in fact, he slept through all the night.

WHEN he awakened it was morning, and Lazarus was standing by the side of the sofa looking down at him.

"You will want to make yourself clean," he said. "It must be done."

"Clean!" said The Rat, with his squeaky laugh. "I could n't keep clean when I had a room to live in, and now where am I to wash myself?" He sat up and looked about him.

"Give me my crutches," he said. "I 've got to go. They 've let me sleep here all night. They did n't turn me into the street. I don't know why they did n't. Marco's father—he 's the right sort. He looks like a swell."

"The Master," said Lazarus, with a rigid manner, "the Master is a great gentleman. He would turn no tired creature into the street. He and his son are poor, but they are of those who give. He desires to see and talk to you again. You are to have bread and coffee with him and the young Master. But it is I who tell you that you cannot sit at table with them until you are clean. Come with me," and he handed him his crutches. His manner was authoritative, but it was the manner of a soldier; his somewhat stiff and erect movements were those of a soldier, also, and The Rat liked them because they made him feel as if he were in barracks. He did not know what was going to happen, but he got up and followed him on his crutches.

Lazarus took him to a closet under the stairs

where a battered tin bath was already full of hot water, which the old soldier himself had brought in pails. There were soap and coarse, clean towels on a wooden chair, and also there was a much worn but cleanly suit of clothes.

"Put these on when you have bathed," Lazarus

full of clean hot water and to splash and scrub with a big piece of flannel and plenty of soap was a marvelous thing. The Rat's tired body responded to the novelty with a curious feeling of freshness and comfort.

"I dare say swells do this every day," he mut-



"THIS IS VERY WONDERFUL!" LORISTAN SAID AT LAST.

ordered, pointing to them. "They belong to young Master and will be large for you, but they will be better than your own." And then he went out of the closet and shut the door.

It was a new experience for The Rat. So long as he remembered, he had washed his face and hands—when he had washed them at all—at an iron tap set in the wall of a back street or court in some slum. His father and himself had long ago sunk into the world where to wash one's self is not a part of every-day life. They had lived amid dirt and foulness, and when his father had been in a maudlin state, he had sometimes cried and talked of the long-past days when he had shaved every morning and put on a clean shirt.

To stand even in the most battered of tin baths

tered. "I'd do it myself if I was a swell. Soldiers have to keep themselves so clean they shine."

When, after making the most of his soap and water, he came out of the closet under the stairs, he was as fresh as Marco himself; and, though his clothes had been built for a more stalwart body, his recognition of their cleanliness filled him with pleasure. He wondered if by any effort he could keep himself clean when he went out into the world again and had to sleep in any hole the police did not order him out of.

He wanted to see Marco again, but he wanted more to see the tall man with the soft dark eyes and that queer look of being a swell in spite of his shabby clothes and the dingy place he lived in. There was something about him which made

you keep on looking at him, and wanting to know what he was thinking of, and why you felt as if you 'd take orders from him as you 'd take orders from your general, if you were a soldier. He looked, somehow, like a soldier, but as if he were something more—as if people had taken orders from him all his life, and always would take orders from him. And yet he had that quiet voice and those fine, easy movements, and he was not a soldier at all, but only a poor man who wrote things for papers which did not pay him well enough to give him and his son a comfortable living. Through all the time of his seclusion with the battered bath and the soap and water, The Rat thought of him, and longed to have another look at him and hear him speak again. He did not see any reason why he should have let him sleep on his sofa or why he should give him a breakfast before he turned him out to face the world. It was first-rate of him to do it. The Rat felt that when he was turned out, after he had had the coffee, he should want to hang about the neighborhood just on the chance of seeing him pass by sometimes. He did not know what he was going to do. The parish officials would by this time have taken his dead father, and he would not see him again. He did not want to see him again. He had never seemed like a father. They had never cared anything for each other. He had only been a wretched outcast whose best hours had been when he had drunk too much to be violent and brutal. Perhaps, The Rat thought, he would be driven to going about on his platform on the pavements and begging, as his father had tried to force him to do. Could he sell newspapers? What could a crippled lad do unless he begged or sold papers?

Lazarus was waiting for him in the passage. The Rat held back a little.

"Perhaps they 'd rather not eat their breakfast with me," he hesitated. "I 'm not—I 'm not the kind they are. I could swallow the coffee out here and carry the bread away with me. And you could thank him for me. I 'd want him to know I thanked him."

Lazarus also had a steady eye. The Rat realized that he was looking him over as if he were summing him up.

"You may not be the kind they are, but you may be of a kind the Master sees good in. If he did not see something, he would not ask you to sit at his table. You are to come with me."

The Squad had seen good in The Rat, but no one else had. Policemen had moved him on whenever they set eyes on him, the wretched women of the slums had regarded him as they regarded his darting, thieving namesake; loafing

or busy men had seen in him a young nuisance to be kicked or pushed out of the way. The Squad had not called "good" what they saw in him. They would have yelled with laughter if they had heard any one else call it so. "Goodness" was not considered an attraction in their world.

The Rat grinned a little and wondered what was meant, as he followed Lazarus into the back sitting-room.

It was as dingy and gloomy as it had looked the night before, but by the daylight The Rat saw how rigidly neat it was, how well swept and free from any speck of dust, how the poor windows had been cleaned and polished, and how everything was set in order. The coarse linen cloth on the table was fresh and spotless, so was the cheap crockery, the spoons shone with brightness.

Loristan was standing on the hearth and Marco was near him. They were waiting for their vagabond guest as if he had been a gentleman.

The Rat hesitated and shuffled at the door for a moment, and then it suddenly occurred to him to stand as straight as he could and salute. When he found himself in the presence of Loristan, he felt as if he ought to do something, but he did not know what.

Loristan's recognition of his gesture and his expression as he moved forward lifted from The Rat's shoulders a load which he himself had not known lay there. Somehow he felt as if something new had happened to him, as if he were not mere "vermin," after all, as if he need not be on the defensive—even as if he need not feel so much in the dark, and like a thing there was no place in the world for. The mere straight and far-seeing look of this man's eyes seemed to make a place somewhere for what he looked at. And yet what he said was quite simple.

"This is well," he said. "You have rested. We will have some food, and then we will talk together." He made a slight gesture in the direction of the chair at the right hand of his own place.

The Rat hesitated again. What a swell he was! With that wave of the hand he made you feel as if you were a fellow like himself, and he was doing you some honor.

"I 'm not—" The Rat broke off and jerked his head toward Marco. "He knows—" he ended, "I 've never sat at a table like this before."

"There is not much on it." Loristan made the slight gesture toward the right-hand seat again and smiled. "Let us sit down."

The Rat obeyed him and the meal began. There were only bread and coffee and a little butter before them. But Lazarus presented the cups and

plates on a small japanned tray as if it were a golden salver. When he was not serving, he stood upright behind his master's chair, as though he wore royal livery of scarlet and gold. To the boy who had gnawed a bone or munched a crust wheresoever he found them, and with no thought but of the appeasing of his own wolfish hunger, to watch the two with whom he sat eat their simple food was a new thing. He knew nothing of the every-day decencies of civilized people. The Rat liked to look at them, and he found himself trying to hold his cup as Loristan did, and to sit and move as Marco was sitting and moving—taking his bread or butter, when it was held at his side by Lazarus, as if it were a simple thing to be waited upon. Marco had had things handed to him all his life, and it did not make him feel awkward. The Rat knew that his own father had once lived like this. He himself would have been at ease if chance had treated him fairly. It made him scowl to think of it.

But in a few minutes Loristan began to talk about the copy of the map of Samavia. Then The Rat forgot everything else and was ill at ease no more. He did not know that Loristan was leading him on to explain his theories about the country and the people and the war. He found himself telling all that he had read, or overheard, or *thought* as he lay awake in his garret. He had thought out a great many things in a way not at all like a boy's. His strangely concentrated and over-mature mind had been full of military schemes which Loristan listened to with curiosity and also with amazement. He had become extraordinarily clever in one direction because he had fixed all his mental powers on one thing. It seemed scarcely natural that an untaught vagabond lad should know so much and reason so clearly. It was at least extraordinarily interesting. There had been no skirmish, no attack, no battle which he had not led and fought in his own imagination, and he had made scores of rough queer plans of all that had been or should have been done. Lazarus listened as attentively as his master, and once Marco saw him exchange a startled, rapid glance with Loristan. It was at a moment when The Rat was sketching with his finger on the cloth an attack which *ought* to have been made but was not. And Marco knew at once that the quickly exchanged look meant "He is right! If it had been done, there would have been victory instead of disaster!"

It was a wonderful meal though it was only of bread and coffee. The Rat knew he should never be able to forget it.

Afterward, Loristan told him of what he had

done the night before. He had seen the parish authorities and all had been done which a city government provides in the case of a pauper's death. His father would be buried in the usual manner. "We will follow him," Loristan said in the end. "You and I and Marco and Lazarus."

The Rat's mouth fell open.

"You—and Marco—and Lazarus!" he exclaimed, staring. "And me! Why should any of us go? I don't want to. He would n't have followed me if I'd been the one."

Loristan remained silent for a few moments.

"When a life has counted for nothing, the end of it is a lonely thing," he said at last. "If it has forgotten all respect for itself, pity is all that one has left to give. One would like to give *something* to anything so lonely." He said the last brief sentence after a pause.

"Let us go," Marco said suddenly; and he caught The Rat's hand.

The Rat's own movement was sudden. He slipped from his crutches to a chair, and sat and gazed at the worn carpet as if he were not looking at it at all, but at something a long way off. After a while he looked up at Loristan.

"Do you know what I thought of, all at once?" he said in a shaky voice. "I thought of that 'Lost Prince' one. He only lived once. Perhaps he did n't live a long time. Nobody knows. But it's five hundred years ago, and, just because he was the kind he was, every one that remembers him thinks of something fine. It's queer, but it does you good just to hear his name. And if he has been training kings for Samavia all these centuries—they may have been poor and nobody may have known about them, but they've been *kings*. That's what *he* did—just by being alive a few years. When I think of him and then think of—the other—there's such an awful difference that—yes—I'm sorry. For the first time. I'm his son and I can't care about him; but he's too lonely—I want to go."

So it was that when the forlorn derelict was carried to the graveyard where nameless burdens on the city were given to the earth, a curious funeral procession followed him. There were two tall and soldierly looking men and two boys, one of whom walked on crutches, and behind them were ten other boys who walked two by two. These ten were a queer, ragged lot; but they had respectfully sober faces, held their heads and their shoulders well, and walked with a remarkably regular marching step.

It was the Squad; but they had left their "rifles" at home.

(To be continued)



BY M. H. CHURCH

GIRAFFES are funny animals,
They are so straight and tall;
I wish I had a good one
To come whene'er I call.
I 'd bring him to my window,—
His head would reach the ledge.
When I was dressed for breakfast,
I 'd climb out on the edge,
Then, wrapping my arms around him,
Down to the ground I 'd glide,
For with a neck like that he 'd make
A good toboggan-slide.

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

CHAPTER III

AMATEUR DETECTIVES

WHILE Cynthia was bending over her desk during study-hour, struggling with a hopelessly entangled account in Latin of Cæsar and his Gallic Wars, her next neighbor thrust a note into her hand. Glad of any diversion, she opened it and read:

This afternoon for the B. U. H. How much pocket-money have you?

J.

Cynthia had no difficulty in guessing the meaning of the initials, but she could not imagine what pocket-money had to do with the matter, so she wrote back:

All right. Only thirty cents. More next week.

C.

She passed it along to Joyce at the other end of the room, and returned to Cæsar in a more cheerful frame of mind. Joyce, she knew, would explain all mysteries later, and she was content to wait.

Almost a week had passed since the first adventure of the Boarded-up House, and nothing further had happened. Joyce and Cynthia were healthy, normal girls, full of interests connected with their school, with outdoor affairs, and with social life, so they had much to occupy them beside this curious quest on which they had become engaged. A fraternity meeting had occupied one afternoon, dancing-school another, a tramping-excursion a third, and so on through the ensuing week. Not once, however, in the midst of all these outside interests, had they forgotten their strange adventure. When they were alone together they talked of it incessantly, and laid elaborate plans for future amateur detective work.

"It's just like a story!" Joyce would exclaim. "And who would ever have thought of a story in that old, Boarded-up House. And *us* in the midst of it!" Cynthia's first question that afternoon, on the way home from high school, was:

"What did you ask about pocket-money for? I'm down pretty low on my allowance, but I don't see what that's got to do with things." Joyce laughed.

"Well, I'm lower yet—ten cents to last till the month's out! But has n't it struck you that we've got to have *candles*—plenty of them—and matches, and a couple of candlesticks at least? How else can we ever get about the place, pitch-dark as it all is? And if we tried to get them from home, some one would suspect right away."

"Ten cents' worth of candles ought to last us quite a while," began the practical Cynthia; "and ten cents more will buy a whole package of safety-matches. And for five cents we can get a candlestick, but we'd better stop at *one* for the present, or we won't have a cent left between us! Let's get them right now." While they were making their purchases, Cynthia had another idea.

"I'll tell you what, Joyce, I'm going to take along a dust-cloth and clean up around the window where we get in. My sweater was just black with dirt and cobwebs last time, and Mother *almost* insisted on an explanation. Fortunately she was called away for something, just then, and afterward did n't think of it. I've washed the sweater since!"

"Good idea!" assented Joyce. "Momsie wanted to know how I'd torn mine and got it so mussy, too. I told her I'd been chasing up Goliath,—which was really quite true, you know."

"I never *can* think of things to say that will be the truth and yet not give the whole thing away!" sighed the downright Cynthia. "I wish I were as quick as you!"

"Never mind! You've got the *sense*, Cynthia! I never would have thought of the dust-cloth."

Getting into the Boarded-up House this time was accompanied by less difficulty than the first. Before entering, Cynthia thoroughly dusted the window-ledge and as far about it as she could reach, with the result that there was less, if any, damage to their clothes. Armed as they were with plenty of candles and matches, there were no shudders either, nor fears of the unknown and the dark. Even Cynthia was keen for the quest, and Joyce was simply bursting with new ideas, some of which she expounded to Cynthia as they were lighting their candles in the cellar.

"You know, Cyn, I've been looking at the place carefully from the outside. We have n't seen a third of it yet,—no, not even a *quarter*!

There 's the wing off the parlor toward your house, and the one off the dining-room toward mine. I suppose the kitchen must be in that one, but I can't think what 's in the other, unless it 's a library. We must see these to-day. And then there 's all up-stairs."

"What I want to see most of all is the picture you spoke of that hangs in the parlor," said Cynthia. "Do you suppose we could turn it around?"

"Oh, I 'd love to, only I don't know whether we ought! And it 's heavy, too. I hardly think we could. Perhaps we might just try to peep behind it. You know, Cynthia, I realize we 're doing something a little *queer* being in this house and prying about. I 'm not sure our folks would approve of it. Only the old thing has been left so long, and there 's such a mystery about it, and we 're not harming or disturbing anything, that perhaps it is n't so dreadful. Anyhow, we must be *very* careful not to pry into anything we ought not touch. Perhaps then it will be all right." Cynthia agreed to all this without hesitation. She, indeed, had even stronger feelings than Joyce on the subject of their trespassing, but the joy of the adventure and the mystery with which they were surrounding it, outweighed her scruples. When they were half-way up the cellar steps, Joyce, who was ahead, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, the door is open! Probably we left it so in our hurry the other day. We must be more careful, after this, and leave everything as we find it." They tiptoed along the hall with considerably more confidence than on their former visit, pausing to hold their candles up to the pictures, and peeping for a moment into the curiously disarranged dining-room.

But they entered the drawing-room first and stood a long while before the fireplace, gazing up at the picture's massive frame and its challenging wooden back. A heavy, ropelike cord with large silk tassels attached the picture to its hook, and the cord was twisted, as though some one had turned the picture about without stopping to readjust it.

"How strange!" murmured Cynthia. But Joyce had been looking at something else.

"Do you see that big chair with its back close to the mantel?" she exclaimed. "I 've been wondering why it stands in that position with its back to the fireplace. There was a fire there. You can tell by the ashes and that half-burned log. Well, don't you see? Some one pulled that chair close to the mantel, stepped on it, and turned the picture face to the wall. Now, I wonder why!"

"But look here!" cried Cynthia. "If some one

else stood up there and turned the picture around, why could n't we do the same? We could turn it back after we 'd seen it, could n't we?" Joyce thought it over a moment.

"I 'll tell you, Cynthia (and I suppose you 'll think me queer!), there are two reasons why I 'd rather not do it right now. In the first place, that silk cord it 's hanging by may be awfully rotten after all these years, and if we touch it, the whole thing may fall. And then, somehow, I sort of like to keep the mystery about that picture till a little later,—till we 've seen the rest of the house and begun 'putting two and two together.' Would n't you?" Cynthia agreed, as she was usually likely to do, and Joyce added:

"Now let 's see what 's in the next room. The door of it opens right into this." Bent on further discovery, they opened the closed door carefully. It was, as Joyce had guessed, a library. Bookshelves completely filled three sides of the room. A long library table with an old-fashioned reading-lamp stood in the middle. The fourth side of the room was practically devoted to another huge fireplace, and over the mantel hung another portrait. It was of a beautiful young woman, and before it the girls stopped, fascinated, to gaze a long while.

There was little or nothing in this room to indicate that any strange happening had transpired here. A few books were strewn about as though they had been pulled out and thrown down hastily, but that was all. The one thing that attracted most strongly was the portrait of the beautiful woman—she seemed scarcely more than a girl—over the fireplace. The two explorers turned to gaze at it afresh.

"There 's one thing I 've noticed about it that 's different from the others," said Joyce, thoughtfully. "It 's fresher and more—more modern than the rest of the portraits in the drawing-room and hall. Don't you think so?" Cynthia did.

"And look at her dress, those long, full sleeves and the big, bulging skirt! That 's different, too. And then her hair, not high and powdered and all fussed up, but low and parted smooth and drawn down over her ears, and that dear little wreath of tiny roses! And, oh, Cynthia, is n't she beautiful with those big, brown eyes! Somehow I feel as if I just loved her—she 's such a *darling*! And I believe she had more to do with the queer things in this house than any of those other dead-and-alive picture-ladies. Tell you what! We 'll go to the public library to-morrow and get out a big book on costumes of the different centuries that I saw there once. Then, by looking up this one, we can tell just about what time she lived. What do you say?"

"As usual, you've thought of just the thing to do. I never would have," murmured Cynthia, still gazing at the picture of the lovely lady. Suddenly Joyce started nervously:

sound, a strange, indefinable one like a soft tiptoeing at long intervals, and even a curious, hoarse breathing. Something was certainly outside in the drawing-room.

"What shall we *do*?" breathed Cynthia. "We can't get out of here without passing through that room! Oh, Joyce!" They listened again. The sound appeared to be approaching the door. It was, without doubt, a soft tiptoeing step. Suddenly there was the noise of a chair scraping on the floor as though it had been accidentally brushed against. Both girls were now numb with terror. They were caught as in a trap. There was no escape. They could only wait in racking suspense where they were.

As they stared with the fascination of horror, the partially open door was pushed farther open and a dim gray form glided around its edge. Joyce clutched Cynthia, gave one little shriek, half-relief and half-laughter, and gasped:

"Oh, Cynthia! *It's Goliath!*"

CHAPTER IV

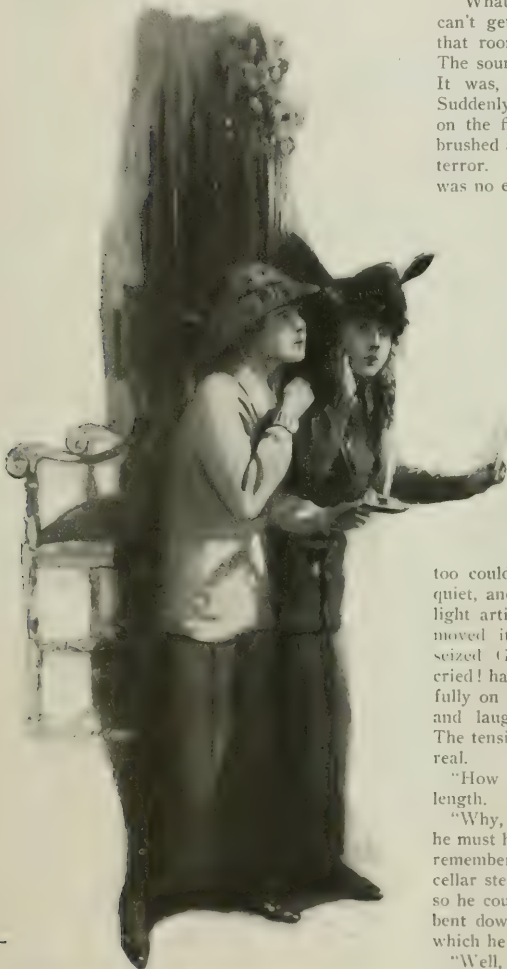
THE ROOM OF MYSTERY

It was, indeed, Goliath. He was an enormous cat, and his purr was as oversized as his body. That was the hoarse sound that they had thought was heavy breathing. His footfalls too could be distinctly heard when all else was quiet, and he had evidently rubbed against some light article of furniture in the outer room and moved it. In the reaction of relief, Cynthia seized Goliath, sat down on the floor, and cried! having first deposited her candlestick carefully on the table. Joyce did quite the opposite, and laughed hysterically for several minutes. The tension of suspense and terror had been very real.

"How *did* he get in here?" sobbed Cynthia, at length.

"Why, through the window, of course. And he must have been in before we came. Don't you remember, we found the door at the head of the cellar steps open? I closed it when we came up, so he could n't have got here afterward." Joyce bent down and scratched Goliath's fat jowls, at which he purred the louder.

"Well, let's let him stay, since he's here," sighed Cynthia, wiping her eyes. "He'll be sort of company!" So Goliath was allowed to remain, and the two girls, escorted by him, proceeded on their voyage of discovery. Back across the drawing room and hall they went, and



"THEY STARED WITH THE FASCINATION OF HORROR."

"Hush! Do you hear anything? I'm almost certain I heard a sound in the other room!" They both fell to listening intently. Yes, there was a

through the dining-room. There for a moment they stood, surveying anew the curious scene.

"Does it strike you as strange," Joyce demanded suddenly, "that there 's no silver here, no knives, forks, spoons, sugar-bowls, or—or anything of that kind? Yet everything else in china or glass is left. What do you make of it?"

"Somebody got in and stole it," ventured Cynthia.

"Nonsense! Nobody 's been here since, except ourselves, that 's perfectly plain. No, the people must have stopped long enough to collect it and put it away,—or take it with them. Cynthia, why do you suppose they left in such a hurry?" But Cynthia, the unimaginative, was equally unable to answer this query satisfactorily, so she only replied:

"I don't know, I 'm sure!"

A room, however, beyond the dining-room was awaiting their inspection. In a corner of the latter, two funny little steps led up to a door, and on opening it, they found themselves in the kitchen. This bore signs of as much confusion as the neighboring apartment. Unwashed dishes and cooking utensils lay all about, helter-skelter, some even broken, in the hurry with which they had been handled. But, apart from this further indication of the haste with which a meal had been abandoned unfinished, there was little to hold the interest, and the girls soon turned away.

"Now for up-stairs!" cried Joyce. "That 's where I 've been longing to get. We will find something interesting there, I 'll warrant." With Goliath scampering ahead, they climbed the white, mahogany-railed staircase. On the upper floor they found a wide hall corresponding with the one below, running from front to back, crossed by a narrower one connecting the wings with the main part of the house. Turning to their left, they went down the narrow one, peering about them eagerly. The doors of several bedrooms stood open.

Into the first they entered. The high, old-fashioned, four-post bed with its ruffled valance and tester was still smoothly made up and undisturbed. The room was in perfect order. But Joyce's eye was caught by two candlesticks standing on the mantel.

"Here 's a find!" she announced. "We 'll take these to use for our candles. They 're nicer and handier than our tin one. We will keep that for an emergency."

"But ought we disturb them?" questioned Cynthia.

"Oh, you are *too* particular! What earthly harm can it do? Here! Take this one and I 'll carry the other. This must have been a guest-

room, and no one was occupying it when—it all happened. Let 's look in the one across the hall." This one also proved precisely similar, bed untouched and furniture undisturbed. Another, close at hand, had the same appearance. They next ventured down a narrower hall, over what was evidently the kitchen wing. On each side were bedrooms, four in all, with sparse, plain furnishings and cot-beds. Each room presented a tumbled, unkempt appearance.

"I guess these must have been the servants' rooms," remarked Cynthia.

"That 's the first right guess you 've made!" retorted Joyce, good-naturedly, as she glanced about. "And they all left in a hurry, too, judging from the way things are strewn about. I wonder—"

"What?" cried Cynthia, impatient at the long pause.

"Oh, nothing much! I just wonder whether they went off of their own accord, or were dismissed. I can't tell. But one thing I can guess pretty plainly—they went right after the dinner-party and did n't stay over another night. 'Cause why? Most of their beds are made, and they left everything in a muss down-stairs. But come along. This is n't particularly interesting. I want to get to the other end of the hall. Something different 's over there!" They turned and retraced their steps, emerging from the servants' quarters and passing again the rooms they had already examined.

On the other side of the main hall they entered an apartment that was not a bedroom, but appeared to have been used as a sitting-room and for sewing. An old-fashioned sewing-table stood near one window. Two chairs and another table were heaped with material and with garments in various stages of completion. An open work-box held dust-covered spools. But still there was nothing special in the room to challenge interest, and Joyce pulled her companion across the hall toward another partially open door.

They had scarcely been in it long enough to illuminate it with the pale flames of their candles, before they realized that they were very near the heart of the mystery. It was another bedroom, the largest so far, and its aspect was very different from that of the others. The high four-poster was tossed and tumbled, not, however, as though by a night's sleep, but more as though some one had lain upon it just as it was, twisting and turning restlessly. Two trunks stood on the floor, open and partially packed. One seemed to contain household linen, once fine and dainty and white, now yellowed and covered with the dust of years. The other brimmed with clothing, a

woman's, all frills and laces and silks; and a great hoop-skirt, collapsed, lay on the floor alongside. Neither of the girls could, for the moment, guess what it was, this queer arrangement of wires and tape. But Joyce went over and picked it up, when it fell into shape as she held it at arm's-length. Then they knew.

"I have an idea!" cried Joyce. "This hoop-skirt, or crinoline, I think they used to call it, gave it to me. Cynthia, we must be in the room belonging to the lovely lady whose picture hangs in the library."

"How do you know?" queried Cynthia.

"I don't *know*, I just suspect it. But perhaps we will find something that proves it later." She held the candle over one of the trunks and peered in. "Dresses, hats, waists," she enumerated. "Oh, how queer and old-fashioned they all seem!" Suddenly, with a little cry of triumph, she leaned over and partially pulled out an elaborate silk dress.

"Look! look! what did I tell you! Here is the very dress of the picture-lady, this queer, changeable silk, these big sleeves, and the velvet sewed on in a funny criss-cross pattern! *Now* will you believe me?"

Truly, Cynthia could no longer doubt. It was the identical dress, beyond question. The portrait must have been painted when the garment was new. They felt that at last they had taken a long step in the right direction by thus identifying this room as belonging to the lovely lady of the portrait down-stairs. Joy grew so excited that she could hardly contain a "hurrah," and Cynthia was not far behind her in enthusiasm. But the room had further details to be examined.

An open fireplace showed traces of letters having been torn up and burned. Little, half-charred scraps with faint writing still lay scattered on the hearth. On the dressing-table, articles of the

toilet were littered about, and a pair of candlesticks were set close to the mirror. (There were, by the way, no traces of *candles* about the house. Mice had doubtless carried off every vestige of such, long since.) A great wardrobe stood in



"HERE IS THE VERY DRESS OF THE PICTURE-LADY!"

one corner, the open doors of which revealed some garments still hanging on the pegs, woolen dresses mostly, reduced now to little more than rags through the ravages of moths and mice and time. Near the bed stood a pair of dainty, high-heeled satin slippers, forgotten through the years. Everywhere a hasty departure was indicated, so hasty, as Joyce remarked, "that the lady decided probably not to take her trunks, after all, but left, very likely, with only a hand bag!"

"And now," cried Joyce, the irrepressible, "we 've seen everything in this room. Let 's hurry to look at the last one on this floor. That 's right over the library, I think, at the end of the hall. We 've discovered a lot here, but I 've a notion that we 'll find the best of all in there!" As they were leaving the room, Goliath, who had curled himself upon a soft rug before the fireplace, rose, stretched himself, yawned widely, and prepared to follow, wherever they led.

(To be continued)

"Does n't he seem at home here!" laughed Cynthia. "I hope he will come every time we do. He makes things seem more natural, somehow." They reached the end of the hall, and Joyce fumbled for the handle, this door, contrary to the usual rule, being shut. Then, for the first time in the course of their adventures in the Boarded-up House, they found themselves before an insurmountable barrier.

The door was locked!

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE

BY HELEN MARSHALL PRATT

IN the Great Hall of Winchester Castle there hangs, on the east wall, the top of a very old round table known for centuries as Arthur's Round Table. According to the tradition, it was

The table itself is made of stout oak planks, is eighteen feet across, and it is painted in twenty-five sections, with a rose, the emblem of England, at the center of the sections. At the head of the

table is represented the king, Arthur, on a canopied throne, in his royal robes, and bearing in his hands the orb and scepter, emblems of royalty. In each of the remaining twenty-four sections is painted the name of one of the king's knights of the "Table Round," Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, Sir Bors de Ganis, and others.

No one knows exactly how old this table at Winchester Castle is. So long ago as 1522, when the Emperor Charles V visited Winchester with Henry VIII, the table was considered an ancient relic and highly prized. So we are safe in concluding that it is more than four centuries old, and not improbably, nearly twice that.

The Great Hall in which it hangs, originally built by William the Conqueror, was rebuilt in 1222 by King Henry III, the builder of Westminster Abbey, who was born in a chamber of this castle. The table may be of this date or even older. The present painting is of the time of Henry VIII.



THE ROUND TABLE.

given by the king himself to the town of Camelot, "that is called in English, Winchester."



THE GREAT HALL OF WINCHESTER CASTLE, WITH THE ROUND TABLE ON THE WALL.

The original table was built, as is well known, in order to settle the question of precedence among the high-spirited knights; for at a round table each place was of equal honor with every other place. The story says that many were the physical encounters between the knights, each claiming the head of the table, until this plan was

devised; and that as soon as the round table was used, they became very peaceable, and each man strove for the honor and advancement of the other.

The table at Winchester is perforated with many bullet holes shot into it by soldiers during the civil war in the time of King Charles I.



"MANY WERE THE PHYSICAL ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN THE KNIGHTS."



It was over a hundred and thirty years ago. The opposite neighbor of the Beethovens, who was standing in front of his comfortable home, saw Ludwig, Carl, and Johann Beethoven turn in at their gate and bravely help their staggering father up the steps. He watched them solemnly. "Herr van Beethoven has been drinking again," he thought. Many times after that he saw the same sight—the three Beethoven boys almost lifting that sagging burden into the house.

But what wonderful music came through the open door of the house across the way! At his best, Herr van Beethoven sang beautifully. Ludwig, when he was only four, had sat in his father's lap at the harpsichord, rapt not in the fascination of flying fingers, but in satisfied love of the music. Then Herr van Beethoven had stopped, and, letting the baby hands take their turn on the cold, white keys, had felt with a thrilling, bounding confidence that no ordinary child touched the instrument. Out of it stole the same melody that he had played. And so, when Ludwig was only four or five, his father began his musical training; when he was nine years old, a big man named Pfeiffer, who lived with the Beethovens, gave him regular lessons. As the oldest son and a possible genius, Ludwig was to have his chance. While the Beethoven boys were playing, Herr Pfeiffer would come to the door and thunder, "*Ludwig, komm' ins Haus*"; and the child, sometimes crying, would stop his fun and stamp into the house to that dull practising. At times, they say, his teacher had to use something harsher than his big, harsh voice.

But once indoors, Ludwig was not miserable; he handled the keys with love. Sometimes Herr Pfeiffer would pick up a sweet-voiced flute, and,

standing there beside the boy, he too would play. And the people going by would stand still to listen, and perhaps even Carl and Johann would stop their games to listen, too, for they were German boys, and music made them happy.

One day, the neighbors learned that the Beethovens had sold their linen and their silver service; another day, that much of the furniture and tableware had been sold. Frau van Beethoven grew paler and paler, and the father kept on drinking. Sometimes Ludwig would go away to play at public concerts. At that time, no one knew that Herr van Beethoven, in order to gain a large audience, reported the child a year younger than he really was. He was such a little fellow for his age that this was easily believed. When, "aged six," he was advertised to give a series of concerts in Cologne, he was really seven. But he was only ten when he made a concert tour through Holland with his mother, and he was only fourteen when he was appointed assistant to the court organist.

People used to love to have him "describe the character of some well-known person" on the piano. He could do with the piano what a painter does with his brush.

Before Beethoven was out of his teens, his brave, good mother died. "There was once some one to hear me when I said, 'Mutter,'" thought the lonely boy. Soon after, his father, who was less than a cipher, lost his position through drink, and so Ludwig was made head of the family, with the weight of his brothers' education and all his father's debts.

Hoping to have his genius recognized and perhaps to take a few lessons, he went from Bonn to Vienna to play before the great Mozart. But

Mozart was absorbed in composing an opera; he did not want to be bothered. He looked at the short young man with the "snub nose," and thought little of him; heard him play, and still thought him commonplace. In fact, he believed that Beethoven had learned his pieces by heart just to show off. Then, on fire with disappointment, Beethoven asked Mozart to give him a subject, and, just as an author might make up a story on a given subject, he sat down and played a wonderful piece of music. The older genius was astounded. "This youth will some day make a noise in the world!" he exclaimed.

Before Beethoven was thirty, he began to grow deaf. Think of it! Think of a painter losing his sight; never again to see the changing beauty of cloud and river, the chasing light on a field of waving grain, or the sparkle in a baby's eyes. It was as heart-breaking for a musician to grow deaf as for a painter to be struck blind. "The noblest part of me, my sense of hearing, has become very weak," Beethoven wrote in sorrowing confidence. "Please keep as a great secret what I have told you about my hearing." Then followed years of torment mingled with terrible sensitiveness, even to the point of running away for fear people would learn that he was deaf, and show pity in their faces. It was not possible for him to say, "Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf." "A feeling of hot anxiety" overwhelmed him, and at the same time a pathetic wistfulness, when he thought that perhaps his companions could hear "a distant flute" or a "shepherd singing." When he went to concerts, he had to lean forward close to the orchestra to get the sound. This sealing of his dearest sense must have made him feel like "a house half ruined ere the lease be out."

With time, in spite of all his doctors, the humming in his ears grew worse. At last, deafness drove him to ear-trumpets and written conversations; saddest of all, he could no longer hear the sounds made by his own fingers on the piano.

It would be both impossible and misleading to systematize a life of Beethoven. Eccentric genius that he was, his life had next to no system. Though many of his days were much alike, domestic explosions of one kind or another broke into them and kept him harried and confused.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LUDWIG VAN
BEETHOVEN AT BONN, NOW THE
BEETHOVEN MUSEUM

We must think of him as seldom at peace. His youth was spent in the city of Bonn, his manhood in or near Vienna, with some of his summers at Baden. He never married, and he never had a home, in any real sense, though his great, affectionate heart would have dearly loved one.

Now fretted by small suspicions and petty wants, now upborne by the power of great emotion, he was a wonderful combination of pigma-

and giant. Judged by his letters, the veriest trifles made up life; judged by his music, life was too vast for our poor human groping. And so one person called him "a growling old bear"; another, "the cloud-compeller of the world of music." Almost as helpless as a child, in some respects, he expected his friends to look after all sorts of things: wrote to Ries for half a dozen sewing-needles, and to the ever patient Zmeskall for quills for his pens, a watch, the cost of re-vamp-



BEETHOVEN IN HIS YOUTH.

ing his servant's boots, and, at last, "Please send me for a few hours the looking-glass which hangs next to your window; mine is broken"; and even, "Send me at once your servant."

If ever a man needed a guardian, it was Beethoven. Wholesome Frau Streicher, the wife of one of his friends, did all she could to help him in his many domestic difficulties. "Yes, indeed," he wrote her, "all this housekeeping is still without keeping, and much resembles an *allegro di confusione*." To her the poor man turned for dust-ers, blankets, linen, scissors, knives, and servants; and to her he complained of having to "carry in his head so many pairs of trousers, stockings, shoes, etc."

"Man stands but little above other animals, if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table," Beethoven would often say. Under inspiration, for days together, he "forgot all about time and rest and food." On the other hand, when he did eat, he was particular. He generally made his own coffee for breakfast, allowing sixty beans to a cup, and counting them as precisely as if coffee were all important. Not only was he as fond of soup as are most other Germans, but he thought himself the highest authority on that great subject, and would argue hotly on the best

way to make it. "If Schindler had declared a bad soup good, after some time he would get a note to this effect: 'I do not value your judgment about the soup in the least, it is bad,'" or perhaps a savory sample to prove Beethoven's knowledge. Indeed, Germany's mighty composer made very superior soup!

"There is music in running water," says Van Dyke. To Beethoven there surely was; but his landladies must have regretted it. If, for any reason, Beethoven could not go out of doors, he had a way of creating inspiration in his room. He would go to the wash-bowl, "pour several jugs" of water over his wrists, and dabble there till his clothes were drenched. If this had been all, no one else would have cared; but often, in his absent-minded rapture, he poured out a great deal more water than the bowl would hold, and, before long, buxom old Frau von R—, who roomed below him, would find her ceiling dripping. To her there was no "music in running water," and she took pains to explain as much to the landlady. And then there would be one more change of lodging for Beethoven. Often, when he moved, he would leave part of his things behind, and sometimes he was paying for "two, three, and at one time four, dwelling-places at once."

One day, a ten-year-old boy was taken to see Beethoven, and this is his memory of the visit:

"We mounted five or six stories high . . . and were announced by a rather dirty-looking servant. In a very desolate room, with papers and articles of dress strewn in all directions, bare walls, a few chests, hardly a chair except the rickety one standing by the piano, there was a party of six or eight people. Beethoven was dressed in a jacket and trousers of long, dark goat's-hair, which at once reminded me of 'Robinson Crusoe,' which I had just been reading. He had a shock of jet-black hair, standing straight upright."

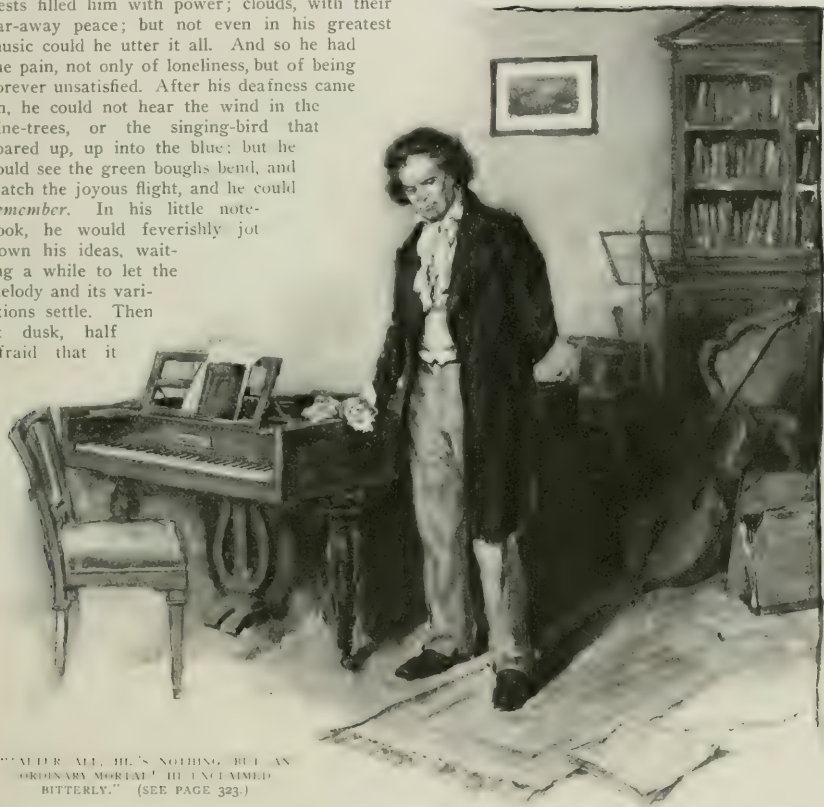
When Frau Streicher was in Baden, Beethoven wrote to her: "If you wander through the mysterious fir-forests, think it was there Beethoven often poetized, or, as it is called, composed." "Strolling among the mountain clefts and valleys," with a sheet of music-paper in his hand, he would "scribble a lot for the sake of bread and money—daub work for the sake of money," so that he might "stand the strain of a great work."

Never understood, that great, mysterious soul with its tremendous inner struggles must have suffered incurable loneliness. Indeed, Beethoven was twice solitary—through deafness and through greatness. In all seasons and in all weathers, beneath the open heavens, he sought society in

winds and lightning, as well as gurgling brooks and restful moonlight. Away into the woods he would go. The hurry of business, the clatter of wagons and of many feet—these things suffocated his inspiration. Solitude gave it life. Tempests filled him with power; clouds, with their far-away peace; but not even in his greatest music could he utter it all. And so he had the pain, not only of loneliness, but of being forever unsatisfied. After his deafness came on, he could not hear the wind in the pine-trees, or the singing-bird that soared up, up into the blue; but he could see the green boughs bend, and watch the joyous flight, and he could remember. In his little note-book, he would feverishly jot down his ideas, waiting a while to let the melody and its variations settle. Then at dusk, half afraid that it

symphony struggled for creation and release, and all the elements of earth and sky cried out to be immortalized in music.

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear; The rest may reason and welcome; 'Tis we musicians know.



"AFTER ALL, HE'S NOTHING BUT AN ORDINARY MORTAL!" HE CLAIMED BITTERLY." (SEE PAGE 323.)

might all slip away, his hat gone and his bushy head bowed, he would stride home through the city streets, seeing and hearing no one, not even his best friends.

"Just Beethoven!" they would laugh, getting out of his mad way; "only his body is in the world!"—or some such thing. Though he had lost nothing in the woods but his hat, very likely strangers thought he had lost his wits. On the contrary, he had found a wonderful something that made his heart swell. In that heart a great

When Beethoven reached home, he dashed in, and, keeping his hat still on (if he *happened* not to have lost it) and throwing his coat anywhere, he rushed to the piano. There, leaning low over the keys, to catch all the beauty his deafness would allow, he played rapturously, not knowing who or where he was, not knowing, above all, that a crowd had gathered outside the forgotten open door to hear the great, free concert.

"He has three sets of apartments in which he alternately secretes himself," said a friend—"one

in the country, one in the town, and a third on the ramparts."

Just as his eccentricity scattered his servants and enraged his landladies, so it broke out to his friends, his orchestra, his pupils, in a hundred hot-headed actions.

His friends had to be very patient and believing. Von Breuning, Ries, and Schindler were repeatedly tested by his shifting trust and suspicion. There would be a terrible word-explosion or a letter of the never-speak-again kind, and then, "warm out of the heart," but in abominably illegible handwriting, would gush a little note begging for forgiveness and the same old place in their affections. It was a fragment of the child left in him. "I fly to you, . . . Your contrite, faithful, and loving friend, Beethoven." "I know I have rent thy heart." Then, after pages of penitent pleading, "Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms." Notes of two successive days read: "Do not come any more to me. You are a false fellow," and "You are an honorable fellow . . . so come this afternoon to me." One day he calls Schindler "arch-scoundrel," later, "best of friends" or "trusty one, I kiss the hem of your coat." This is one unique invitation: "You can come to midday meal, bring your provisions with you—be ready—we are ready."

Once, in the middle of a public concert, when his orchestra had not pleased him, he stopped, quite as if he were giving a lesson, and shouted, "Begin again! From the beginning!" The orchestra obeyed. He never treated a lord with a whit more respect than a peasant. When Duke Raimer came late to his music-lesson, Beethoven revenged himself on the young man's fingers.

"Why are you so impatient?" asked the duke.

"You make me lose my time in the anteroom, and now I cannot get patient again," answered Beethoven. After that, Duke Raimer never kept him waiting. As we can imagine, the tediousness of counting his pupils' time wore terribly on the great composer. He did it for bread. But rather often he excused himself, on the ground of illness, from lessons to the Archduke Rudolph. "Your Imperial Highness," he called him, or oftener, "Y. I. H." The same old reason crept again and again into his profoundly respectful letters. We must remember, however, that Beethoven suffered for years from rheumatism, indigestion, and finally from dropsy. He seems never to have been really well.

Just as eccentric in public as in private; when he led an orchestra he would make himself smaller and smaller to compel softened sounds. Then, as he wanted the sounds louder, his head would "gradually rise up as if out of an abyss;

and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and, with both his arms floating about in undulating motion, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds. He was all motion, no part of him remained inactive."

Few things are more irritating to musical people than drifting attention. It is as if, sensitive to every thought and feeling, the power to play leaves the musician's hands if his listeners are not with him. A frivolous audience scattered the great Beethoven's inspiration like wind-blown leaves. And he could not recall it. As a rule, though, he did not care to; he gave way to justified impatience. One day, during a duet by Beethoven and Ries, some young people began to talk and laugh in the next room. Suddenly Beethoven stopped, grabbed Ries's hands from the piano, and sprang to his feet with an angry exclamation. And no one could persuade him to finish the piece.

"You prelude a great while; when are you going to begin?" was his tart comment when Himmer competed with him in improvising. It sounds bitter and concealed, but Beethoven was equally hearty in his appreciation, and in offers of assistance. "Truly in Schubert dwells a divine fire," he said. He admired the "scene-painting" of Rossini; but particularly the work of Mozart, Bach, and Handel. And he was unstinted in his praise of "The Messiah." "Handel is the greatest composer who ever lived," he sweepingly declared. One letter, practical, loving, tender, he wrote to help raise money for Bach's daughter, who was "aged and in want." He asked earnestly for help—"before this daughter of Bach dies, before this *brook* dries up, and we can no longer supply it with water." (Bach is German for brook.) Beethoven was apt to make puns in his letters, just as he was to begin them with a bar of music.

With his hands too full of his own work, he wrote, nobly and freely, "With pleasure, my dear Drieberg, will I look through your compositions, and if you think me able to say anything to you about them, I am heartily ready to do it." And he wrote to a little girl of eight or ten who "raved over him": "If, my dear Emilie, you at any time wish to know something, write without hesitation to me. The true artist is not proud; he unfortunately sees that art has no limits; he feels darkly how far he is from the goal. . . . I would, perhaps, rather come to you and your people than to many rich folks who display inward poverty."

Just such a democratic spirit as this ruled his life. Passion and pride moved him to all sorts of

unexpected acts. He refused to take off his hat to royalty. When his brother Johann wrote him a letter signed "Landowner," Beethoven signed his answer "Brain-owner." When he was asked in court to prove his right to his title of nobility, he said, raising his rough head grandly and flashing his brilliant little eyes, "My nobility is here and here," and he pointed to his head and

was spiritual. Not only did he long to lift the audience heavenward, but every one of the orchestra. His own feeling was so immense that he judged the best musical performance as nothing if it had no soul. "Read Shakspeare," he said to some one who wanted to play. Those who would interpret Beethoven must be full of poetry. For that reason, those who are mere piano gym-



Portrait by Johann N. Schmitt.

Beethoven by J. M. W. Turner, 1804.

"SOLITUDE GAVE HIM INSPIRATION LIFE."

heart. In his warm hero-worship he had dreamed that Napoleon meant to make France a republic, and he intended to dedicate his "Heroic Symphony" to him. But, just as he was completing it, he heard that the emperor had been crowned. With mingled passion and disappointment, he tore off the title-page bearing the word "Bonaparte," and flung the whole thing to the floor. "After all, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal!" he exclaimed bitterly. And so, though the original manuscript still bears faint traces of the fallen hero's name, it was published merely: "To the Memory of a Great Man."

As Louis Nohl says, the march in this symphony gathers into one picture "the glad tramp of warlike hosts, the rhythm of trampling steeds, the waving of standards, and the sound of trumpets."

To Beethoven the greatest element in music

nasts, no matter how good, had better try shallower compositions.

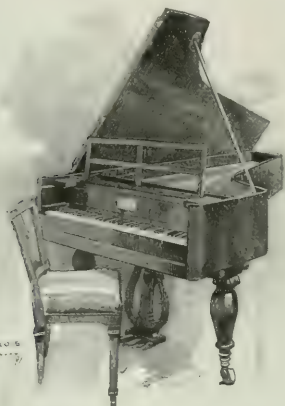
There is the music of imitation and the music of feeling. One of Beethoven's early teachers had complained, in despair, "He will never do anything according to rule; he has learned nothing." But even then the young genius was *feeling* something no follower of rules could teach. Before him lay a conquest of sound so glorious that strong men would bow their heads and sob aloud at its power.

Like a mighty heart the music seemed,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak.

Sir George Grove said of Beethoven's "Funeral March," "If ever horns talked like flesh and blood, they do it here." That solemn march stirs us to the depths. But hard labor had gone hand in hand with feeling. Though Beethoven could

neither play nor write formally, he often worked for years on a piece of music, changing, cutting, and improving. They say that of his opera "Fidelio" he made as many as eighteen different versions.

He had the power of imitation, too, though that was not his greatest strength. As we can see the sunlight flash on the leaping fish in Schubert's "Trout," so we can see a heavenly shimmer in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." His "Pastoral Symphony" carries us from the scene by the brook, through the gathering of the peasants, a



BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO

thunder-storm, a shepherd's song, and a final rejoicing. We hear the murmur of the brook and the mutter of thunder; the violins make flashes of lightning; the flute, oboe, and clarinet mimic the nightingale, quail, and cuckoo. One part of the symphony pictures "a rustic merry-making, the awkward, good-natured gambols of peasants," and one old fellow who sits on a barrel and is able to play only three tones.

The great, lonely composer gave and craved much love. But no friend, no *one* ever held a place in his heart equal to his nephew Carl's. At eight, the boy had been left by his father's will to his Uncle Ludwig, and immediately that uncle assumed all a father's responsibility and love. His one great thought, aside from music, was Carl. Much of his music, even, was written to get money for the boy's education. We follow the uncle through all his early hopes. Believing he saw scientific genius "in the dear pledge intrusted" to him, he sent the boy to a fine school and gave him, besides, lessons in drawing,

French, and music. For years he chose him the best tutors, watched over him like a mother, and called him all kinds of pet names: "lovely lad," "my Carl," "dear little rascal," "best ragamuffin," "dear jewel," but, oftenest of all, "my son." How willingly he adjusted his own program to suit the boy's convenience! He believed he found in the handsome little fellow all the things he longed for: honor, tenderness, affection; and he vowed to do his "best for him to the end of his life," and leave him everything after death.

To those who read Beethoven's letters, even the awful, increasing deafness seems less cruel than Carl's ingratitude. The empty-hearted fellow had no loyalty. As he grew older, he grew calculating and defiant. It is not too hard to say that he loved his uncle's money, not his uncle. At twenty, he was publicly expelled from the university, and later sent to prison, his uncle getting him out and securing him a commission in the army. With all this, the selfish nephew even begrudged Beethoven his society. The uncle, in his wistful loneliness, wrote him the most pathetic letters. "I should be so glad to have a human heart about me in my solitude," he said, touchingly.

How often the great composer must have looked from his sick-room window! The long days lagged by, and many suns set gloriously behind the trees; but Carl, beloved and longed for, did not come.

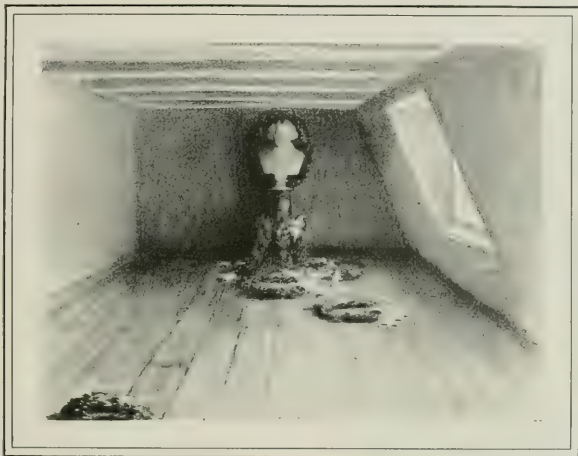
Meanwhile, "in his remote house on the hill," the "Solitary of the Mountain" fought out his final conquest. On his writing-table stood his framed motto: "I am all that is, all that was, and all that shall be: no mortal man hath my veil uplifted." "He had learned in suffering what he taught in song." His life had been one battle after another, all the way: the child Ludwig had begun by caring for a drunken father and shouldering big debts; the man had driven himself through humdrum lessons. Then came the approach of closing deafness, and, in the darkness of desperation, Beethoven had looked up and said, "Art, when persecuted, finds everywhere a place of refuge; Dædalus, though inclosed in the labyrinth, invented wings which carried him into the air; oh! I also will find those wings." Lonely for Carl and hungry for his own music, he said to himself, "Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you! You must create your own happiness." "O God, grant me strength to conquer myself," he prayed. And so he determined to give to others what he, himself, could not get—a wonderful rapture of sound; he would not leave this earth till he had revealed what lay within him. For this, he had been sent of God.

His tempestuous fight ended March 26, 1827, after a long illness. He died in the midst of a great thunder-storm. None of his dearest friends were with him. Carl was not there; Schindler and von Breuning had gone out on errands. Beethoven's clock stopped, as it had often done when it lightened. But the warring elements had been the composer's lifelong friends, and often before had carried his soul above this little

world. In the midst of the flashes and the rumbling, he thought, "I shall hear, in heaven."

He might have thought that he would be immortalized on earth. Twenty great composers bore Beethoven to his last sleeping-place, and twenty others carried torches in the grand, somber procession.

"No mourning wife, no son, no daughter wept at his grave; but a world wept at it."



THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

THE LITTLE GRAY ELVES

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

THE moon in the cedar,
The owl from the croft,
And the funny little gray elves
Sitting up aloft.

Soft gloom and flutter,
A whisper as you pass,
And little flakes of moonshine
Dabbled on the grass.

The boughs coo with laughter,
The owl takes his flight,
And the funny little gray elves
Vanish in the night.

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc

CHAPTER IX

AN EXTRACT FROM BEE'S DIARY

MEANWHILE, in Denewood many things were happening, and I cannot do better than to copy out of Bee's diary a few of the pages relating to the day of Jacky's disappearance.

Bee had a book of maxims in which, from earliest childhood, she had put down her thoughts from time to time, and this led her into keeping an account of what went on in her life.

"It will amuse the children when I am a grandmother, Peg," she told me laughingly; but long ere that it proved of interest to more than one in the family.

I must stop here to say that her confidence in me was hardly deserved, but I am proud of it, and glad it helped her to bear bravely those long hours of anxiety. Having said this much, I shall let Bee speak for herself.

MRS. MUMMER was the first to draw my attention to the fact that Peggy was not in the house that morning. She came into my room all a-bustle, for she was ever busy, and looked here and there as if in search of some one.

"Where 's Miss Peg?" she asked, a little impatiently.

"Is she not in her own room?" I said.

"Nay, I 've searched the house from cellar to eaves, and no sign of her," Mrs. Mummer replied.

"Mayhap she 's off to the woods with Jacky," I suggested.

"Aye, that 's it," agreed Mrs. Mummer. "I doubt not she was sorry the lad was not let go to see the Indians. 'T is a pity his father could not have taken him to the powwow."

"And you the one who made the most objection!" I exclaimed, remembering who had protested loudest against the boy's going.

"Ah, well, Miss Bee, 't is true, as Mummer says, 'you cannot have the penny and the cake too,' but it goes against me not to let the lad have his way," she explained.

At that moment my brother Hal entered, having just ridden over from Chestnut Hill. When he heard of the proposed council at the Indian Queen Tavern, he turned on his heel.

"I 'm off to see the redskins!" he exclaimed,

for he was ever most interested in them; "and oh, by the way," he went on, halting a moment, "shall I take Jacky with me? I saw him in the wood beyond the gate. He was out hunting deer."

"No, his father wished him not to go. But was Peg with him?" I asked.

"I met her later looking for him," Hal answered. "She 's like the rest of you women, following the boy like a hen with one chicken. You 'll spoil—"

"Where did you say you 'd met them, Hal?" I interrupted, for I had heard all that he would have said on the subject many times before.

"About a quarter of a mile back on the Mt. Airy road," he returned easily. "Peg hurried off as if a bear might catch him. You 'll make a mollycoddle of the youngster, mark my words! Well, I 'm off! Good-by." And a few moments later, I heard him galloping away to see the Indians.

"The lad was out of bounds," said Mrs. Mummer, eying me uneasily. "Eh, but, Miss Bee dear, ye won't punish him, will you?" she begged, as if I had threatened dire consequences for this infraction of the rules. "He 's but a baby, remember, and 't is natural he might make a mistake by accident. Promise you 'll not punish him, Miss Bee!"

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," as Mummer says," I quoted solemnly.

"What does a dried-up old man like Mummer know of bringing up children!" Mrs. Mummer exclaimed. "But I 've no fear of your striking him with any rod, and I 'll not believe he was out of bounds at all. Master Hal 's mistaken," and she flounced from the room, scandalized at the very thought of her darling being whipped.

If it had not been that I was convinced that my own dear Peggy was with the boy, I should have begun to be anxious much sooner than I did. As a matter of fact, it was not till near the dinner-hour that I realized that something must be amiss or the two would have returned. Distinctly worried, but by no means greatly alarmed, I sought Mummer.

"Have you seen aught of Master Jacky or Miss Peg?" I asked, but he shook his head.

"No, Madam," he answered, "but perchance

some of the men have. I 'll find out." I followed him to the farm-servants' quarters, and there we found a black boy who said he had met Peggy going north into the woods.

"Why, yes, ma'am, I see her come along," he explained. "Jes' after I done seen the Injun back there near the upper wood-lot, ma'am."

"Indian!" I echoed. "What Indian?"

"Oh, one of them chief Injuns, Mis' Travers, ma'am," he answered volubly; "dressed up mighty fine in paint and feathers he was, ma'am. I reckon he was gwine to the barbecue. I dun tole Missy Peg about him, and she looked scandalized, but she ain't sayin' nothin'. No 'm, I ain't seen no sign o' little massa," he ended, his eyes growing wider at the hint of trouble.

Taking this boy and one or two others, Mummer and I hurried to the place where he had met Peg, and then we went on for a good mile, but without catching sight of her. All the while, we called repeatedly at the top of our voices, but received no answer.

By this time I was thoroughly alarmed. My first thought was that an accident had happened to one of them, but this scarce seemed likely. Unless both had in some way come to grief, we should have had word ere this; for even little Jack knew every inch of the land about Denewood, and could have warned us of a mishap to Peggy.

Evidently they were lost, having doubtless become bewildered in an unfamiliar part of the forest. Even now they might be hurrying away from us, all unknown.

Thoroughly convinced of this, and assured of the uselessness of any further unskilled efforts to trace them, I immediately turned back, sending one of the boys ahead to find Bill Schmuck, who was as good as any Indian at following a trail. Indeed, John had often said he was better than the redskins at their own game, and I proposed to start him on the hunt without loss of time.

He responded promptly to my summons, and, when I told him what was wrong, he was ready on the instant to take up the search.

"They 're together, Miss Bee. I 'll guarantee that," he said. "Otherwise one of them would be home by now. Where did Master Hal see the boy last?"

I told him all I knew, and he went off taking two black boys with him, while Mummer and I returned to Denewood. Good Mrs. Mummer met me in the drive, and one glance showed her that I had not found Peg or the boy. She had no need to ask whether I was anxious, and she was never one to waste time in talk; but she stood

ready now, as she had in the past, to further any plan I might have.

"Mummer," I said, as we had reached the house, "take Charley and ride among the neighbors. You may get some word of them."

"Aye, that 's well thought of!" Mrs. Mummer applauded, and her husband, with a nod, went off to the stables.

The next hour dragged itself out while I watched the roads and woods for the first sign of a returning messenger. Mrs. Mummer, scarce saying anything, stayed near me, her heart nigh as anxious as mine, for she loved the boy with all the strength and devotion which she would have given a son of her own, and Peggy was as the apple of her eye. It was sore waiting. If it had not been a matter of the woods, I would not have stayed back, but now I should but hamper those who sought the trail.

At length, as the time went by and no news came, I took thought of sending for John. This had occurred to me from the first, but it was hard for me to convince myself that aught serious had happened, and I had no wish to alarm him or to bring him back to Germantown upon a needless errand, with his day spoiled for nothing. Now, however, I felt that he should be advised.

"I 've decided to send for Master John," I said to Mrs. Mummer.

"'T is time," she agreed. "Shall I give the order to Peter?"

"Yes, please," I answered, and then, as she started off, I checked her. "Nay, wait. 'T would be better if Mark Powell went."

"But who 's to tell Mr. Powell?" she asked, for he lived a mile or so away from us.

"I 'll go," I answered. "It will help me to be doing something."

"Aye, deary, that 's wise too," she said, encouragingly. "I 'll see that your horse is saddled"; and off she went to the stables while I ran up-stairs to put on a safeguard skirt and get my hat and gloves.

As I came down she met me at the door.

"You 're my own brave girl!" she said, and took me in her arms for a moment, giving me a hug of comfort. I know of few I would rather have near me in a time of trouble than good Mrs. Mummer.

"If I could only understand it," I murmured, a little brokenly; "Peggy must be with the boy. And she 'll never let harm come to him, but by this time word might have been sent, even if she could not come herself. That 's what makes me anxious."

"Miss Peggy loves the boy as we do," Mrs. Mummer answered.

"If it were n't for Peg!" I cried, nigh losing control of myself, "I—I don't know what I 'd do!" and then Peter came with the horse, and I mounted with all speed.

"If they come while you 're gone, deary," Mrs. Mummer called as I started off, "I 'll send Peter after you."

It was more than a little satisfaction to me to be riding swiftly to do somewhat for the recovery of my lost boy. Moreover, I wanted to tell Mark myself just what had happened, for I had no wish that John should have an account of the affair through one of the black boys, who was like to let imagination run away with him.

Mark heard me with scarce a word, seeing at once that this was no matter to argue about. And Polly, too, behaved better than I had expected, though she was a little hysterical, and hugged her own boy, who could just toddle across the floor, as if he might at any moment run away. But there was no delay. Mark was off as quickly as he could saddle his horse, leaving word with Polly that she need not look for his return until he arrived, which would not be till Jacky was found.

We rode out of the gate together, but there our ways parted.

"Don't worry more than you can help, Bee," said Mark, trying to hearten me. "We 'll have the boy back—and you can trust Peggy, I 'm thinking."

"Yes, I 'm sure of Peg," I answered, "but I 'm nigh as anxious about her as I am about Jacky. Good-by."

Everything at Denewood was as I left it. About the time I was looking for John to reach home, Dave, one of the black boys who had been off with Bill Schmuck, came running from the woods. I saw him and was out of the house on the instant.

"Are they found?" I cried.

"No, Missy, not yet. But we found their trail," he panted, struggling to recover his breath.

"Tell me about it slowly," I said, trying to be calm and not bustle the boy with many questions.

"Yes, Missy, I 'se tryin' to tell yo' all jes' like it happened."

"Go on," I urged gently.

"Well, Mista Bill he fin's the marks of young



"ARE THEY FOUND?" I CRIED.

massa," Dave continued, "and then the marks of Missy Peg. Then the marks of the Injun."

"The Indian!" Mrs. Mummer and I exclaimed in one breath.

"Yes, Missy, the Injun. That 's what I said," he reiterated excitedly. "First of all, dere was little massa's footprints leading back from the edge of the woods near the road. They took us right up to the Injun's. They goes on a ways together, and pretty soon we fin's Missy Peg's, what looks as if she was a-follerin', on'y they ain't no more signs of little massa's—"

"You mean Jacky's footprints were lost?" I interrupted, trembling with fear.

"Yes 'm, Missy, but Mista Bill, he tells me to say he 's on the track of follerin' the Injun and Miss Peggy, on'y he wants another party to come help him jes' as soon as they can. He 's waitin' for me to lead the other party back. Is Massa John come yet?" he ended, looking around, evidently taking it for granted that the master of Denewood had been sent for.

"He 'll be here any moment," I told him.

"That 's good," he said, with satisfaction. "Mista Bill, he say he 'd rather have Massa John than any one else to help him. He say he 's expectin' he 'll lose the trail 'most any time now, 'cause he done come to a creek, and there ain't no more signs."

I questioned the lad to find out if there was aught he had not told me, for I, with my slight knowledge of woodcraft, could scarce make head or tail of his story; but he held to it, and I could not doubt he had given his message correctly.

"It can't mean that Peggy has left the boy!" cried Mrs. Mummer, in consternation.

"I don't know what it means," I answered, "but I 'm sure Peg has done the best thing for Jacky, whatever it may have cost her."

"I 've never doubted it," returned Mrs. Mummer; "but where can the dear lamb be? That 's what plagues me."

I made no answer to this, but sent her off to get the black boy some food against his trip back with John, whose arrival I looked for at any moment.

And I was not to be kept waiting long. He came with Mark, both riding at top speed, and when he leaped from his horse and took me in his arms, I could not stay my tears. But I knew there was no time to waste on such weakness, and, drying my eyes, gave him all the news I had. "I 'll count on Peg!" he cried, "and on Bill Schmuck, too. Come, Mark, we must hurry after them."

John was not the kind to loiter, but he stopped long enough to question Dave, and instead of walking, as I expected they would have to do, they all took horse, meaning to go by road as far as possible, and so save valuable time and strength.

I wished them a God-speed with a full heart as they galloped away.

"I 'll send you news, dear, as soon as I have any," were John's last words, and, once they were out of sight, I went into the house to take up my weary task of waiting.

I would now have sent after Mummer, holding his errand useless, but the disappearance of Jacky's footprints from the trail made me wonder if perchance the boy had strayed aside and even yet might be heard from at some cottage.

It must have been near five o'clock ere Mark returned. I had not expected that he would be sent to bring the news.

"Have you found them?" I asked, though I knew my question answered ere it was spoken.

"We have n't seen them, Bee," he replied, dismounting, "but we picked up the trail again, and this time Jacky was with them. It 's plain that Peg or the Indian had carried the boy awhile, and that was the reason his footprints vanished."

"Then Peg is with him still!" I exclaimed, overjoyed.

"Yes, there 's no doubt of that," answered Mark.

"I knew she 'd never desert the child!" said Mrs. Mummer, wiping away a tear. "My own little Peggy, bless her heart!" And she stopped, knowing that to go on would but shake the courage of us both.

"We had a long search to find the trail after they took to the creek," Mark explained. "They must have waded two miles or more. But Bill spied it at last, and, when I left them, the track was plain enough."

"Why did you leave them?" I asked, for John relied so much upon Mark that I wondered at his having given up the search.

"To tell the truth," he answered, "I was n't anxious to come away, but as both Bill and Captain Jack are better at that sort of thing than I, it seemed natural that I should be detailed for other duty."

"And what is that?" I demanded.

"I 'm to escort you to Norristown," Mark told me, in a tone meant to help my courage.

"Norristown!" I repeated, in wonder.

"Aye," he answered, "and we 'll start at once. You see, the track is leading in that direction. Indeed, when I left them, they were a good eight miles on the way, and Captain Jack can reach you quicker there than he could at Denewood. He 'll come on himself if he finds the boy, and in any event will send word to the tavern, to-night or to-morrow morning, of what is going forward. He thought you would like to be as near as you could."

"That I would!" I cried, realizing with a grateful heart that through all his anxiety about our son my husband still had a thought for my peace of mind. "We 'll start at once."

"Not till you have something to eat, Miss Bee," Mrs. Mummer declared positively; but Mark and I wasted little time, and were soon on the way to Norristown.

CHAPTER X

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

LEAVING Bee's diary at this point, I must now tell what was happening to me after I had tried my magic upon Tiscoquam. He stood for a moment as if half stunned, gazing fixedly at the mark upon his wrist. Then recovering himself with an effort, he raised his hands, holding the fingers so that they overlapped a little, and placing his outstretched thumbs against his forehead. So he remained for a full minute, his eyes cast upon the ground, and his lips moving as if he murmured a prayer.

"It is a sign!" he said at length, lifting his head and letting his hands drop to his sides. "It is a sign!"

His repetition of the words was so solemn that I looked for some further explanation; but on a sudden, as if he had reached a decision, he left me and strode back to the squaw cowering beside the small fire she had kindled. What this meant I could not guess, but I watched them, ready to profit by anything that favored our escape.

Tiscoquam talked rapidly to the Indian woman, who seemed to offer a protest which her savage mate quickly silenced, and I doubted not, from his manner, that he was giving her orders even while he busied himself packing his pouch with parched corn taken from her bundle.

At length he stood ready.

"The pale-face maiden goes with Lapowissa," he called, indicating the squaw, and without another word he started off at a rapid trot, and disappeared into the forest.

I could scarce say what I had expected, but my spirits drooped again as I realized that we had but exchanged one captor for another.

True, I was less afraid of the squaw, and counted upon befooling her more easily than I could Tiscoquam, should opportunity arise, of which I had little hope. We were quite helpless in the forest, for I knew not even in which direction Denewood lay, and must perforce follow the Indian woman wherever she might lead. Indeed, I thought it unwise to show aught of hostility to our new guide, but rather the reverse, so I walked slowly toward her, trying in every way I could to appear friendly.

She was repacking her belongings in great haste, eying me furtively the while, much as though she expected me to spring upon her. Indeed, as I drew near, she leaped away with such evident terror that I trembled lest she disappear into the woods leaving us without guidance or food.

I retreated at once, and was relieved when, after a moment's uncertainty, she returned and finally took up her bundle.

Inviting me to follow with a wave of her hand, she hurried off in a direction opposite to that taken by Tiscoquam, yet not the way we had come.

I roused little Jack, who had dropped off to sleep, and, in my alarm lest we should lose sight of the woman, picked him up in my arms and started after her.

"Set me down, Aunty Peg!" he cried vigorously. "Dost think I am baby Allan, to be carted about like a sack of meal?"

"Nay then," I answered meekly, "you let Tiscoquam carry you."

"I made believe he was my horse, and that I rode to hunt the deer," the boy contradicted. "Where is Tiscoquam?"

"He has gone on," I answered, "and we must hasten, lest we be left behind."

Jacky, once he was wide awake, made better going than I, who had had no rest and was hard put to it to keep up with the timid savage. She shuffled ahead at a surprising rate, and the more I hurried to catch up with her the faster was the pace she set, till I began to think I should drop from exhaustion. Then it occurred to me that she had no more intention now of letting me approach her than she had had in camp. As I increased my effort to come even with her, she went the faster, in order to keep me at what she considered a safe distance. Convinced of this, I began to go more slowly, and was vastly relieved to find that she did the same.

In this manner we went on while the sun sank lower and lower till it was nigh its setting. Wearily I plodded along, giving Jacky a hand now and then to help him over a fallen log, and wishing with all my heart that we might come to the Indian camp, to which I was certain we were being led.

Suddenly, to my vast surprise, we reached the edge of the forest, and looked out upon tilled fields and a cluster of houses. The squaw, still keeping her distance, motioned me that my way lay toward the village, and then, turning, with evident relief to be rid of us, she vanished into the woods as had Tiscoquam.

Unprepared for this abandonment I called

after her, running to the spot where she had disappeared. But I stopped there, realizing the uselessness of attempting to follow her. What more could she do for me? It was plain now that we had been set upon our way to Denewood, whether by Tiscoquam's orders or not I could only guess, but here was a place where horses might be obtained, and much time and weary walking saved.

I had no idea where we were, but however near or far it was, I was firm in my determination to reach German-town that night. I had no mind to leave Bee a prey to anxiety a moment longer than could be helped. I knew only too well that the boy's disappearance had caused her many hours of suffering, but I hoped that my absence had led all to conclude that I was with him, and had thus afforded her a crumb of comfort.

"Come, Jacky!" I cried, taking his hand and starting for the road before us: "come along. We'll soon be home again."

"Nay, I do not wish to leave the forest," he answered, holding back sturdily. "There are no deer at home. Only cows and oxen, and Mummer will not let me shoot those. I'll stay awhile with Tiscoquam."

"But we have n't seen so much as the tail of a deer all day," I coaxed, for I had no wish to increase my difficulties by being forced to drag a reluctant lad. "Beside," I went on, "we must find shelter for the night."

"Tiscoquam will build a lodge," he insisted.

"But Tiscoquam is far away, and has taken his bow and arrows with him," I explained. "How can we kill a deer should we come upon one?"

To this he had no answer ready, and, although still reluctant, he suffered me to lead him forward.

As we entered the little hamlet, I bethought me

that I should do well to ask help at one of the more substantial houses rather than be delayed by making explanations to those who could not furnish the horses I required; so, with this thought in mind, I chose a fine dwelling set a



HE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT GAZING FLEXIBLY AT THE MAID
UPON HIS WRIST

goodly distance back from the road. There was a sizable field in front, dotted here and there with great elms, and behind, a huge barn with many smaller outbuildings. The gate stood hospitably ajar, so that I entered with a light heart, encouraged by the evident prosperity of the place, and sure that I should meet with gentlefolk who would respond promptly to my appeal.

I mounted two or three steps to the portico and, lifting the knocker, struck twice, listening to the dull boom of the blows echoing about the rooms inside. For a moment the hollowness of the sound gave the impression that the house was deserted, but I had little time to speculate upon this, for the door opened quite suddenly, only to be closed again with a sharp bang.

I had caught sight of the wizened, wrinkled face of a man dressed in the plain drab garb of a Quaker, but I was so surprised that I stood gaping till a voice from within brought me to my senses.

"Thee cannot expect aught who have done naught to earn it. So think not to fill my ears with tales of thy necessities."

Those were the words I heard, spoken in a high-pitched, querulous tone such as might be used to an importunate beggar, and I confess that they angered me for the moment.

"I 'm not come to ask alms," I fair shouted, and catching again at the knocker I beat thrice upon the door with all my might.

"Mayhap thee comes to rob!" I heard the voice exclaim.

"Nay," I replied, "I 'll pay in good hard coin for any service I ask of you."

There was a moment of silence, and then the door opened a crack and the wrinkled face appeared again grinning at me, and, as I returned the look, it winked slyly with one eye.

"Is there any one with thee?" he asked cautiously.

"None but a little boy," I answered, "scarce big enough to fright you."

The door opened now to its full width, and I saw standing before me a little old man whose clothing, frayed and none too clean, showed anything rather than the look of prosperity I had expected. He still grinned, but I was to learn that this expression was habitual, and meant none of the mirth it seemed to signify. He looked me over carefully from head to foot, then he spoke, but more to himself than to me.

"I 'll ring thy coin before I bargain," he muttered.

"I said naught of payment in advance," I retorted, still angered by his manner toward me.

"An I get no sight of the color of thee's money, how am I to know 't is aught but shinplaisters?"

And indeed, as I had not a penny piece upon my person, I had to admit to myself that his point was well taken. Still, I had no mind to spend the night in argument, and, seeing another well-kept place not far away, I decided the best thing to do, notwithstanding my fatigue, was to seek help elsewhere.

"I give you good even," I said, and, taking Jack's hand, started to move off.

"Hoity-toity!" the man exclaimed. "I did not say I would not help thee. Be not so quick to anger. Hast never heard that overhaste churns bad butter?"

In truth I had not heard that wise saw before, but those were the words upon the piece of paper I had taken from Jacky that day, and which still lay hid within my pocket. That the man should have hit upon that expression made me pause a moment in very surprise.

"I asked not to handle thy money," he went on. "I did but wish thee to show me somewhat of value to prove that thee can pay what thee promises. Thy rags are a poor testimony in thy favor," he ended sourly, and this remark made me think for the first time of the appearance I presented.

I looked down at my dress with a feeling akin to dismay. It was in tatters at the hem, and was muddled and stained with bloodroot into the bargain. My hands were black and scratched, my shoes and stockings soiled, and I doubted not my face was in like case, while my hair hung in tangles. I was not a figure to inspire confidence, and the remnant of my anger dropped away, for I felt the man's suspicions in a measure were justified.

"If I can show you aught of value will you supply me with horses to take us to my cousin's in Germantown to-night?" I asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"To Germantown! this night!" the old man exclaimed. "Nay now, 't is out of all reason. If thee has money why does thee not rest at the tavern like honest folk, and go forward upon thy journey by the light of day? It is a good three hours' hard riding from here, over roads that are none too easy traveled in broad sun."

"I must get the boy safe home to-night," I declared stubbornly, "and I stand to haggle at no price within reason to be taken there."

"'T will cost thee double fare," he muttered, after a moment of consideration, "and thee must agree that the horses and the lad shall be housed and fed at thee's expense. He hath an unchastened appetite," he added under his breath.

All that would be looked to, I assured him.

"So far so good," he answered, "but, before I order the nags, I must see an earnest of thy ability to pay the shot."

Now the only thing I had of value was my precious ring, which had stood me in such good stead that day; and, knowing that it was worth many times any fare he might ask, I held out my hand to show it to him.

"Here is sufficient worth to buy your horses if need be," I said confidently.

He stooped and looked at the ring, then shook his head disparagingly.

"'T is naught but brass," he grunted. "Didst think thee could befool an old man's eye?"

"Nay," I retorted, angered again. "'T is of great value. If you cannot believe your eyes,

try the weight of it in your hand. No brass was ever of such heaviness."

And, foolishly enough, I slipped the ring from my finger and laid it upon his extended palm held out to receive it.

No sooner had his fingers closed upon it than he whipped back into the house and clapped to the door in my face.

(To be continued.)



GIRL: "MY! WHAT AN EASY JOB!" BOYS: "HA!"
BOY: "GIRLS!" GIRL: "HA!"



CHICO'S BIRTHPLACE AND SUMMER HOME.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO

THE TRUE STORY OF A RED SQUIRREL

BY FRANCES ADAMS-HALSTED

I HAD not seen for several days my friends the red squirrels, in the peach-tree near my window, and had been wondering what could have happened to them, when I heard the soft pitapat of tiny feet upon the floor, and, looking up, to my astonishment I saw a small red squirrel running toward me. At my first movement of surprise, the little creature stopped and stood regarding me with wistful, frightened eyes. What could it mean? Had my bright, pretty squirrels met with disaster, that this baby had made his way to me?

I hastened to find the little home of a former pet, and, opening the door of the cage, had hardly placed it on the floor when, to my surprise, the little fellow ran directly in and clung to the top, a trembling, frightened, tiny bunch of soft, silky, reddish-brown fur, with white beneath his throat, body, and legs, a fluffy tail, big brown eyes encircled with a band of white, and a tiny pink mouth in which the baby teeth were just beginning to come. Drawing full of warm milk a fountain-pen filler, I placed the end against his

little pink mouth, and, gently pressing the bulb, let a drop fall on his lips, when, to my delight, the little fellow put out his tiny pink tongue and tasted the warm milk, finding it so much to his liking that he caught the end of the tube between his lips, drinking the milk as fast as I pressed it out and as naturally as if he had always been fed in that way. Then I found a discarded silk dressing-gown, and removing one of the sleeves, which was thickly wadded with cotton, held it beneath him. Then, when I had gently disengaged his little clinging fingers and toes from the wires, he sank gratefully into the soft, warm folds.

In the morning I was delighted to find that my little visitor had crept into the inside of the sleeve, from the depths of which he regarded me with bright, confiding, but expectant, eyes, as if he longed for his breakfast. I filled the tube again with warm milk, and he put out his little head and drank eagerly. Then, curling up in a small ball within the folds, he went to sleep again.

In less than two weeks I was able to take him in my hand after he had curled up for the night in his little bed in the sleeve, and as I carefully took him out of the cage, he would allow me to stroke the soft, silky fur on his back and kiss the little head. Meanwhile he would remain curled up in a tiny ball in my hand, his eyes tightly closed as if asleep, as long as I would stroke and caress him, but the moment the petting ceased, he would give his back a little wriggle for the stroking to be continued. If it was not immediately resumed, he would open one eye to see what the trouble was; and if sure there was to be no more caressing, both eyes would open wide and his little head pop up to ascertain the cause.

In a few months Chico, as I had decided to call him, became very tame and confiding. In his habits he was lively to a remarkable degree, scampering about the rooms, often leaping from chair to table, and, as these exercises were not enough to exhaust his exuberant spirits, he often indulged in a more violent form of exercise, which I called "looping the loop." He would run across the floor of the cage, up the side, across the top (feet upward), jumping down the other side to the bottom, whence the same performance would be gone over again, with such quickness of motion one could see only a blur of red fur and hear the rhythmical thump, thump of his little feet as they struck the floor of the cage, until he stopped for sheer want of breath.

He was a charming combination of grace, vivacity, and energy. He dearly loved a frolic, and would playfully catch my fingers in his mouth and, turning over upon his back, scratch and bite, rolling over and over. As the play grew fast and

ways that greatly endeared him to me. When I put my hand in the cage and he wished to show his affection for me, he would embrace two fingers tightly, clasp his little arms around them, and would hug them closely and try to imitate

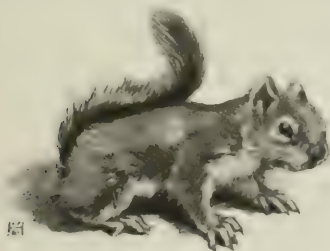


IT WAS AMUSING TO SEE HIM GNAW THROUGH THE SHELL.

my kisses by pressing his little lips against my hand, opening and shutting them quickly, and often making a queer little smacking sound. If he desired to come out of his cage, he would firmly hold to my fingers, and as long as I would stroke and pet him, sometimes squeezing him tightly in my hand and shaking him rapidly up and down, which he seemed to enjoy hugely, he would remain passive and perfectly immovable, never offering to play until he was quite sure he would receive no more caresses. Then at once he would be ready for a frolic, and, slipping through my hand like a flash, would be on the other side of the room or at the top of the draperies above the windows, before I realized he had started, so swift were his movements.

Chico could now take small pieces of apple or bread in his little hands, and, sitting upright with his fluffy tail over his back, nibble as fast as he had been flying over the room a moment before. He was exceedingly neat, never failing to clean his hands after holding the least bit of food in them.

In the early autumn his teeth were strong and sharp enough to gnaw through the shells of nuts, and it was very amusing to see him take a filbert or a pecan, quickly turning it around and around to select just the right place, and then, holding it firmly in his hands, gnaw through the shell in a few moments. Soon he was able to gnaw through the thick hard shell of the butternut, being extremely fond of its delicious meat. He always turned them about in his hands, as he did other nuts, until unerringly he found just the right spot for commencing operations, so that



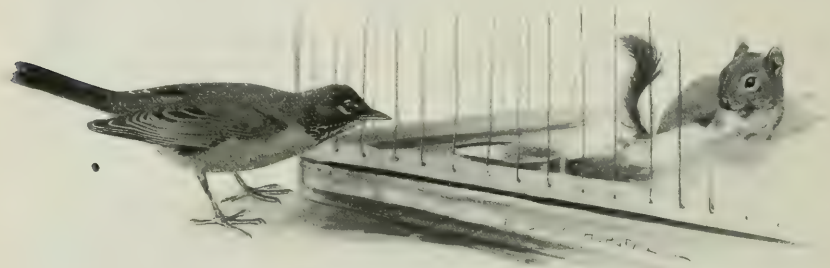
READY FOR PLAY.

furiously, he often became so excited that his little nails and sharp teeth left their marks on my hands, and I was obliged in self-defense to teach him to play gently; thereafter a word would always stop the fierceness of the fray.

My tiny pet had many sweet, affectionate little

he could open the shell directly upon the broad thick meat inside, instead of at the edges. The diet of milk had been gradually given up, and when Chico accompanied me to the city, he was living entirely on nuts, fruit, corn (of which last

One of his favorite games was to take a pound of nuts, one at a time, from my lap, run across the room, and place them in a shoe-case hanging on the wall. When it was filled, he would desire me to get them and place them in the bag until



"CHICO WOULD SEEK REFUGE IN HIS CAGE."

he would eat only the heart from the kernel), and water, with occasionally celery, pine-cones, and acorns.

My little pet seemed to live but for affection and love, and was only afraid of my saucy and jealous tame robin, "Rollo." When they were both out of their cages and I took Chico in my hand to pet, Rollo would immediately fly to my shoulder, and, shrieking with rage, peck at the gentle Chico, causing him to jump from my hands and seek refuge in his cage, where he would hide in his little bed. Rollo also delighted to put his sharp beak between the bars of Chico's cage, peck at him, steal his nuts and apple, or drink from his glass in the most impudent manner possible.

It became necessary for me to train Chico not to sample everything in the room with his sharp teeth, as he raced about over the furniture, ready in the twinkling of an eye to gnaw the corner of a mahogany table or a hole through a portiere. My family thought it would be impossible to teach a squirrel not to gnaw, but I knew that my little pet was so intelligent and so fond of me that with patience it could be accomplished. So the lessons commenced, and by unceasing patience and watchfulness on my part, in about two weeks Chico had learned that he must not use his sharp little teeth on anything that was not to be eaten.

Chico learned to do many small tricks. He would eat sitting on my hand or wrist, with his little tail over his back. He would play at boxing, standing upright and patting back at me with his tiny hands; at soldier by holding a pencil at attention in his arms; and at hide-and-seek,

the next time. If I went to his cage and said, "Chico, bring me a nut," he would run to the corner where he stored them, select the finest one, climb up on my hand, and carefully place the nut in my palm. Or if I closed my fingers tightly over a nut, saying, "Chico, come and find a nut," he would rush for my hand, trying to open my fingers by thrusting his little pink nose against them, and if they did not open, he would carefully take the tip of my little finger between his teeth and pull it open, taking each finger in the same way until the nut was disclosed; then he would pounce upon it, pretending great joy.

He was quite delighted to show off his little tricks, and would accept things to eat from the many friends and strangers who came to see him; but during the five years of his life, he never allowed any one but myself to touch or hold him, although different members of the family spent days in coaxing him with delicious bits. On such occasions he would slip through their fingers like a flash. He liked nothing better than to curl up in my hand and have me stroke his head until he went to sleep, but when some one else would place a hand over him in place of mine, he would instantly awaken and slip away. He was very mischievous and inquisitive, and liked to hide small articles as well as to investigate everything in a new room.

One day while Chico was running about I missed him, and when I called and he did not answer as usual, or appear, I hastened into the next room, where I heard a little crackling sound. To my dismay, I discovered him perched upon the edge of a match-box, which he had opened, and,

after extracting the matches, was calmly eating off their tops. Quickly I snatched him up and wiped the poisonous phosphorus from his mouth and little pink tongue, while he lay on his back in my hand, looking at me with mischievous eyes. I was very much alarmed for several days, but my prompt discovery doubtless prevented his swallowing much of the poison and saved his life.

If I left him for a short visit, he seemed to miss me, and on my return would appear overjoyed, rushing to my hand and squeezing my fingers between his arms and presenting me with his choicest nut. At the hotels where we stopped in our travels, he created such a sensation that strangers often sent to me asking to be permitted to see my wonderful little squirrel, and it was unusual to return to my room without finding a collection of housemaids and bell-boys standing about the cage.

Chico took wonderful care of himself, and was extremely neat and clean. Every morning he took a thorough bath, afterward taking much time over his toilet, fluffing his pretty tail and brushing his fur, until it was as sleek and glossy as satin. He became so clever that he was able to put his hand through the bars of his cage and unfasten the door, when he would gleefully sally forth and play until tired. Then he would curl up under some cozy pillow or rug for a nap before returning to the cage of which he was so fond, and he appeared greatly disturbed if the door was so closed that he could not enter.

One day while in a Boston hotel, I neglected to padlock the door, now necessary lest he meet with some disaster during my absence, and little Chico, becoming lonely, opened the door. On my return I was horrified when I called, "Chico, Chico," that there was no reply. I looked in all our rooms, but, alas, my pet could not be found. Fearing he had wandered away, I called the maid

chamber threw myself on the bed. Then, to my joy, there was a shrill chatter, a flash of red fur, and from between the blankets dashed my lost pet, straight into my arms!

When Chico was about two years old, he had a thrilling adventure with a fierce cat. One morning, very early, a large black cat, whose entire business was to catch mice in the barn, suc-



THE GREAT CAT READY TO SPRING.

ceeded in slipping into the house, watching her chance to prowling about in forbidden territory. She pulled open with her paws an unlatched door, and, darting into the room, spied the cage where Chico was peacefully slumbering, unmindful of his danger. With a wild leap the cat sprang upon the table and hurled herself against the cage with such violence that it was dashed to the floor, and poor little Chico, half dead from fright and the sudden attack of his enemy, fell out of the broken cage to the floor. The great cat sprang to snatch her prey, but, as she pounced upon him, Chico, giving a wild shriek of despair, sprang away with such swiftness that the cat only caught a tiny tuft of fur from his side. To her amazement and anger, she saw the squirrel dart across the room, his fluffy tail waving in triumph, run up the heavy draperies at the window, and seat himself at the top, where he scolded and chattered in rage and fright at the now infuriated cat.

With a snarl of anger at the escape of her victim, the cat sprang at the draperies, and, pushing her claws into the heavy brocade, quickly made her way to the top, but just as she was about to snatch at Chico a second time, he leaped from his



"LITTLE CHICO FELL OUT OF THE BROKEN CAGE."

and a search of the corridors and hotel was made, but Chico could not be found. I was quite beside myself with grief at my loss, and going into my

high perch to the floor. Now commenced a mad chase. Over tables and under chairs little Chico flew, with the big black cat close behind. So fast and furious grew Chico's race for life, that a servant, hearing the noise of falling chairs and tables, ran to see what was happening. As she opened the door, Chico like a flash dashed up her gown, over her head, and into the room beyond, while the cat, making a sudden rush between her feet, upset the astonished servant, who fell sprawling to the floor. "Be the powers!" she exclaimed as she slowly picked herself up, "it must have been the ould bye himself, ter first scratch me face, and then knock me over loike that!"

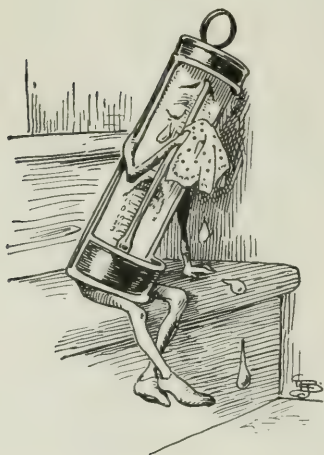
Chico, meanwhile, getting a fresh start of his enemy, skipped nimbly across the next room, through a hall, and up the stairs to the rooms above, in search of his mistress. The cat followed in hot pursuit. As Chico heard her leaping up the stairs, he tried to remember the room of his mistress, and, quickening his pace, passed an open door and turning sharply to the right, fled across the hall and into the chamber beyond. The cat now was close behind him, and little Chico's strength was fast failing. With a few more steps and a leap, he might be safe in his mistress's hand, but could he do it?

He gathered his remaining strength for one quick leap—then another—and he had gained the

bed! There, oh joy! was his beloved mistress, fast asleep. With a chuckle of delight and relief, he scrambled into the safety of her arms.

Suddenly awakened by my little pet and, astonished at such a performance, I had not time to place my hand over the trembling, frightened, and exhausted little creature, when, to my amazement and horror, the big black cat sprang upon my bed. Holding Chico close to me with one hand, with the other I caught the cat by the throat just as she sprang upon us, and only in time to save my little pet. Jumping out of bed, still holding the animal by the throat in spite of her scratching, snarling, and struggling, and with Chico still in my left hand, I managed to drag the cat to the door, thrust her out and closed it, to the intense relief and joy of my pet, who kissed my fingers with his little pink tongue and then cuddled up close in my hand to rest in peace and contentment, knowing that he was safe after his exhausting race and his escape from the jaws of the great black cat.

For five delightful years my little pet and I played together, traveled in the sunny South, and passed the hot summer far away in the north among the White Mountains of New Hampshire. He was surely the most intelligent, affectionate, and gentle little red squirrel ever known.



THE TEARFUL THERMOMETER

BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

They scold at me when I go up,
 They scold when I go down.
 I think they find more fault with me
 Than any one else in town.
 Perhaps I do seem blunt and plain.
 From very early youth
 I've tried, without apology,
 Each hour, to tell the truth.

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

HOW BOYS MAKE FURNITURE FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City

If you have followed the simple directions given in my first article in *St. NICHOLAS* for January, 1915, you have now made your work-bench and have a vise to hold your piece of wood firmly while planing its edges or sawing it into shorter

from six to ten inches from the top to accommodate the smaller tools, a hole to receive each tool having been bored into the shelf before it was fastened in evenly on either side. If the covers were whole, they were reinforced by two cleats on



THE WORKROOM FULL OF BUSY WORKERS

lengths. You have also a screw on the top of your work-bench, which, when your board is laid against it, will help to hold it in place while planing its surfaces. Although your tools may be kept in the compartment beneath the work-bench, we have found it advisable to have a separate tool-chest for each boy's tools.

As shown in the illustration on page 342, a variety of boxes were used for our tool-chests. Here the boys were allowed to express their individuality, and each chest was made in a different way from the others. Good, firm boxes were selected and the covers removed. A shelf was placed

the inside, fastened three inches from the top and bottom; otherwise, a new cover was made from parts of another box. These were hinged to the open side with two three-inch hinges, or butts. A door-knob, or hasp and padlock, completes a simple but satisfactory tool-chest until you are able to use your tools sufficiently well to make a better one. All sorts of ingenious devices were thought out by our boys for the keeping of the yardsticks, which were, as you see, longer than the boxes.

With work-benches and tool-chests such as I have described, we furnished our workshop.



THE BOXES SEEN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER HAVE NOW BEEN TURNED INTO SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE.



LITTLE SISTERS AND BROTHERS TRIED THE CHAIRS.



AN EXHIBITION OF THE HOME THRIFT ASSOCIATION.

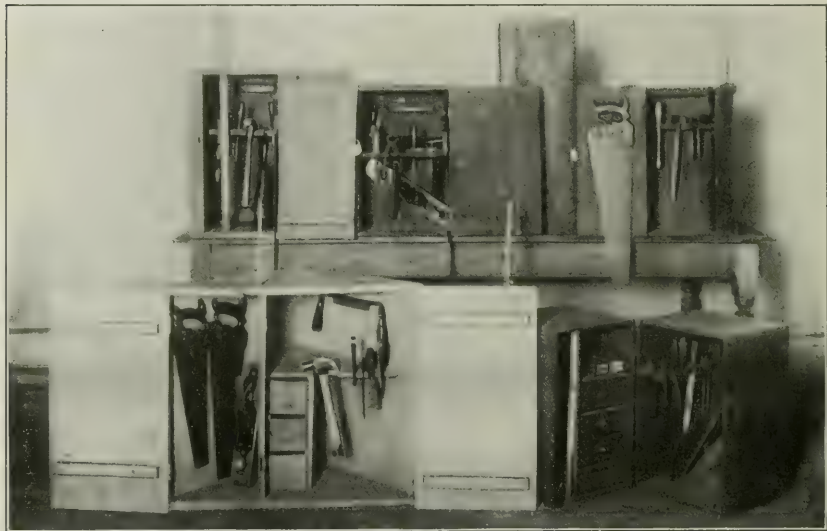


THE GREAT EVENT OF THE YEAR: TAKING THINGS HOME.

Several benches were made into double work-benches, having two open sides, with a vise screw attached to each side. A partition was nailed directly through the center from end to end. This keeps each boy's compartments separate. In the picture on page 339 we see the boys busy

fun putting the new paper on, and great care had to be taken in putting on the kalsomine. But the boys of The Home Thrift Association do not hesitate to undertake anything, and "Quality, not quantity," is their motto.

Next, cards of invitation were sent out for this,



TOOL-CHEST MADE FROM LARGE AND SMALL GROCERY BOXES.

making all sorts of things; in fact, no two articles are just alike, for I always encourage every boy to exercise his inventive power and not to be a "copy-cat." Joseph is working hard on a sewing-stand for Mother; Charles on a cabinet for Mother's spices; George on a clock-case for Father's office, and Jimmie is beginning a cradle for a new little sister.

Many of the boys have baby brothers and sisters, so most of these articles of furniture are being made for them, as they are to have a "Baby Exhibit," not of live babies, but of little chairs, cribs, tables, and swings for live babies.

Every nail was carefully set and all holes filled with putty. Each article was then well sand-papered and given two coats of white paint, with an additional coat of white enamel.

The exhibition room was papered and painted, and got into perfect shape. It was great fun wetting with a big sponge the old paper on the walls, carefully scraping it off, and then washing the old whitewash off the ceiling. But it was *not* so much

our memorable first exhibition. There were many happy hearts that day when the fathers and mothers flocked to see the new furniture. Babies were placed in the little cribs, and little sisters and brothers tried the chairs to see if they "fitted," while the "door-swings" were in constant use. All found it hard to believe that such attractive furniture could have come from discarded boxes. But the most exciting time was when, at the close of the wonderful exhibition, the boys set out for their homes laden with gifts for the family which they had made with their own hands.

Now, when Grandpa or Grandma, uncles and aunties come to visit the home, this furniture is shown them with great pride. And many a Morris chair, made by the children, placed in a sunny window, has become Grandma's favorite seat.

On the following page are given full directions for making two simple pieces, selected from the book "Box Furniture."

A DESK CHAIR

THE seat is formed of a box with a hinged cover. Midway of the depth inside is a sliding shelf upon two cleats extending the length of the box, giving space for large paper sheets, etc.

REQUIREMENTS:

Body: 1 condensed-milk box (about $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep, 13 in. wide, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long).

Cover: 1 piece $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, length equal to side length of the box. 1 piece $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick, width $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. less than the width of the box, length equal to the outside length of the box.

Shelf: 1 piece $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, width equal to one half the inside length of the box, and length equal to the inside width of the box.

Cleats: 2 pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, length equal to the inside length of the box.

Legs: 4 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 27 in. long. 4 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 2 in. wide, 27 in. long.

Arms: 2 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 16 in. long.

Back bar: 2 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long.

Hardware: 2 $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. brass butts.

CONSTRUCTION: Make the legs 27 inches long. Remove the cover. Nail the shelf cleats on the inside sides of the box, keeping the top of the cleats 3 inches from the bottom. Fit the shelf so as to slide readily upon the cleats. Bore a hole $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch from the edge at the center; insert the finger in this hole to move the shelf. Nail the narrow cover strip along the side on top, keeping its outside edge even with the outside edge of the box. Turn the box on its side and nail on the legs, allowing them

even with the rear face of the rear leg. Nail one of the back-bar strips across the rear legs, keeping its top edge even with the top of the leg. Set the other back-bar strip, flat side up, directly behind the arm ends, and nail to the other half of back-bar already in place. Fit and hang the seat and set the shelf in place.

A SIMPLE BOOKCASE

REQUIREMENTS:

Body: 3 boxes (10 in. deep, 12 in. wide, 31 in. long).

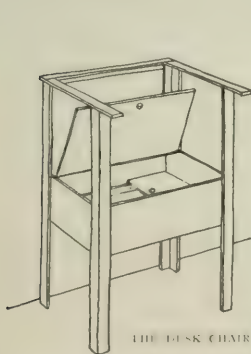
Legs: 4 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 5 in. longer than three times the outside width of the box.

4 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 2 in. wide, 5 in. longer than three times the outside width of the box.

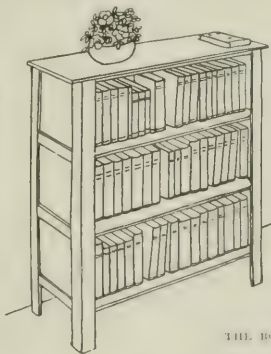
Top: 1 piece $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, 3 in. wider than the outside depth of the box with the cover removed, and 3 in. longer than the outside length of the box.

Facing Strips: 6 strips $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 2 in. wide, about 7 in. long.

CONSTRUCTION: Make the legs 5 inches longer than three times the outside width of the box. Remove the covers. Turn one box on its side and remove the upper side. Do the same with the second box. Place the second box on its side upon the open side of the first box, keeping the open side of the second box at the top. Upon this open side of the second box place the third box, keeping all the cover openings facing the same way. Fasten the three boxes together by nailing two strips placed vertically across the bottoms about 2 feet apart, to hold them together while the legs are put on. Turn all three boxes



THE DESK CHAIR

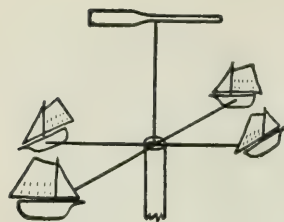


THE BOOKCASE



to project 10 inches above the top of the box with the seat cover on. Stand the chair upon its legs, right side up. Nail the arms to the top of the legs, allowing their ends to project 2 inches over the face of the legs in front, and their outside edges to project $\frac{1}{2}$ inch over the outside face of leg on the sides, the rear end of arm being

on their backs and nail on the legs, keeping their upper ends even with the top side of the last box added. Turn the stand upon its legs and nail on the top, allowing its edges to project 1 inch over the outside face of the legs all around. Put on the facing strips at the ends, and remove the temporary strips from the back of the stand.

Fig. 1.

EVERY boy likes to see a weather-vane spinning round and round, and especially when there is a good big wind that keeps it fairly whizzing for hours at a time; but it would be more interesting if it was not for the fact that nearly all the weather-vanes look alike. If an attempt is made to have something different it is usually a sailor holding a pair of paddles to catch the wind.

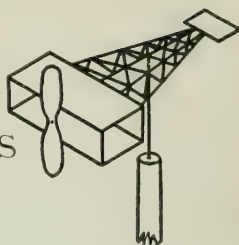
There is no need for this. Any clever boy can make a great variety of weather-vanes. It needs considerable ingenuity and a lot of patience, but it is always worth while.

An attractive weather-vane representing a yacht race can be made by means of four toy boats. These are fastened to light oak sticks or small metal rods, as shown in Figure 1. If the sails are cut out of strong canvas and firmly wired into place, they will stand two or three

SOME NEW WEATHER-VANES

BY

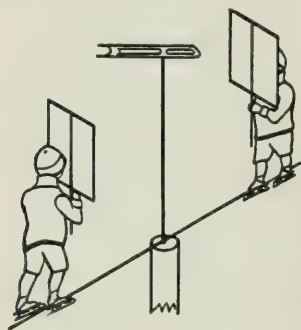
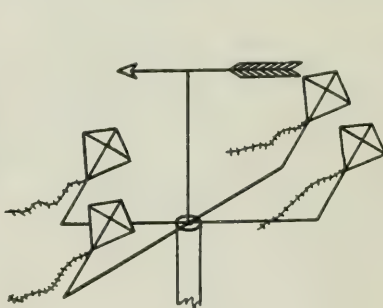
WILLIAM WISE

Fig. 2.

ther-vanes are made to spin around and around with the wind just for the sake of the attraction there is in them; but these spinning things do not really show the direction in which the wind is blowing, and so the wind-indicators are needed in addition. Always make these wind-indicators in keeping with the subject or style of the spinner.

A wind-indicator moves back and forth only slightly, varying with the wind. They do not spin around, but only serve to tell us from which direction the wind is blowing. For this reason the side that catches the wind should extend the farthest from the supporting rod.

The combination wind-indicator and weather-vane is shown in Figure 2. This is the biplane weather-vane. Make an ordinary little biplane with two very thin boards or pieces of tin, and

Fig. 3.Fig. 4.Fig. 5.

seasons of weather. On top of this, for a wind-indicator, make a small oar, as shown in the illustration.

With few exceptions, these ornamental wea-

ther-vanes are made to spin around and around with the wind just for the sake of the attraction there is in them; but these spinning things do not really show the direction in which the wind is blowing, and so the wind-indicators are needed in addition. Always make these wind-indicators in keeping with the subject or style of the spinner.

this whole biplane back and forth just as an ordinary wind-indicator would vary with every breeze. At the same time, the wind will keep the propeller spinning around and around, and in this manner you get the combination weather-vane and weather-indicator.

In Figure 3 is shown a sailing-skater weather-vane. Instead of four objects on this there are but two. There are two ways to make these skaters: they may be cut out of tin and painted, or they may be whittled out of wood. They have skates on, and are holding in their hands a real square- or mainsail of canvas which catch the wind. The little figures spin around and look just as though they were really gliding along on

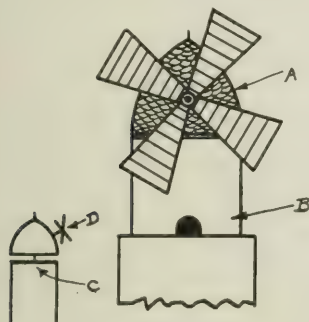


Fig. 6.

skates by means of the wind, and at the same time chasing each other. For the top of this, cut a skate out of tin for the weather-indicator.

An unusually novel weather-vane can be called "the flying kites." On each of the four wooden or metal arms there is an upright arm bent at an angle of about thirty degrees, and on the end of each of these is a piece of tin cut out in the form of a kite, and painted white. Dangling from the bottom of all four of these kites is a short ribbon for the tail, but these tails must be so short that they will not reach to the bottom supports and, becoming entangled, stop the vane from spinning around. All four of these tin kites, set in this position, will serve to catch the wind from any direction. The weather-indicator can be made in the form of an arrow.

A new form of the old-fashioned sailor weather-vane who thrashes his paddles around and around is the "fighting captain." Make a figure of a man out of wood. The best height for the figure is about twelve inches. Make this fellow's arms separate, and cut them out of tin



Fig. 7.

independently of him, and points out the direction of the wind.

The old-fashioned Dutch windmill is a picturesque form for a weather-vane. The real windmills are made so that the top may be turned around and allow the sails to face the wind whichever way it may be blowing. A small weather-vane can be made on the same plan. This is shown in Figure 6. The top, or roof-part, shown at A, is put on the bottom, or house-part, B, by means of a swivel, as is indicated at C. The big fan is made on a wooden form, over which cloth is stretched, and turns independently of the top, as shown at D. Now the wind, catching these big fan-blades, will swing the top in the right direction, no matter how the wind is blowing, and, at the same time, the big wheel will be in motion. It is possible to make one of these having, as the bottom, or house-part, a real bird-house.

The marksman is another form of weather-vane made in the same way as the sail-skaters, except that there are four arms, two for the



Fig. 8.

marksmen and two for the targets as shown in Figure 7. These figures can be cut out of very thin board with a jig-saw, or cut out of tin and painted. The wind-indicator is made of a piece of tin in the form of a gun, and painted black.

Probably the funniest weather-vane you ever

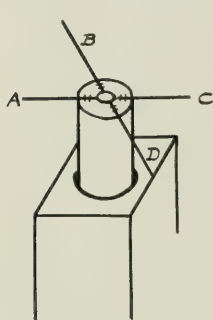


FIG. 9.

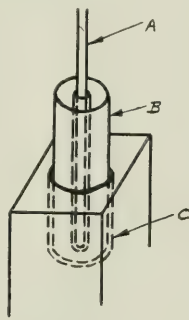


FIG. 10.

saw can be made on the top of a barrel placed on a shed or some similar high place where it can catch the wind. This is called the "running hen" weather-vane. The upright rod is placed in the middle of the barrel with the two arms coming out just to the edge of the barrel. On the end of each of these two arms is placed the figure of a hen, or there may be a hen on one and a rooster on the other, cut out of tin or very thin wood and painted; and they may have tails of

real feathers, attached by punching holes through the tin and fastening the feathers on with wire. This is shown in Figure 8. Unlike most of the weather-vanes, the horizontal rod and the arms do not move separately. Whenever the upright rod moves, it also moves both of the arms. The motive power is a big flag, made of tin and painted. When the wind strikes this, it blows it about. The feet of these hens, also made of tin, are cut out separately and fastened on as shown in Figure 8. They are made to hang very loosely. On the rim of the barrel, about four inches apart, are fastened little pointed blocks of wood, as shown by B. These are made just high enough so that when one of the figures of the hens passes this piece of wood, the feet strike against the wood and flop back and forth. When the wind is blowing this weather-vane, you can see these feet flopping back and forth until it looks for all the world as though the hens were actually running.

The sockets for these weather-vanes should be made as in Figure 9; the arms consist of round rods fastened with staples as at A, B, C, and D. This enables the arms to move around independently of the wind-indicator.

In Figure 10, A shows the rod that supports the weather-indicator; B shows the movable support of the arms, while the dotted lines that run below show the big socket in which B rests and the inner socket in which A rests. These sockets are made large enough so that each will move about easily in the other if they are kept well greased and made deep enough so that they cannot blow out or tip over.



SOME NANTUCKET WEATHER-VANES.

A PECULIAR IDENTIFICATION

A good story is told of a shipwrecked sailor in the West Indies who went to the United States consul a few years ago and asked for passage back to Boston. The consul was somewhat in doubt as to whether or not the applicant was a citizen of the United States. He thought that perhaps this man was trying to get a free trip to Boston, and gave the shipwreck story as an excuse. He called into consultation the captain of a sailing vessel then in port, a captain who hailed from Boston.

"I'll ask him one question," remarked the sea-captain, "and if he can answer it correctly, I'll know he belongs in Boston."

The question he asked was this: "What is the weather-vane on Faneuil Hall?"

Promptly the sailor replied: "A grasshopper."

As this was the correct answer, the consul, on the advice of the captain, procured the desired passage home.

There are very few weather-vanes as curious as the one on the old Faneuil Hall. It is indeed a grasshopper, and was put on when the hall was first built. It has survived two fires, and, while it has had to have its legs and feelers mended once or twice and a new coat of gilt put on, it still is on duty, turning in every wind, on the spire of the hall tower.

The grasshopper was made by a very eccentric coppersmith of Boston, Deacon Sime Drowne, in 1742. It was hammered by hand out of copper, and is about five and a half feet in length. Deacon Drowne liked to make odd weather-vanes, and his figures of roosters, Indian chiefs, and even a little admiral looking off over the town with his long telescope, stood for years for

the people to gaze at. Perhaps it was just as well for the stranded sailor in the West Indies that



THE TOWER OF FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

Deacon Drowne was so eccentric, for had it not been for his remembering the grasshopper, he might have had to remain in a strange land.

Walter K. Putney.

IN FEBRUARY

Oh, they say it 's growing colder, every day,
That the winter 's growing bolder, every day;
Since the bear 's gone back to sleep
In his cavern dark and deep,
There 'll be six weeks more of snowing,
Of freezing and of blowing,—every day.

But the day 's a little longer every day,
And the sun 's a little stronger every day;
If we 're patient for a while,
We shall see the summer smile,
And the buds will soon be showing,
For they 're growing, growing, growing, every day.

And the birds will soon be singing every day,
Northward now they 'll soon be winging every day;
Though the frost is in the air,
There 's a feeling everywhere
That the skies are growing clearer,
And the springtime 's drawing nearer, every day.

Annie Johnson Flint.

BOOKS AND READING



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

RUDYARD KIPLING, MAKER OF MAGIC

WHEN I was a child, one of the friends of our family of whom I was particularly fond was Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, then an old man, with a handsome, patriarchal aspect emphasized by a sweeping white beard.

One day he said to me:

"My dear, it is n't often that you will hear one poet say he would like to have written the verses of another poet. But that is what I say now. I would give a great deal to have written 'The Ballad of East and West,' by a man called Kipling. It's a great, a very great, poem."

That was the first time I had ever heard of Kipling.

That song was written in 1889, and Rudyard Kipling, who was born December 30, 1865, at Bombay, had then been writing some three years; at least, his first published book, "Departmental Ditties, etc.," had been out that long. He had been sub-editor on the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette" since he was seventeen, and had, of course, written for that publication, but so far he showed little sign of the greatness that lay in him, beyond several remarkable stories in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and this ballad so highly praised by Stoddard.

Kipling left off being a boy very early indeed. He came back from England, where he had gone to be educated at the United Services College, in Devon, a man, almost an old man, so precocious, so cynical, so cock-sure of himself was he. But really this was no more than college grown-upness, made the more marked by the Indian background of his childhood, which ripens boy or girl quickly. He has grown a great deal younger since those days of his 'teens and first twenties, younger with a real youth, that sees wonder and miracle in so-called common things, as well as in the simplest of human beings. There is not a shred of cynicism left in Kipling now, but instead

a tremendous reverence for and interest in the works of God and man, a huge sort of tenderness and a perception of infinite meanings, even in iron and steam and machinery.

His early boyhood, nursed on the strange stories of India told him by the ayahs to whose gentle care he was committed, as are all English children born in that far country, was filled full with mystery and magic. The old, old civilization of the East wrapped him close, and has never let him go. With this went the familiar view of the English soldier on his round of duties, naturally a delightful interest for the boy, strong, sturdy, and patriotic. Between the two influences arose an intense appreciation of England's work and responsibilities, of her larger aspects, her world character. This, too, has remained with him.

Next came the experience of school-life, and this must have been a big experience to the quick, sensitive, and yet somewhat rough nature of the lad. The story of "Stalky and Co." tells us what this English school-life was, or, at least, what it was to the writer. It is not a pleasant story; the boys are a lot of young savages, the rules and ethics of their contact with each other being such as would shock a clan of aborigines. But there is nothing half-alive or weakly about the story. Hard knocks and swift reprisals, fierce enmities and passionate friendships, woke all there was in the boys. So far as actual learning went, the young Kipling could n't have acquired any vast amount; his education has been a thing of his own doing, not of other persons'.

Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, who died in 1911, was an artist of considerable charm, for almost twenty years curator of the Central Museum at Lahore, in India. There were two other artists in the family, for one of his mother's sisters was married to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the great preRaphaelite painter, and another to Sir Edward Poynter, who followed Sir John Millais as President of the Royal Academy of

Art. But there seems to have been no writer before Rudyard.

There never was any one more difficult to classify. As soon as people had him labeled as doing one thing, he would begin another. First he wrote sarcastic, cynical tales of the English in India. Then he became the poet of his beloved Tommy Atkins. Then he started in to interpret the native life of India as no one had ever done. Then he revealed himself as a supreme writer for children. Suddenly he sent a thrill through all the British Empire with his "White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional." Next he became intensely modern in his poems and stories of the mechanical achievements of our age, a prophet of yet greater achievements.

He is a man who is at home anywhere in the world. East was east and West was west to him from childhood, both familiar, each clearly defined. Since then he has traveled far and wide, living several years in the United States before at length settling in England. He stirred up all America with his notes on our ways and peculiarities in "From Sea to Sea," yet, when he lay ill here, the very newsboys were interested in his condition, calling out that "Kipling's better, here y' are, extry, one cent!" The man is so big, so real, so intensely sincere, that he takes the heart of the world much as Mark Twain takes it. Yet both these men could and did slash at faults and weakness and pretense with a terrible fierceness.

One day my father took me into the editorial offices of *THE CENTURY* for a chat with Mr. Gilder. One of the first things he said to us was, "Kipling's round here somewhere; don't you want to meet him?" My father had met him before, but I was tremendously excited. I had read everything of his I could get hold of since Mr. Stoddard's remark to me, and I was having all the fun of real hero-worship for the author.

We went into Mr. Gilder's own office and met Kipling there. I looked at him hard. I wanted to be sure of him. He was broad and short and big-headed, with eyes that glowed, a brownish skin, and black hair already graying slightly. I was not disappointed in him. He gave you the feeling that here was force, power, control, and a something genial and warm that I had not looked for. I expected to be afraid of him, and, instead, I felt perfectly at home and at ease with him. He sat down by me and talked and laughed, made fun of several things, though now I cannot remember what they were, and praised the American offices. "Nothing like this sort of thing in England," he said, waving an arm round in a short, quick gesture. "There you have to scramble along narrow dark halls, open doors, fall

down stairs, kick some one who has preceded you, and finally reach an ill-lighted, chilly, barren little room with two or three miserable clerks writing at desks."

The contrast between this picture and the beautiful room in which we sat was so great that I have never forgotten that description, nor yet the slight horror with which I heard that he kicked the unfortunate creature who had preceded him. For I believed every word.



Photography by E. H. B. Co.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was not until 1894 that Kipling published, in your own beloved *ST. NICHOLAS*, his first *Jungle Stories*, revealing a whole new expanse of his genius, and suddenly turning to you young folk from the older readers who had been his public till then. Nothing like these stories had ever been done. They are magic, fairy, full of a wondrous make-believe. Yet they are amazing in their knowledge of animal facts, of natural history, of the forest life of the tropics. They are absolutely true and absolutely imaginary at the same time. And that is just the kind of story-magic that a child wants and understands.

After that came the second book about the jungle, and then the fascinating *Just So Stories*, meant for younger children. But do we ever

grow too big to delight in them, I wonder? Some of us don't, I know! That 's one of the main things about this Kipling: he tells you his stories in such a way that you enjoy them at whatever age. After all, a child, or a boy, or a man, looking through a window at a street full of crowded life, where things were happening all the time, odd people and creatures passing, fights going on, songs being sung, soldiers arm in arm, elephants carrying mysterious burdens, all this and much, much more,—man, boy, child, would n't each of them be tremendously interested, though possibly in different aspects of the show? Of course! And Kipling is such a window. Through him you see into a street that has neither beginning nor end, that leads out on the seven seas and back again, and that is constantly thronged with life. And you don't see only the outside of this life. He shows you what is going on in the minds and hearts of that motley train, even into the feelings of a tiger or an ape. When he tells you about boys, you know he tells the truth, because you are one yourself. And if you are a man or a woman, you know, too, that he is telling the truth. So when he tells you of things you do not know, you don't bother to wonder and doubt; you know those things are true, too.

The two Jungle Books were about animals, the Just So Stories were fanciful conceptions. When Rudyard Kipling turned to write "Puck of Pook's Hill," he went to history.

But have you ever known history to be so up and doing as that book? Here is nothing dry and faded. It is all full of color, movement, the very thrill of life. And such good stories! For though the people are in, the story is never left out, as will sometimes happen with writers who are not born to the true romance, as this man surely is.

Kipling is essentially a man of our own generation, and it is the thing that is happening now that most deeply interests him. But he knows that a man is a man whether it be to-day or a thousand years ago, even as he writes in the ballad I spoke of at the beginning of this article:

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!"

—or the ends of time. That is why he makes history as real as it was, as alive as it was. While he writes about it, it is To-day, not Yesterday.

Then in his "Captains Courageous" he shows how he grasped the Yankee character, writing a story as American as the Cape Cod drawl. Is not such a man a master of magic?

Kipling is the kind of man who has all sorts of strong opinions on a great many subjects. It does n't matter whether or not you agree with all of them. The important point is that he believes them earnestly, and is willing to say so clearly. That is a rare trait, as I think you 'll find, and it is a splendid help in getting ideas settled. When one side is honestly and definitely set forth, why, then, the opposing side can be as thoroughly stated, even if only in your own mind. To know what you believe on many subjects, and why you believe it, is worth a good deal. And to realize that there are things you will not be able to understand, because you are so entirely honest in your mind, is another important thing.

In stories like "They" and "The Brushwood Boy," Kipling confesses the things, or some of them, he does not understand, and yet which he feels exist. Reading them, and reading the "Barack-room Ballads," and the machine stories and songs, and the Mulvaney stories, with the others I have been talking about, we, too, find it difficult to understand that they can be the work of one man. That he could write such a book as "Kim," which all of you must read some day (because not to do it would be to miss traveling through a whole world of wonder, a world entirely removed from ours of America or Europe), and also "McAndrew's Hymn," seems impossible. But there it is!

In 1907 Kipling was presented by the Stockholm Academy with the greatest reward in literature; the Nobel Prize.

There 's another thing about Kipling, and that is the spirit of manliness, devotion to duty, law and order, clean sanity and serene courage, which you get from all he writes. That does n't mean that he leaves all bad men and women and deeds out of his books. He could not do that and tell truth. But, like all the really big writers, it is goodness and strength and honor and self-denial that reach out to you from all he writes. And, if any of you are not sure of this, will you get his poem called "If" and read it carefully? Boy or girl, live up to that poem, and you can meet your Master's eye without shame,

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried . . ."



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT REDDY FOX GAINED A FRIEND

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

It was funny that Tommy never could pass that great gray stone without sitting down on it for a few minutes. It seemed as if he just could n't, that was all. It had been a favorite seat ever since he was big enough to drive the cows to pasture and go after them at night. It was just far enough from home for him to think that he needed a rest when he reached it. You know a growing boy needs to rest often—except when he is playing. He used to take all his troubles there to think them over. The queer part of it is he left a great many of them there, though he did n't seem to know it. If Tommy ever could have seen in one pile all the troubles he had left at that old gray stone, I am afraid that he would have called it the trouble-stone instead of the wishing-stone.

It was only lately that he had begun to call it the wishing-stone. Several times when he had been sitting on it, he had wished foolish wishes and they had come true. At least, it seemed as if they had come true. They had come as true as he ever wanted them to. He was thinking something of this kind now as he stood idly kicking at the old stone. Presently he stopped kicking at it, and, from force of habit, sat down on it. It was a bright, sunshiny day, one of those warm days that sometimes happen right in the middle of winter, as if the weather-man had somehow got mixed and slipped a spring day into the wrong place in the calendar.

From where he sat, Tommy could look over to the Green Forest, which was green now only where the pine-trees and the hemlock-trees and the spruce-trees grew. All the rest was bare and brown, save that the ground was white with snow. He could look across the white meadow-land to the Old Pasture, where in places the brush was so thick that, in summer, he sometimes had to hunt to find the cows. Now, even from this distance, he could trace the windings of the cow-paths, each a ribbon of spotless white. It puzzled him at first. He scowled at them.

"When the whole thing is covered with snow, it ought to be harder to see those paths, but instead of that it is easier," he muttered. "'T ain't reasonable!" Tommy never *could* see any sense in grammar. He scowled harder than ever, but

the scowl was n't an unpleasant one. You know there is a difference in scowls. Some are black and heavy, like ugly thunder-heads, and from them flashes of anger are likely to dart any minute, just as the lightning darts out from the thun-



"THEN HE RAN. HOW HE DID RUN!"
(SEE PAGE 350.)

der-heads. Others are like the big fleecy clouds that hide the sun for a minute or two, and make it seem all the brighter by their passing. There are scowls of anger and scowls of perplexity. It was a scowl of the latter kind that wrinkled Tommy's forehead now. He was trying to understand something that seemed to him quite as much beyond common sense as the rules of the grammar he so detested.

"'T ain't reasonable!" he repeated. "I had n't ought to be able to see 'em at all. But I do. They stick out like—"

No one will ever know just what they stuck

out like, for Tommy never finished that sentence. The scowl cleared and his freckled face fairly beamed. He had made a discovery all by himself, and he felt all the joy of a discoverer. Perhaps you will think it was n't much, but it was really important, so far as it concerned Tommy, because it proved that Tommy was learning to use his eyes and to understand what he saw. He had reasoned the thing out, and when anybody does that, it is always important.

"Why, how simple!" exclaimed Tommy. "Of course I can see those old paths! It would be funny if I could n't. The bushes break through the snow on all sides, but where the paths are, there is nothing to break through, and so they are perfectly smooth and stand right out. Queer I never noticed that before. Hello! what 's that?"

His sharp eyes had caught sight of a little spot of red up in the Old Pasture. It was moving, and, as he watched it, it gradually took shape. It was Reddy Fox, trotting along one of those little white paths. Apparently, Reddy was going to keep an engagement somewhere, for he trotted along quite as if he were bound for some particular place and had no time to waste.

"He 's headed this way, and, if I keep still, perhaps he 'll come close," thought Tommy.

So he sat as still as if he were a part of the old wishing-stone itself. Reddy Fox came straight on. At the edge of the Old Pasture he stopped for a minute and looked across to the Green Forest, as if to make sure that it was perfectly safe to cross the open meadows. Evidently he thought it was, for he resumed his steady trot. If he kept on the way he was headed, he would pass very near to the wishing-stone and to Tommy. Just as he was half-way across the meadows, Chanticleer, Tommy's prize Plymouth Rock rooster, crowed over in the farm-yard. Instantly Reddy stopped with one black paw uplifted and turned his head in the direction of the sound. Tommy could imagine the hungry look in that sharp, crafty face. But Reddy was far too wise to think of going up to the farm-yard in broad daylight, and in a moment resumed his journey.

Nearer and nearer he came, until he was passing not thirty feet away. How handsome he was! His beautiful red coat looked as if the coldest wind never could get through it. His great plume of a tail, black toward the end and just tipped with white, was held high to keep it out of the snow. His black stockings, white vest, and black-tipped ears gave him a wonderfully fine appearance. Quite a dandy is Reddy Fox, and he looked it.

He was almost past, when Tommy squeaked

like a mouse. Like a flash Reddy turned, his sharp ears cocked forward, his yellow eyes agleam with hunger. There he stood, as motionless as Tommy himself, eagerness written in every line of his face. It was very clear that, no matter how important his business in the Green Forest was, he did n't intend knowingly to pass anything so delicious as a meadow-mouse. Once more Tommy squeaked. Instantly Reddy took several steps toward him, looking and listening intently. A look of doubt crept into his eager face. That old gray stone did n't look just as he remembered it. For a long minute he stared straight at Tommy. Then a puff of wind fluttered the bottom of Tommy's coat, and perhaps at the same time it carried to Reddy that dreaded man smell.

Reddy almost turned a back-somersault in his hurry to get away. Then he ran. How he did run! In almost no time at all he had reached the Green Forest and vanished from Tommy's sight. Quite without knowing it Tommy sighed.

"My, how handsome he is!" You know Tommy is freckle-face and rather homely. "And gee, how he can run!" he added admiringly. "It must be fun to be able to run like that. It must be fun to be a fox anyhow. I wonder what it feels like. I wish I were a fox."

If he had remembered where he was, perhaps Tommy would have thought twice before wishing. But he had forgotten. Forgetting was one of Tommy's besetting sins. Hardly had the words left his mouth, when Tommy found that he *was* a fox, red-coated, black-stockinged—the very image of Reddy himself. And with that change in himself everything else had changed. It was summer. The Green Meadows and the Green Forest were very beautiful. Even the Old Pasture was beautiful. But Tommy had no eyes for beauty. All that beauty meant nothing to him save that now there was plenty to eat and no great trouble to get it. Everywhere the birds were singing, but, if Tommy heeded at all, it was only to wish that some of the sweet songsters would come down on the ground where he could catch them. Those songs made him hungry. He knew of nothing he liked better, next to fat meadow-mice, than birds. That reminded him that some of them nest on the ground, Mrs. Grouse for instance. He had little hope that he could catch her, for it seemed as if she had eyes in the back of her head; but she should have a family by this time, and if he could find those youngsters—the very thought made his mouth water, and he started for the Green Forest.

Once there, he visited one place after another where he thought he might find Mrs. Grouse. He was almost ready to give up and go back to the

Green Meadows to hunt for meadow-mice, when a sudden rustling in the dead leaves made him stop short and strain his ears. There was a faint *kwitt*, and then all was still. Tommy took three or four steps and then—could he believe his eyes? There was Mrs. Grouse fluttering on the ground just in front of him! One wing dragged as if broken. Tommy made a quick spring and then another. Somehow Mrs. Grouse just managed to get out of his way. But she could n't fly. She



"TOMMY TOOK THREE OR FOUR STEPS AND THEN—
COULD HE BELIEVE HIS EYES!"

could n't even run as she usually did. It was only luck that she had managed to evade him. Very stealthily he approached her as she lay fluttering among the leaves. Then, gathering himself for a long jump, he sprang. Once more he missed her, by a mere matter of inches it seemed. The same thing happened again and still again. It was maddening to have such a good dinner so near and yet not be able to get it. Then something happened that made Tommy feel so foolish that he wanted to sneak away. With a roar of wings Mrs. Grouse sailed up over the tree-tops and out of sight!

"Huh! Have n't you learned that trick yet?" said a voice.

Tommy turned. There was Reddy Fox grinning at him. "What trick?" he demanded.

"Why, that old Grouse was just fooling you!" replied Reddy. "There was nothing the matter with her. She was just pretending. She had a whole family of young ones hidden close by the place where you first saw her. My, but you are easy!"

"Let 's go right back there!" cried Tommy.

"No use. Not the least bit," declared Reddy. "It 's too late. Let 's go over on the meadows and hunt for mice."

Together they trotted over to the Green Meadows. All through the grass were private little paths made by the mice. The grass hung over them so that they were more like tunnels than paths. Reddy crouched down by one which smelled very strong of mouse. Tommy crouched down by another. Presently there was the faint sound of tiny feet running. The grass moved ever so little over the small path Reddy was watching. Suddenly he sprang, and his two black paws came down together on something that gave a pitiful squeak. Reddy had caught a mouse without even seeing it. He had known just where to jump by the movement of the grass. Presently Tommy caught one the same way. Then, because they knew that the mice right around there were frightened, they moved on to another part of the meadows.

"I know where there are some young woodchucks," said Tommy, who had unsuccessfully tried for one of them that very morning.

"Where?" demanded Reddy.

"Over by that old tree on the edge of the meadow," replied Tommy. "It is n't the least bit of use to try for them. They don't go far enough away from their hole, and their mother keeps watch all the time. There she is now."

Sure enough, there sat old Mrs. Chuck, looking, at that distance, for all the world like a stake driven in the ground.

"Come on," said Reddy. "We 'll have one of those chucks."

But instead of going toward the woodchuck home, Reddy turned in quite the opposite direction. Tommy did n't know what to make of it, but he said nothing, and trotted along behind. When they were where Reddy knew that Mrs. Chuck could no longer see them, he stopped.

"There 's no hurry," said he. "There seems to be plenty of grasshoppers here, and we may as well catch a few. When Mrs. Chuck has forgotten all about us, we 'll go over there."

Tommy grinned to himself. "If he thinks we are going to get over there without being seen, he 's got something to learn," thought Tommy. But he said nothing, and, for lack of anything better to do, he caught grasshoppers. After a

while, Reddy said he guessed it was about time to go chuck-hunting.

"You go straight over there," said he. "When you get near, Mrs. Chuck will send all the little Chucks down into their hole and then she will follow, only she 'll stay where she can peep out and watch you. Go right up to the hole so that she will go down out of sight and wait there until I come. I 'll hide right back of that tree, and then you go off as if you had given up trying to



"'COME ON,' SAID REDDY. 'WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THOSE CHUCKS.'"

catch any of them. Go hunt meadow-mice far enough away so that she won't be afraid. I 'll do the rest."

Tommy did n't quite see through the plan, but he did as he was told. As he drew near Mrs. Chuck, she did just as Reddy said she would—sent her youngsters down underground. Then, as he drew nearer, she followed them. Tommy kept on right up to her door-step. The smell of those Chucks was maddening. He was tempted to try to dig them out, only somehow he just felt that it would be of no use. He was still half minded to try, however, when Reddy came trotting up and flattened himself in the long grass behind the trunk of the tree. Tommy knew then that it was time for him to do the rest of his part. He turned his back on the woodchuck home

and trotted off across the meadow. He had n't gone far when, looking back, he saw Mrs. Chuck sitting up very straight and still on her door-step, watching him. Not once did she take her eyes from him. Tommy kept on, and presently began to hunt for meadow-mice. But he kept one eye on Mrs. Chuck, and presently he saw her look this way and that, as if to make sure that all was well. Then she must have told her children that they could come out to play once more, for out they came. By this time Tommy was so excited that he almost forgot that he was supposed to be hunting mice.

Presently he saw a red flash from behind the old tree. There was a frightened scurry of little Chucks and old Mrs. Chuck dove into her hole. Reddy barked joyfully. Tommy hurried to join him. There on the ground lay two little Chucks with the life shaken out of them.

"Did n't I tell you we 'd have Chuck for dinner?" said Reddy. "What one can't do, two can."

After that, Tommy and Reddy often hunted together, and Reddy taught Tommy many things. So the summer passed with plenty to eat and nothing to worry about. Not once had he known that terrible fear—the fear of being hunted—which is so large a part of the lives of Danny Meadow-mouse and Peter Rabbit, and even Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Instead of being afraid, he was feared. He was the hunter instead of the hunted. Day and night, for he was abroad at night quite as much as by day, he went where he pleased and did as he pleased, and was happy, for there was nothing to worry him. Having plenty to eat, he kept away from the homes of men. He had been warned that there was danger there.

At last the weather grew cold. There were no more grasshoppers. There were no more foolish young rabbits or woodchucks or grouse, for those who had escaped had grown up and were wise and smart. Every day it grew harder to get enough to eat. The cold weather made him hungrier than ever, and now he had little time for sun-naps or idle play. He had to spend most of the time that he was awake hunting. He never knew where the next meal was coming from, as did thrifty Striped Chipmunk, and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Danny Meadow-mouse. It was hunt, hunt, hunt, and a meal only when his wits were sharper than the wits of those he hunted. He knew now what real hunger was. He knew what it was most of the time. So when, late one afternoon, he surprised a fat hen who had strayed away from the flock behind the barn of a lonely farm, he thought that never had he tasted any-

thing more delicious. Thereafter he visited chicken-houses and stole many fat pullets. To him they were no more than the wild birds he hunted, only more foolish and so easily caught.

And then one morning after a successful raid on a poultry-house, he heard for the first time the voices of dogs on his trail. He, the hunter, was being hunted. At first it did n't bother him at all. He would run away and leave them far behind. So he ran, and when their voices were faint and far away, he lay down to rest. But presently he grew uneasy. Those voices were drawing nearer. Those dogs were following his every twist and turn with their noses in his tracks, just as he had so often followed a rabbit. For hours he ran, and still those dogs followed. He was almost ready to drop, when he chanced to run along in a tiny brook, and, after he left that, he heard no more of the dogs that day. So he learned that running water broke his trail.

The next day the dogs found his trail again, and, as he ran from them through a swamp, there was a sudden flash and a dreadful noise. Something stung him sharply on the shoulder. As he looked back, he caught a glimpse of a man with something in his hands that looked like a stick with smoke coming from the end of it. That night, as he lay licking his wounds, he knew that now he, who had known no fear, would never again be free from it—the fear of man.

Little by little he learned how to fool and outwit the dogs. He learned that water destroyed his scent. He learned that dry sand did not hold it. He learned to run along stone walls and then jump far out into the field and so break his trail. He learned that, if he dashed through a flock of sheep, the foolish animals would rush around in aimless fright, and their feet would stamp out his trail. These and many other sharp tricks he learned, so that after a while he had no fear of the dogs. But his fear of man grew greater rather than less, and was with him at all times.

So all through the fall he hunted and was hunted. Then came the snow, the beautiful white snow. All day it fell, and when at night the moon came out, the earth was covered with a wonderful white carpet. Through the Green Forest and over the meadows Tommy hunted. One lone shivering little wood-mouse he dug out of a moldering old stump, but this was only a bite. He visited one hen-house after another, only to find each without so much as a loose board by means of which he might get in. It was dreadful to be so hungry.

As if this were not enough, the breaking of the day brought the sound of dogs on his trail. "I'll fool them in short order," thought he.

Alas! Running in the snow was a very different matter from running on the bare ground. One trick after another he tried, the very best he knew, the ones which never had failed before; but all in vain. Wherever he stepped he left a footprint plain to see. Though he might fool the noses of the dogs, he could not fool the eyes of their masters. Now one thing he had long ago learned, and this was never to seek his underground den unless he must, for then the dogs and



THE SURPRISED A FAL HEN WHO HAD SURVIVED AWAY FROM THE FLOCK

the hunters would know where he lived. So now Tommy ran and ran, hoping to fool the dogs, but not able to. At last he realized this, and started for his den. He felt that he had got to. Running in the snow was hard work. His legs ached with weariness. His great plume of a tail, of which he was so proud, was a burden now. It had become wet with the snow and so heavy that it hampered and tired him.

A great fear, a terrible fear, filled Tommy's heart. Would he be able to reach that snug den in time? He was panting hard for breath, and his legs moved slower and slower. The voices of the dogs seemed to be in his very ears. Glancing back over his shoulder, he could see them gaining with every jump, the fierce joy of the hunt and the lust of killing in their eyes. He

knew now the feeling, the terror and dreadful hopelessness, of the meadow-mice and rabbits he had so often run down. Just ahead was a great gray rock. From it he would make one last long jump in an effort to break the trail. In his fear he quite forgot that he was in plain sight now, and that his effort would be useless.

Up on the rock he leaped wearily, and—Tommy rubbed his eyes. Then he pinched himself to make quite sure that he was really himself. He shivered, for he was in a cold sweat—the sweat of fear. Before him stretched the snow-covered meadows, and away over beyond was the Old Pasture with the cow-paths showing like white ribbons. Half-way across the meadows, running toward him with their noses to the ground and making the echoes ring with the joy of the hunt, were two hounds. A dark figure moving on the edge of the Old Pasture caught his eyes and held them. It was a hunter. Reddy Fox, handsome, crafty Reddy, into whose hungry yellow eyes he had looked so short a time before, would soon be running for his life.

Hastily Tommy jumped to his feet and hurried over to the trail Reddy had made as he ran for

the Green Forest. With eager feet he kicked the snow over those telltale tracks for a little way. He waited for those eager hounds, and when they reached the place where he had broken the trail, he drove them away. They and the hunter might pick up the trail again in the Green Forest, but at least Reddy would have time to get a long start of them and a good chance of getting away altogether.

Then he went back to the wishing-stone and looked down at it thoughtfully. "And I actually wished I could be a fox!" he exclaimed. "My, but I'm glad I'm not! I guess Reddy has trouble enough without one making him any more. He may kill a lot of innocent little creatures, but he has to live, and it's no more than men do." (He was thinking of the chicken dinner he would have that day.) "I'm going straight over to the Old Pasture and take up that trap I set yesterday. I guess a boy's troubles don't amount to much, after all. I'm gladder than ever that I'm a boy, and—and—well, if Reddy Fox is smart enough to get one of my chickens now and then, he's welcome. It must be awful to be hungry all the time."

(To be continued.)



SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

New dolly, you are very sweet!

With lips and teeth, and truly hair!
And you can bend your hands and feet,
Instead of sprawling here and there.
And you can close your eyes up tight,
Instead of staring, day and night.

I am so very proud of you!

I know now just how Mother feels
When I am dressed my nicest, too,

And there is company to meals.
A mother takes a lot of pride
In pretty children at her side.

I think I'll call you Anna Belle,—
You must n't let it make you vain,—
Or, maybe, you are Lady Nell;
My rag-doll's name was only Jane.
I hope she won't feel bad, but—well—
I re'lyze, now, that she *was* plain.



"I AM SO VERY PROUD OF YOU"



EVERYCHILD BY CONTENT S. NICHOLS A SCHOOL MORALITY

How Everychild sought for a companion on her quest for Goodness & Beauty, & having at length chosen, received also certain treasure.

CHARACTERS

Everychild · Joy · Mathematics · Latin ·
Idleness · Service · Gaiety · Discipline.

A Page (if necessary)

No stage setting except a chair.



(Enter Everychild.)

EVERYCHILD. Were there not voices here? I came to see
If this could be my chosen company.
For I am growing now, and seek to come
Where Goodness, and where Beauty, have their
home.

I am alone; but Everychild, they say,
May choose what friends she'll have upon her way.

(Thinks.)

I'll call for Idleness, she is so soft!
She will not make me climb, nor scold me oft.
Idleness! Idleness! come!

(Enter, slowly, Idleness, in soft robes, with
large fan and box of chocolates.)

IDLENESS (languidly). Beautiful dreams
And chocolate creams
Are all I desire of the world as a boon.
No heat, and no strife;
The pleasantest life
Is to swing in a hammock the long afternoon.

(Sinks into a chair.)

EVERYCHILD. But will you talk with me, and guard
me well,
And guide where Beauty bright, and Goodness,
dwell?

IDLENESS. No heat, and no strife;
The pleasantest life
Is to swing in a hammock the long afternoon.
Beautiful dreams—

EVERYCHILD. But will you, Idleness,—

IDLENESS. Beautiful dreams
And chocolate creams
Are all I desire of the world—

EVERYCHILD. I cannot bear you! Lazy thing!
away!

I will have friends that laugh, and run, and play!

(Idleness goes languidly out, fanning herself.)

EVERYCHILD. I'll call for Gaiety! She is so fleet.
Her bright wings fly beyond our mortal feet.
And she has passed all shores, and knows full well
Where radiant Goodness, and where Beauty, dwell.

Gaiety! Gaiety! come!

(Gaiety runs and dances on, in light costume,
with wings. She flies to and fro across
the stage, while Everychild runs after her,
crying, "Take me!" but is left behind. Gaiety
slaps her and runs off.)

EVERYCHILD (sobbing). She slapped me just
because I could not fly,
And now she leaves me all alone to cry!

What shall I do? How shall I ever come
Where Beauty bright, and Goodness, have their
home?

—I'll call for Joy! She has bright hair of gold,
Sweet songs, and dancing footfalls, so I'm told.

Joy! O Joy! (No answer.)

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity;

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his life!"

Joy! Joy! come! (No answer.)

She will not come. Alas!

(Enter Latin, in dark gown, with blue veil-
ing over hair and shoulders, carrying heavy
volumes.)

EVERYCHILD. Oh, who are you? you don't look
very nice.

LATIN. Stella, stellae, stellae, stellam, stella:
Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant.

EVERYCHILD. But what's your name? How old
are you?

LATIN. My name is Latin. Ages old am I,
And many a state have I seen rise and die.
I reigned alone in Europe many a year;
Barbarians trembled when my voice drew near.
To Dante, Latin was his other tongue;
In Latin, Milton, as in English, sung;
And many a child have I trained up to see
How different Tweedledum from Tweedledee!

EVERYCHILD. Oh, I don't know! You look so old
and blue.

And must I study those great books all through?

LATIN. Yes, that you must. But take my hand
and come,

For I have treasures in my mountain home:
Right habits, carefulness, foundations firm
For every language that the moderns learn,
Choice words, the source of English sound and pure.
How say you? Can you follow, and endure?

EVERYCHILD. But can you play with me, and guard
me well,

And guide where Beauty bright, and Goodness,
dwell?

LATIN. Aye, that I can. I know their home on
high—

(As Everychild puts her hand in Latin's and advances a step, enter Mathematics, also in dark gown, with head covered, carrying slate or compasses.)

LATIN. Hail, Sister!

MATHEMATICS. Hail!

EVERYCHILD. But who is this? And must she with us go?

Your family are all so dark and slow!

No, I don't think I like you. What's your name?

MATHEMATICS. In every tongue my symbols are the same.

2×1 are 2, 2×2 are 4, 2×3 are 6—

My name is Mathematics. Many a year

We'll doubtless be acquainted—never fear.

EVERYCHILD. But you look stiff and stern. Why don't you sing.

And smile, and wear soft robes?

MATHEMATICS.

A mighty king

I serve, and it is mine to teach and train.

A trinomial is a perfect square when two of its terms are perfect squares and positive, and the third term is twice the product of their square roots.

EVERYCHILD *(who has put her fingers to her ears during the definition)*.

No, I don't like you! I won't take your hand, For you have nothing that I want.

(Turns away.)

MATHEMATICS.

Nay, stand!

Stand thou and listen! Royal gifts have I,

Gifts men have sold their mortal lives to buy;

'T is I that build the house, that count the tide;

I lay the rails, I span the waters wide;

I teach how planets sail the ether high;

I guide the aeroplane that dares the sky;

I tunnel deep where mighty rivers roll;

I plant the stars and stripes upon the pole!

Lo, this is I!

EVERYCHILD. Oh, let me go with you! and can you tell

Where radiant Goodness, and where Beauty, dwell?

MATHEMATICS. Their servant am I. I can lead you— Stay!

(As they begin to go off together, enter Discipline, in black gown and cap, with bunch of switches, arms folded, frowning.)

EVERYCHILD. Oh, I'm afraid—I think I'll run away.

You naughty thing! How dare you! Go away!

DISCIPLINE. Control yourself.

EVERYCHILD. I won't. I want to do just as I choose!

LATIN *(after a pause)*. Then you must leave us.

Ah—do not refuse

To follow Discipline, for he is good;

He tames the insolent, informs the rude.

He frowns, but he will let you run and grow

If but his precepts you incline to know.

DISCIPLINE. Let kittens play, but men must toil and soar;

Honor thyself, but honor others more.

No vulgar aim to monarchs do I bring;

Rule well thy mind, for in it thou art king!

LATIN. Through Discipline alone canst thou attain to be

Thyself, thy highest self, eternally.

EVERYCHILD. Yes, I was silly. I will take his hand.

He too shall guide me into Beauty's land.

(She advances to take his hand. As he says the next lines, he throws down his switches, or, if a girl, throws off dark gown and veil, and draws forth a box of treasures. At the same time, Latin and Mathematics throw off their dark gowns and veils, and appear in light garments, with flowers, fillets, or wreaths on their heads. The page may give Latin a wreath, Mathematics a lighted lantern, and gather up the gowns.)

DISCIPLINE. O strong young child, since you have followed me,

No longer ugly Discipline I'll be.

A fairer self I show to each brave soul:

In Beauty's land they call me Self-control.

Mine are these stores of treasures manifold. *(Pouring into her hands.)*

My silver rusts not, nor my well-tried gold.

LATIN. O thou dear child, that chose with me to come,

Now shall we reach the heights of Beauty's home.

He that has climbed shall breathe the mountain air;

He that has learned shall read the pages fair,

Shall understand, shall learn himself to speak.

Fair are the flowers on the mountain peak!

(Crowning her with the wreath.)

Beautiful words, and noble thoughts, are these,

Fine feelings, witty sayings, grace, and ease!

MATHEMATICS. O thou dear child, since thou wert not afraid

Of my slow step, dark dress, and heavy tread,

To thy small hand entrust I now this light *(gives lantern)*.

Through all the ages ever burning bright.

Clear thoughts be thine, and Truth shall keep the flame,

For from her altar at the first it came.

(Enter Joy and Service, quickly, hand in hand; in bright floating dresses, with wings. Joy with wreath of flowers, a star on her head and a wand; Service with Greek fillet, scattering flowers.)

EVERYCHILD. Why, are n't you Joy?

Joy.

Oh, yes! I could not stay,

Where Service goes, I follow. That's our way.

(They kiss, and circle in a little dance, which may end in a kiss.)

LATIN. To guide the child they come, on high command.

Service and Joy go ever hand in hand.

SERVICE. In our bright home I heard the spirits say A child was seeking me this very day.

Gladly I hastened when I heard them speak;

Who seeketh Service hath not far to seek.

Then followed Joy, the loveliest of our band:

Service and Joy go ever hand in hand.

(They repeat the dance and kiss.)

SERVICE. Now on our happy journey let us come To that bright land where Goodness is at home,

Where Beauty is, where we desire to dwell.

Joy. Farewell, ye mortals all! Farewell!

(Going.)

DISCIPLINE. Farewell!

LATIN, EVERYCHILD, and MATHEMATICS. Farewell!

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



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AT PANAMA, JULY 4, 1914—A SUBMARINE COMING TO THE SURFACE.

WHAT THE DREADNOUGHTS DREAD

BY HENRY M. SNEVILY

"THIS is the favorite time of day for submarines to attack," said the lieutenant of marines.

We were standing on the quarter-deck of the United States armored cruiser *Washington*, one of a fleet of fourteen war-ships slowly nosing their way toward the entrance to Long Island Sound. It was early dawn, and there was no direct light from the sun to glint on the slender periscope of a submarine, should it come sneaking along toward us.

Off to port the low banks of Block Island made a bump on the horizon, and somewhere west of it lay the enemy we had driven into the Sound

Connecticut shore, in order to get at New York.

"We'd probably be one of the first ships struck if the sneaky little things attacked the fleet," continued the lieutenant; "for we are one of the screening vessels."

That meant that we were one of a ring of ships "screening" the main division from attack.

The lieutenant had scarcely finished speaking, when there was a considerable commotion on the surface of the water about fifty yards to starboard. A slender, spar-like finger appeared, and, following it, a strange object splashed to the surface much as a dolphin at play might do. A round hatch in the top of the object opened, a man with a lieutenant's epaulets rose head and shoulders above the opening, waved his cap exultantly, and shouted:

"Ahoy, *Washington*! You're sunk!"

And in theory we were. In actual warfare, under like conditions, we should have been.

The lieutenant sent an orderly below to inform the captain of our sinking. "You see," he explained, "these fellows choose the early dawn because it's harder then to see the periscopes if they have to come to the surface to look around, and it's harder to see the foam they make be-

cause the sun does n't shine on it to make it sparkle."

This incident was one of half a dozen I have seen during battle practice, and it showed that



SUBMARINE BOAT CONSTRUCTED BY SYMONS IN 1747.

the night before. It was not a real enemy, but Uncle Sam's sea-fighters were playing at the war game, and our fleet was trying to force an entrance to the waters between Long Island and the

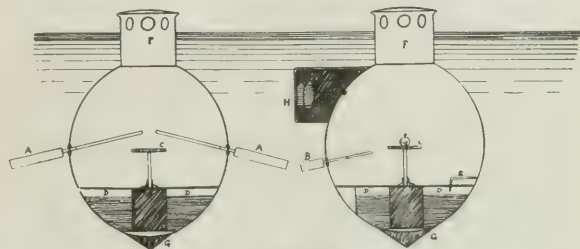
submarines are a power to be reckoned with as a naval weapon. Every one knows of the feats performed by British and German submarines in the present war. For the first time in history, these deadly craft have proved their practical value in actual warfare, and they have been hailed as the newest instrument of battle at sea. In anything approximating their present degree of perfection they are new; but submarine navigation is centuries old. Certain old records mention an "under-sea galley" which the Phenicians invented, but no details are given as to the construction, and the date of the venture is unknown. Aristotle is authority for the story that when Alexander the Great laid siege to the Phenician city of Tyre, he used diving-bells to get men into the city to start fires. While these were not submarine boats, they at least showed that the ancients realized the war value of operating under water, and had knowledge of some of the principles on which the science is founded to-day.

An important step in submarine navigation was made by Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutch physician, who, in 1620, constructed the first actual boat for use under water of which we have any authentic description. This craft was constructed of wood, and was made water-tight by greased leather, which was stretched tightly over the entire hull.

All the earlier submarines were constructed of wood, but in 1634 a certain Father Mersenne suggested the use of metal for the hulls. He also declared that the only shape for a submarine boat was that of a fish, and that both ends should be spindle-shaped, so that the vessel could go in either direction. Although Father Mersenne never built his submarine, these first two principles have finally been accepted, and the submarines of to-day are, roughly, formed like fish, and all are made of metal.

In 1747, an Englishman named Symons, or Simons, made a wooden boat shaped like a galley, large enough to hold two or three men. It was operated by oars and steered by an oar, but his method for sinking and rising was ingenious. Along the sides were a number of leather bottles. When the inventor desired to sink, he allowed water to run into these bottles, the necks of which were, of course, outside the boat and the bottles inside. When he wished to come to the surface, he expelled the water from the bottles

by squeezing them, and prevented it from flowing back by fastening the necks. Crude as this method was, it is the principle which, highly developed, is used in the submarine to-day. The "Gentleman's Magazine" describes Symons's boat and the London "Graphic" of the time

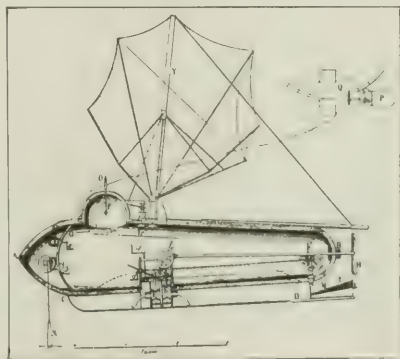


THE *TURTLE*. INVENTED BY DAVID BUSHNELL.

printed a picture of it, which we have reproduced on the opposite page.

Very few historians of the War of the American Revolution mention submarines, yet one of these craft, described by Alan H. Burgoyne in "Submarine Navigation, Past and Present," was used in an attack on British ships in New York Harbor.

David Bushnell, an American, made several successful under-water trips in a copper vessel which, because of its shape, he called the *Turtle*. A number of old diagrams of this craft have been



THE *NAUTILUS*. INVENTED BY ROBERT FULTON.

preserved, and, although they differ somewhat, the accompanying cut is generally considered authentic.

The *Turtle* was propelled by oars, AA. The paddle with which she was steered is shown at B, and these three oars, or paddles, were, of course, fitted into air-tight holes. The navigator could

charge of powder, which was to be used to blow in the bottom of a vessel.

So successful were the trials of the *Turtle* that the inventor obtained permission from General

Parsons to blow up the British frigate *Eagle*, sixty-four guns, which was lying with the fleet just north of Staten Island, in New York Harbor. As Bushnell was not a recognized belligerent, he instructed Sergeant Ezra Lee in the operation of his craft, and this gallant soldier made the perilous attempt.

At night he was towed by rowboats almost to the *Eagle*, then sank and managed to work the *Turtle* under the frigate, but it was not possible to fasten the bomb to the copper bottom of the vessel, and the tide carried him away.

All thought that Lee had lost his life, but, after hours of heartbreaking work at the oars, he managed to make his way back to the Americans. Meanwhile, the bomb had drifted away, and exploded where it did no harm except to frighten the crews of several passing ships half out of their wits.

All this was in 1776. Twenty-four years later, another American, Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, produced the most successful submarine boat known up to that time. Napoleon Bonaparte, then first consul of France, had given



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SOME OF THE SUBMARINES ON SERVICE AT THE PANAMA CANAL.

sit on the seat, C. The boat was caused to sink or rise by pumping water into or out of the tanks, DD; and E shows a pipe by which they were filled. F was a conning-tower just about large enough for a man's head. The port-holes were of glass. Bushnell employed a safety weight, which is shown in the diagram at G. This was a large lump of lead, which was to be unscrewed if anything went wrong and the vessel would not rise when the water was pumped out, or if the pumps should not work. On one occasion the screw



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A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

broke, and this lump of lead could not be removed, an accident which all but cost Bushnell his life.

H in the diagram shows a bomb, or detachable

Fulton 10,000 francs to perfect his invention, and the ingenious American had devised a cigar-shaped craft twenty-one feet four inches long, and capable of holding several men.

The hull was of copper with ribs of iron, and, when navigating on the surface, it was propelled by a sail fitted to a collapsible mast which folded into a groove when the *Nautilus*, as she was called, sank.

In May, 1801, Fulton and one sailor went down in the River Seine and remained twenty minutes. On rising to the surface, he saw that the current had carried him far down-stream, so he plunged again and returned, under water, to the starting-

merged. Dr. Payerme, a Frenchman, was the first to solve this problem in a practical manner, in 1846. He used compressed air in storage tanks for breathing purposes, and also had an opening in the bottom of his vessel. When this was to be opened, he increased the air-pressure in the hull itself until it was sufficient to keep out the water. It is this principle which to-day makes possible the discharge of torpedoes from the tubes of a submarine at any practical depth.



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THE U. S. SUBMARINE D-1, IN A NAVAL REVIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

point. During this trial the only light he had was given by one candle, and, among other improvements, he immediately installed plates of glass to let in a certain amount of light while submerged.

Shortly afterward, at Brest, he sailed out of the harbor, and, while throngs watched him from shore and from vessels, he suddenly lowered his little sail and disappeared beneath the waves. On this occasion he remained down five hours, but nevertheless the French Government declined to purchase his invention.

All these early submarines were propelled by oars or by paddle-wheels which had to be operated by hand or by treadmills, and it was this mechanical imperfection in means of propulsion which was, for the most part, responsible for their failure.

Another drawback was the lack of means for exit or ingress of bodies or objects while sub-

Le Diable Marin (The Sea-devil) was one of the most famous of the nineteenth-century submarines. It was the invention of Wilhelm Bauer, a German, who launched it in 1856. His own Government would not consider his invention, but he finally interested Russia.

Le Diable Marin was fifty-two feet long, and built of iron more than half an inch thick. A screw, operated by a treadmill, propelled the vessel, which rose or sank by shifting water in tanks running lengthwise of the craft, while the air in the hull was freshened by spraying it with water. At the bow was a bomb or torpedo containing 500 pounds of powder, and near it were two heavy india-rubber gloves, by means of which a man inside the vessel could reach out and fasten the bomb to the bottom or side of a ship.

In May, 1856, he approached Kronstadt under water, and when in sight of one of the forts suddenly rose to the surface. A sentry saw him



THE AGE OF THE MOTOR—THE AÉROPLANE, THE AUTOMOBILE, THE SUBMARINE.

and, dropping his gun, ran in terror for his life. Bauer sank again, and repeated his maneuver at the next fort. Before he had reached the inner harbor, the entire city was in a turmoil.

With a crew of thirteen Russians to operate his boat, Bauer executed many wonderful maneuvers, and on one occasion stayed under water while he wrote letters to his mother, and to King Maximilian of Bavaria and the Grand Duke Constantine.

Eventually, the Russian Government lost interest in the vessel, which, at last, met with an accident and sank.

The American Civil War greatly stimulated schemes for submarine navigation, although few practical vessels resulted. The Federal Government tested several craft in the Hudson River, but none were of any use. The Confederates did, however, develop a type known, from the name of the first of their class, as *Dauids*, which did some effective work. These were, technically, submersibles rather than submarines. The hull was completely under water, though a low conning-tower which protruded a few inches above the surface enabled the navigator to see where he was steering.

After the Civil War, science progressed so rapidly that submarines became more and more practicable. The use of oil as fuel, internal combustion engines, electricity, the use of highly compressed air for the shooting of projectiles, the perfection of the torpedo, and especially the storage battery, all made submarine navigation a reality, and an art to be reckoned with in war.

It is not our purpose to attempt a technical description of modern submarines. Volumes have been written on the subject, and, besides, in the last analysis, all the governments of the world jealously guard the secrets of their particular type of craft, and its details are not made public until they are out of date. In the series "With Men Who Do Things," St. NICHOLAS has already given its readers some idea of the interior construction of a modern submarine.

That submarines are wickedly effective has been demonstrated in the present war, and, although they have not proved themselves worthy substitutes for dreadnoughts, they may well be a terror to this class of vessel cruising near land.

The submarine to-day can keep to the sea for days at a time, submerging itself whenever it is in danger of detection, or even after it is detected, and can remain under water long enough to elude the most vigilant pursuit. Compressed air in tanks supplies the crew with good atmosphere, and devices for the generation of oxygen are used in emergency.

Unlike the older submarines, we no longer depend upon horizontal rudders to give the boat a downward direction. Tanks fore and aft are filled or emptied when it is desirable to plunge or to rise, and the range of the torpedo is so great that the largest dreadnought may be struck without the submarine running any danger of being damaged by the explosion.

By means of the periscope, the navigating officer may see a vessel ahead of him without showing above the surface anything but a spar-like object which, by means of a system of mirrors and lenses, presents an image of whatever object is ahead to the eye of the officer who may be several feet under water.

"How could we defend ourselves against those deadly little fellows?" I asked the lieutenant with whom I had been "sunk" on the *Washington*.

"By running like fun," he said grimly. "That's the only way. The biggest ship afloat has got to put on full speed and get away if she sights a submarine. Submerged, they can't go as fast as a war-ship, and, of course, they would n't dare to navigate on the surface under the fire of heavy guns. Even on the surface, they can't compete for speed with a battle-ship, a cruiser, or a torpedo-boat destroyer. The trouble is, you can't see them. They sneak up just as this one did."

"And even the big thirteen-inch guns are useless against them?" I said.

"Not a bit of use," he replied laconically. "If she showed her periscope, we could try a couple of pot-shots or so with our smaller guns, and if we smashed that, it might make her helpless; but it's a long chance. No, sir, we'd have to run."

And that seems to be the verdict of naval authorities throughout the world.

THE SKILL OF A MOUSE

ONE day, a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown-backed mouse, a meadow-mouse, that had come out from his home under the log, and, when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however, for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as

high as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length, and the freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two, and again the upper portion settled down. In his way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skilful little hands, and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple. C. R. SMITH.

A FREAK CACTUS

THE photograph shows a new-comer in the cactus-world for the scientists to worry over. Whether it is a freak or a distinct variety which



IS IT A NEW VARIETY?

has hitherto escaped notice, botanists are unable to determine. Curiously enough, it resembles in general contour the famed "Traveler's Palm" of the tropics, and like that interesting plant, this cactus stores up water for the thirsty wayfarer behind its thorny armor. A guess has been made that the cluster form of the cactus is the result of an injury to the top of the plant, but the theory has not been proved.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

A BIRD MONUMENT

A MONUMENT that is unique has been erected in Salt Lake City in memory of a providential flight of sea-gulls which, in the early days of that



THE GULL MONUMENT.

State, saved the crops in Utah from a pest of black crickets.

The shaft of granite is surmounted by a very graceful bronze, showing a pair of sea-gulls alighting with outstretched wings, while bronze reliefs on the pedestal tell the history of the timely visit of the birds.

It was many years ago, in 1848, that the early settlers in Utah saw their entire crop of grain destroyed by the insect plague. Not a vestige of green was left in the fields, and the farmers were in despair, for it was almost a matter of life and death to harvest a crop, as supplies were very hard to obtain in that early period.

Their dismay was beyond words when the second planting of grain was attacked by the crickets, the land being literally covered with the black and destroying horde of insects.

Before the second crop was totally destroyed, however, relief came to the settlers in the form of an amazing flight of sea-gulls, many thousands of them, which devoured the insects wholesale, so that in a short time they completely disappeared and the remainder of the crop was saved.

The story of the sea-gulls was handed down from father to son as one of the traditions of the State, and, as an expression of gratitude, the monument to the sea-gulls was unveiled recently

in Salt Lake City, the dedication being witnessed by about half a dozen survivors of 1848 who had seen the destructive insects destroyed by the birds. A descendant of one of these pioneers was the designer and sculptor of this monument which should remain an object-lesson and reminder of the debt the farmer owes to his winged friends in checking destructive insect life.

C. L. EDHOLM.

THE MOST VALUABLE FUR-BEARING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD

THE black fox, found in the wilds of northern Canada from the Alberta border to the Arctic Sea, is one of the rarest and wariest of wild ani-

reached New York, Paris, Leipzig, and the other great fur marts of the world.

In comparison with this, a live animal brings from \$1000 to \$5000, with occasional exceptional prices, as high as \$7000, for particularly fine specimens. A pure black animal brings the highest price, and the value grades down through the silver gray and cross foxes to the first mentioned sum.

The increased price paid for the living animals has turned the hunters of the northland to a new calling—that of taking the animals alive and uninjured and keeping them in fine condition.

But even after a trapper has made a capture of one or more of the animals, he still faces a journey of from two hundred to a thousand miles by

canoe and trail before he can reach the markets of civilization. Yet, undaunted, dozens of men of the silent places are now successfully accomplishing such trips, bringing their little charges alive and well to the fur-farming buyers. These traveling companions sometimes become much interested in each other during the winters spent together in the wilder-



THE OLD WAY — TRAPPED.

Silver gray fox trapped near Lesser Slave Lake. These fox pelts, in the past, brought from \$500 to \$2500.

mals. It is the dream, hope, and ambition of every trapper, Indian or white, throughout this region to capture one of these animals, for the pelt of one alone will bring him more money than perhaps the rest of his entire fur-pack, which may have taken one or two years in the gathering.

Men interested in the fur-farming industry have turned their attention to the raising of the black fox in captivity. Puppies captured in the wilderness are being raised and bred with considerable success.

An ordinary skin, in the northern fur markets, brings from \$500 to \$1000, which price is considerably increased by the time the pelt has



THE NEW WAY — ON A FOX FARM.

"Black Prince," one of the most perfect specimens of the black fox now in captivity. He and his mate sold recently in Edmonton for \$20000.

ness, both man and beast being cut off from communication with their own kind. FRANCIS J. DICKIE.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER)

THIS month's subjects proved popular with the League members, and unusually successful in the quality of the contributions they inspired, in every department—drawing, verse, prose, and photography. Look at the heading on this page, for instance, a real midwinter picture, if ever there was one, and the young artist is already an "Honor Member" at the age of fourteen! And then those opening verses just opposite—here is a poem of genuine distinction,—a truly remarkable one for a poet of seventeen—and their music is almost flawless.

Nor must we overlook the charming little lyric on page 372. From the first, indeed, our League competitions have called forth many poetic contributions of amazing merit. Not a few of our young poets have endeared themselves to us by frequent achievements, of a charm and perfection so extraordinary that it was a sad day for us all when the fateful birthday dawned

and their names and verses disappeared from these pages. But, to the glory of the League let it be recorded that they promptly appeared elsewhere, and to-day are well known to the readers of leading magazines for grown-ups as contributors of poetry to those periodicals.

All this is just as true, too, of our young artists as of the poetic guild. Several prominent illustrators in the magazine and book world began as youthful members of the St. NICHOLAS League, and have repeatedly acknowledged their indebtedness to the League competitions in stimulating and developing their artistic talent.

This month, moreover, shows a prize exhibit to the credit of the prose-writers; and the work of the League as a whole is summed up in the appeal at the close of one of the stories: "Now don't you think that all the contributors to the St. NICHOLAS League are 'busy workers'?" We do, indeed.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 180

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, Agnes Nolan (age 15), New York.

Silver badges, L. Minerva Turnbull (age 15), Virginia; Isabelle Davis (age 13), Pennsylvania; Anna Schein (age 13), New York; Dorothy H. Leach (age 14), Maine; Norma R. Gullette (age 13), Montana.

VERSE. Gold badges, Marjorie Dodge (age 17), Michigan; May E. Wishart (age 16), Massachusetts; Silver badge, Mary S. Benson (age 11), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, William H. Savin (age 14), Illinois

Silver badges, MacGregor Ormiston (age 15), New York; Mary F. Defrieze (age 14), Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, Paulyne F. May (age 17), New York.

Silver badges, Dorothy B. Gladding (age 16), Rhode Island; Harriette Harrison (age 14), Connecticut; Carl Englebray (age 13), Ohio; Delia E. Wolf (age 11), New York

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, Louise Dadmun (age 15), District of Columbia; Lucy M. Hodge (age 12), New Jersey

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, Elizabeth Rodgers (age 16), New Jersey.

THE BUILDER

BY MARJORIE DODGE (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge, Silver Badge won September, 1911)

I BUILT to music; what I wrought seemed beautiful and fair and strong.

A pleasure-house I planned in thought, and cheered my labors with a song.

A palace for my heart it was, and all things lovely it should hold;

I could not dream that life should pass save guily, in my house of gold.

But evening came, and darkness fell; the sunset faded, music died.

Would that my heart had builded well! In vain my eyes sought far and wide.

The palace with its gleaming walls, its blossoming gardens, rich and gay,

Its gilded roof, its sculptured halls, had vanished with the twilight gray.

Then through the night I built again, in silence, on the mountain-crest;

Through all the darkness and the rain I labored still, nor sought for rest.

I toiled as one who in a dream may toil, nor think to understand;

I waited for the dawn's first gleam to show me what my grief had planned.

Day came; the slow-revolving hours of night were done; day came at last.

On marble walls and lofty towers the bright sun shone. I stood aghast.

Too wondrous, this, for heart or mind! Beneath dark Sorrow's great control,

Through Suffering's night, though I was blind, Grief built a temple for my soul!

BUSY WORKERS

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"THE world is just a big workshop, and it's hard to pick out any one busy worker. Do tell me something to send to St. NICHOLAS this month, Mary."



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY ESTHER E. DEAN (AGES 10, 11)
(HONOR MEMBER)

"Write about me," was the only reply. "I'm sure I'm working hard enough on this geometry problem." All the people in the world work at something. There

are bookkeepers, teachers, stenographers, machinists, miners, lumbermen, and hundreds of other busy workers; but my effort to choose just one was useless.

Next I thought of all the busy insects. Human beings are supposed to be able to learn lessons in work from the ant, and certainly no one could be more industrious than those little insects who toil to build a new house after the old one has been ruined by some careless person. However, even that faithful little worker did not appeal to me when I thought of all the busy animals, and of the people in the great world workshop.

When the animals called my attention, I thought of the beaver. How he works, cutting down trees and



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY DOROTHY E. GLADDING,
AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE)

building dams, always busy preparing for the winter! Certainly no one could wish for a busier worker—and yet I did.

And what do you think I finally decided? Why, that I myself, and all the other contributors to the League, are the very busiest people of all! First, I must think of something that applies to the subject given in St. NICHOLAS, and that is no easy task. Then come the writing and re-writing until every expression seems to fit as well as I can make it, and every word is spelled correctly. After that is the final copying and the indorsement by one of my parents. Last of all, the contribution must be put into an envelop and sent off on its journey. Besides, my regular school work must not be neglected, and so all this must be done during spare time.

Now don't you think that all the contributors to the St. NICHOLAS League are busy workers?

A BUSY LITTLE WORKER

BY ISABELLE DAVIS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was only an old battered penny, but it had done more work than any other coin in the mint.

It had first been sent to a bank in New York, where it was wrapped in a pack with nine other pennies, all shiny and new.

One day a man came into the bank who wished to have a dollar bill changed for pennies. Accordingly, ten packs of pennies were handed out to him. Among them was our little penny.

As the man came out of the bank, a little beggar girl stretched out her hand for alms. The man hastily pulled out a pack of pennies and threw one into the hand of the girl.

The child clutched the money, and, running down the

street, went into a baker's shop, and bought a bun with the penny.

"My!" thought the penny to itself, "I have changed hands three times in ten minutes. I wonder where I will go next."

It did not have to wait long, for a lady came in to buy bread, and the penny was given to her in change.



"UNEXPECTED GUESTS" BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1915)

The lady then gave it to her little girl, who ran out to buy candy. The candy merchant gave it to a man, who gave it to a grocer.

So it went on. It helped to buy bread for the poor and handsome clothes and furniture for the rich.

It had been held in little hands blue with cold, and it had reposed with many other coins in handsome bags and warm pockets.

And now it had been returned to the mint after being out only one short year. As it lay on a large table with many other pennies, a lady came up to sort them. "My! this is the worst of the lot," she said, holding up the little penny. Yes, it was old and battered, but it was satisfied that it had done its work.

THE BUILDERS

BY MARY S. BENSON (AGE 11)
(Silver Badge)

As I looked up in the apple-tree,
Two little birds were there;
Two pretty robin-redbreasts wee,
Building a home in the air.

As I looked up in the apple-tree,
Two little birds flew round,
With mosses and leaves,—a sight to see,—
And twigs from off the ground.

As I looked up in the apple-tree,
There was now a little nest,
Built by the two pretty robins wee,
Where they and their babes might rest.

A BUSY WORKER

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

Early Morning of February 14,
in Cupid's Shop.

"I do wish they would stop coming in," mourned Cupid, with a sigh. "I've got so many now that a few will be left for to-morrow. Let 's see, here are Marjory's. I guess I'll have to make her one. She has so few. Marjory is a pretty child, but, oh, so cross and disagreeable! Just look at the difference between Marjory's pile and Dotty's pile." He gazed at them with ill-concealed satisfaction. "I am glad Dotty has so many. She deserves them." He worked in silence for a few minutes. "There! I've finished sorting them now."

He gathered up his valentines, walked to the door, and hopped on a big snowflake.

"Here 's Marjory's house, Cupid. Have you got anything for her?" asked Snowflake.

"Yes, one or two," answered Cupid.

"You 'd better put on your invisible cap, then, because Marjory is liable to be cross," advised Snowflake.

"Oh, I will."

Snowflake rang the bell, and they scurried out into the fast-gathering snow.

"B-r-r-h-h! It 's cold," said Cupid, with a shiver. "And I have so many places to visit, too—I 'm afraid I'll freeze."

"We 'll go to Dotty's house next. She 'll give you some hot chocolate," said Snowflake.

And she did. A few minutes later Cupid rang the bell of the big house, and Dotty flew to the door with a glad cry. "Do come in," she exclaimed hospitably.

"I could n't think of it," said Snowflake. "Why, I 'd melt!"



"TROUBLE AHEAD" BY M. LOUISE THOMPSON, AGE 13.

"I had a lovely time," said Cupid, later, as he mounted Snowflake again. "Shall we go to Betty's next?"

And so these two continued through the long cold day, until night brought them back to Cupid's own little house, where they parted with a cheery "Good night."



BY DELIA E. WOLF, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 13.



BY RUSSEL G. SHOLES, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY GLADYS LIVERMORE, AGE 14.



BY ELLERT LARKIN ESTY, AGE 13.



BY HARRIETTE HARRISON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CARL ENGELBERG, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14.

"TROUBLE AHEAD"

THE BUILDERS OF THE SKY

BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1914)

I OFTEN wonder when I see

The piles of clouds across the sky,

What giant builders work up there,

And build those stately mansions high.



February ♥ ♥ ♥

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY MACGREGOR ORMISTON, AGE 15
(SILVER BADGE.)

Sometimes they are of white—pure white,
Perhaps of marble smooth and cold;
With chimneys, windows, doors, and all
Deep-edged with glistening gold.

Still other times stand castles tall,
Of granite hard and strong and gray;
They make me think of knights and war,
And gay courts of another day.

But when a storm is coming on,
Then rise black caverns in the west,
The haunts of monsters, witches dire,
Of goblins, dragons, and the rest.

I often wonder when I see
The piles of clouds across the sky,
What giant builders work up there,
And build those stately mansions high.

BUSY WORKERS

BY ANNA SCHEIN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

BENDING over his manuscript, the bright-eyed poet labors to put his inspired thought into fitting words; before his easel the artist toils; while, chisel in hand, the sculptor, bit by bit, chips from the rough stone the lovely image that is in his mind; and the scholar, in the dusty library, spends in hard labor the best years of his life, seeking for a fit offering to lay before the altar of knowledge.

The busy housewife bustles about her daily tasks—mere drudgery they seem to most of us, but in her eyes they stand transfigured in the light of love.

The business man and his helpers, the mechanic and laborer at their work, the factory girl at her machine, the teacher in his school-room—are not all these busy workers?

Every creature in the universe, from the tiny ant to the great elephant, from the grain of dust to the giant

suns that roll majestically round their mighty orbits, each and everything has its own allotted task.

Work! work! work! it is the key-note of the universe. Surely none of us wishes to be behindhand with his portion. And if our work seems to us small and of no account in the great scheme of things, let us remember that all things are of value in the eyes of the Great Workman.

A BUSY WORKER

(A True Story)

BY NORMA R. GUILLETTE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

For some time I had wanted a bird's-eye-maple dresser for my bedroom, so this last summer I decided to save my money for that purpose. My father has a large garden, and also a raspberry patch. For four summers I have sold the berries and vegetables. This summer I worked very hard all through the garden and berry season, which, in the case of the berries, begins about the first of August, and the garden vegetables mature somewhat earlier. This summer I made thirty dollars; and, in addition to this sum, I had saved nine dollars that I had earned in various ways before the garden and berry season.

On one memorable Saturday, I thought I had worked hard, as I had picked two gallons of berries, which meant two dollars for me; but that was comparatively small in comparison with the following Monday, for, all day out in the wind, I picked three gallons of berries.

Many days—in fact, nearly every day in the month of August—I worked in the garden or berry patch, hastening to fill my orders. Finally, on the twenty-ninth of August, I had thirty-nine dollars; so I went to Butte to purchase my dresser. The first furniture store I went into I saw the dresser that just suited me. It was a beauty! The low princess style, with a long oval mirror, and such a

beautiful grade of bird's-eye maple. My dreams of an ideal dresser had at last come true. Finding no other I liked, I returned to the store and purchased the one I had first seen. I paid forty dollars for it. I had only thirty-nine dollars, so the next day I sold two gallons of berries, making my forty, and an extra dollar also. The dresser was really my own. And won by a summer spent in "busy working" of a most profitable kind—to me!



"THE RESULT OF UNEXPECTED GUESTS."
BY VENETIE M. WILLARD, AGE 10.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY MARGARET S. ANDERSON,
AGE 13



BY ELLA K. HAYES, AGE 11



BY PAULINE F. MAY, AGE 17. GOLD
BADGE. SILVER TRINGE WON
APRIL, 1914.)

"TROUBLE AHEAD."

A BUSY WORKER

BY AGNES NOLAN (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1914)

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

EVERY one has heard of "being busy as a bee," and yet we hardly ever think how well the bee—at least the worker-bee—deserves to be the synonym for industry.

As the queen bee and the drones do not work at all, the worker-bees have double the work, for they have to take care of these idle ones, and wait on them just as a servant would. I am sure if any man had to hold all positions, from carpenter and mason to nurse-girl and chief cook and bottle-washer, he would not enjoy it, but the worker-bees have to do all these things and more.

The workers have to gather honey and pollen from flowers all day, from the very first day of their lives. Some of the honey is made into wax, which they use for making the cells of their house. They build these cells by laying little scales of wax, just as a bricklayer lays brick. The pollen they use for food, and they make it into bread, which the little grubs eat.

Besides having to feed and house the rest of the hive and take care of the babies, the workers have to be the army and navy, and protect the others from caterpillars, snails, moths, flies, and such things. If the invader is small, the workers kill it with their stings and carry it out; but if it is too large for this, they make a tomb of wax over it.

As the hive has only one door and no windows, the bees need some system of ventilation. They accomplish this by means of a living "electric" fan. A number of them, by flapping their wings as if flying, but holding on to the floor with their feet so that they do not move, create a current of air which blows out the impure air.

A BUSY WORKER

BY DOROTHY H. LEACH (AGE 14)

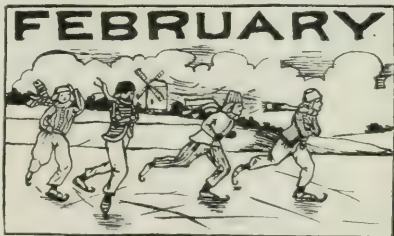
(Silver Badge)

REDDY was a young beaver who lived in a river in northern Maine. His father's lodge was new, and Reddy had helped build it. He remembered interweaving sticks

and poles, plastering them with mud, and gathering grass for a bed.

But just now Reddy was helping make a dam, and very important he felt, as it was the largest one near—almost six feet above sea-level. Reddy proudly and untiringly carried soft, clayey earth, sticks, and stones, walking on his webbed hind feet, and carrying his burden pressed against his little body. But he was also watching the other beavers carefully curve the dam up into the stream as they built it across, so that the water would not strike against it with full force.

Reddy's parents were gnawing down a small tree on the bank, and soon they signaled that it was ready to fall. Reddy plunged under the water with the others



"A HEAD-ON FOR FEBRUARY." BY MARY F. DEGRUITZ, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE.)

until after the crash, so as to be sure the noise had attracted no hunter. Then they all resumed their work.

That evening a different signal broke upon the busy beavers—a crack as of a revolver shot, which could have been heard a mile off in the still autumn air. It meant that the beavers were in danger; that an enemy was coming. Instantly the air was full of cracks and shots, as the beavers brought their tails down upon the surface of the water and disappeared beneath—Reddy making the most noise of all.

A moment later, as the harvest moon threw her shimmering silver light over the calm water, beautifying and turning the place into fairy-land, not a ripple nor a tremor on the still surface of the pool showed that there had been a living creature there that evening.

THE BUILDERS

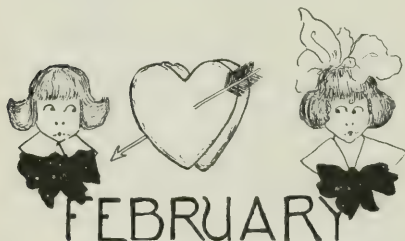
BY LUCIE HARRISON QUARRY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Build me a castle by the somber sea
Where sheerest rocks rise up to lofty crags:
Build it with slender outline, tall and straight,
Like the dark elm whose penciled tracery stands
Against the lighter darkness of the sky.
Build me a lonely castle by the sea,
Where I may hear the music in the night—
The music of the storm-tossed elements.

Build me a castle by the somber sea;
High in its topmost story place a light
Whose radiance may penetrate the dark
And be a guide unto the rock-bound men
Who struggle for their lives upon the waves.

Build me a lonely castle by the sea,
Where I may hear the music in the night,—
The music of the storm-tossed elements,—
And hear the sea-gulls cry, and beat their wings,
Striving to reach the radiant orb within,
Like greater moths about a candle-flame.
There will I tend the flame and shine the glass,
That, having failed in my sublimer aim,
I still may do some good unto the world.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALMA KEOH, AGE 13.

A BUSY WORKER

BY MONTGOMERY KNIGHT (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

ONCE, when in New York, I had occasion to visit a skyscraper under construction. It consisted of thirty-five stories, and towered, when completed, 406 feet above the street.

Obtaining permission to enter the building, I ascended a ladder to the second floor, there meeting one of the construction gang. He was a big square-shouldered Scotchman, named Andy McClaren, called by the men "Big Andy," who shuffled along the narrow girders entirely at ease. He came over to me, and I was favored with anecdotes about the "boys," until a bell tinkled and he resumed his work.

I spent an hour watching the construction gangs, and then decided to climb higher.

About half-way up the structure were some wooden shanties in which tools were stored. On reaching these I could see the city for miles around. On the floor over me Andy was working on a massive girder.

At one side of the building two stories above was a rickety staging holding in position a girder in readiness for the riveters. For some reason it had been overlooked. Directly below was an office building which was

roofed with glass. I glanced at the sky. Inky black clouds were gathering there. I realized with dismay that the staging might be demolished by the gale, and the girder would drop down through the skylight, inflicting great damage. I shouted to Andy. He heard me and soon saw the danger. Quickly mounting a ladder, he, with another man, ran to the staging. While they were riveting the girder the storm broke, and I retreated to a shanty. Through a window I could see Andy working with feverish haste. He and his mate, having secured the girder, were tearing up the insecure staging. There they were at the brink of an abyss, a howling gale threatening to hurl them to the pavement; but they continued until the last board was ripped up, and then came hurrying down the ladders to the shanty.

Later, when I asked Big Andy about it, he muttered that it was "all in the job," but would say no more.

A BUSY WORKER

BY CHLOE S. THOMPSON (AGE 11)

MISS MARIA PERKINS sat placidly sewing in her sitting-room. She was a maiden lady, but had always longed to have children in her home.

Presently she took up her newspaper from the table. She read aloud: "All things for the Christmas Ship must be sent to New York soon."

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, "I must hurry." She took her bundle of clothes into the next room and put them away with other dresses and garments.

She went up-stairs, and, entering her bedroom, she stood undecided before a trunk.

"No one really cares for these things," she said. "Still—"

She opened the trunk and took out some dolls. They were made of wax and dressed in the old styles. Miss Maria set the three in a row on her bed and looked them over.

They had been her playmates years ago. Should she send them?

Sophia was the homeliest, the one she liked the best. Presently she decided to send the others to the newspaper for the Christmas Ship. The dolls were old-fashioned, she thought, and no child she knew wanted them.

The next day she packed the dolls with the clothing and took the box to the post-office. As Miss Maria saw the man take the package, she remembered something.

"Oh, Mr. White, wait, please! There is one more thing I want to send. I will run home for it."

Soon she hurried back, out of breath. In her hand was a copy of ST. NICHOLAS.

Miss Maria opened the box and slipped it in.

"I'm sure that English children will love it, too," she said.

And so, side by side, the ST. NICHOLAS and the old dolls traveled over to some child in Europe, to make a Christmas happy.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1 A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2 A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		
Frances Ullmann	Dorothy D. Smith	Dorothy Robinson
Grace Haylett	Winthrop Bushnell	Sophie Singer
Mildred K. Mowll	Eileen Hayes	Margaret Barnes
Dorothy Van Arsdale	Fannie M. Bouton	Ruth Strassburger
Fuller	Marshall Meyer	Beatrice E. Farley
Dorothy Towne	Marjorie Seligman	Constance E. Hartt
Katherine Young	Bessie Rosenbaum	Marjorie E. McCreary
Marcella H. Foster	Elizabeth Roper	Frances Kestenbaum
Margaret C. Bland	Mollie Greenfield	Phoebe Sherman
Nerissa Fitzsimmons	Ruth C. Still	Ann Johnston
F. Alma Dougherty	Ruth C. Leary	Jean Hallen
	Virginia Allock	Chloe A. Roe
	Helen E. Bush	Gertrude Woolf

Brack P. McAlister
Mary J. Hunter
Anna M. Vaneer
R. S. Bork
Julia Ward
Mary Appel

VERSE, 1

Nina A. Walker
Edith F. Smith
Peggy Norris

Lucie C. Holt
George M. Dwyer
Emily Laft
K. Schubert
P. Ernest Isbell
Jennie E. Everden
Hubert Hoover
Margaret Thompson
Norman Diddle

DRAWINGS, 2

Charlotte C. Starr

Willie F. Cooke
Emily Thomson
Dorothy C. Kraus
Louis Burt
Hortense Douglas
Frances Osborn
Katharine B. Neilson
Lillian W. Jarvis
Mildred H. Jarrett
Katharine Smith
Charles L. Barber
Zoe Shippen

PUZZLES, 1

Henrietta M. Archer
Joe Earnest
Helen A. Morgan
Frances H. Bogart
Constance E. Hartt
J. Spencer Brock, Jr.
Hubert Barntzen

Margaret Screven

Eleanor Wohl
Ruth C. Wilson
Harry C. Bailey
Marquis Ewing
Frederick B. Laidlaw
Nellie E. Salmon
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Ethel Droben

PUZZLES, 2

Pauline Wesser
Helen Hood
Charlotte A. Ingersoll
Sherman Barnett
Ray Grobholz
Joseph Lasky
Harold Smith

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 184

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 184 will close **February 24** (for foreign members **March 2**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Evening Wind."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "After School—What?" or "The Lost Pocket-Book."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted: no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Coming Across."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "What I Love Best," or a Heading for **June**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

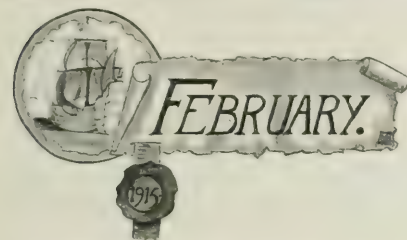
No unused contribution can be returned unless it is a drawing or photograph. Contributors must send the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be a member of the League. The contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY EDITH M. SMITH, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

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Marguerite A. Wing
Anita Gramis
Dorothy T. Tuttle
Alice Card
Grace H. Witte
Emma Jacobs
Jessie M. Thompson
Annetta B. Stanton
Elizabeth Elting
Sarah F. Benson
Marian Wightman
May F. Kamecky
Dorothy Law
Hsieh I. Long
Maud M. Grigsby
Rachel F. Saxton
Sidney No. 4
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Myrtle Bange
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Eugenie Edmunds
Deborah C. Jones
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Mildred Harker
Suzanne Liedmann
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Philip H. Ward
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Anna Lincoln

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Mary C. Dillon
Charles H. Lowell, Jr.
Marguerite Tjader
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.



"AN UNEXPECTED MEET" BY ERNEST H. CHAIN, AGE 12

Wesley DeLaney
Charles F. Cezman
Robert A. Neale
Ruth M. Cole
Lillian Norman

DRAWINGS, 1

Virginia Gardiner
Cicero H. Lewis, 2d
Harlow Hubbard
Gretchen Herz
Virginia Sterry
I. Theodore Nelson

Mary Schultz
Mary Cunningham
Briggs S. Cunningham
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FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



Captain Rabbit

by Katharine L. Edgerly

LITTLE BROTHER RABBIT was sitting under a broad, cool, green burdock leaf while Johnnie Ford told his sister that he was going to sea when he grew up.

"I'm going to be a captain," said he. "A captain wears a blue uniform with lots of gold lace; and his face is red, and he has a hoarse voice, and he yells, 'Ship ahoy—avast there!' and the sailors touch their caps to him and say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' And when the wind blows and the waves are big, he stands on the deck with his feet wide apart, and yells, 'Hard a-port!' and 'Up with the royal topgallant!' and—and things like that," finished Johnnie, rather lamely.

"Can I go with you?" asked Angela, her blue eyes big with wonder at what her brave brother was telling her.

"No, *girls* can't go to sea!" said Johnnie. "They'd be scared. And besides, you have to stay with Mama and sew and cook and sweep. Only boys can *do* things." Just then Mrs. Ford called them to lunch, and they scampered away, Johnnie's brown legs kicking up the yellow dust, and Angela's red curls streaming out behind her.

Little Brother Rabbit flicked one pink ear, wriggled his nose a little harder, and thought *very* deeply.

"My, that sounds good!" said he, twitching the other pink ear. "I guess I'll go right now before it gets dark." So off *he* scampered, kicking the dust up behind *him*.

Pretty soon he met Neighbor Bluebird, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"Oh, I'm going to sea," answered Little Brother Rabbit, grandly.

"What 's that?" asked Friend Bluebird.



"HE MET NEIGHBOR BLUEBIRD"

"Oh, that 's where you wear a blue uniform and lots of gold lace," answered Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away humming to himself.

In a little while he met Jimmie Chipmunk, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I 'm going to sea," said Little Brother Rabbit, proudly.

"What 's that?" asked Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Oh, that 's where you have a red face, and a hoarse voice, and yell, 'Ship ahoy—avast there!'" replied Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away laughing to himself.

Just then, whom should he meet but Friend 'Possum, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I 'm going to sea," answered Little Brother Rabbit, haughtily.

"What 's that?" asked Friend 'Possum.

"Oh, that 's where the sailors all touch their caps to you and say, 'Aye, aye, sir,'" replied Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away singing to himself.

Neighbor Bluebird flew along until he met Jimmie Chipmunk, and they both went along until they met Friend 'Possum, standing right still in the yellow dust in the middle of the road, his head on one side.

"What are you thinking so hard about, Friend 'Possum?" asked Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Yes," said Neighbor Bluebird, "you look as if you were thinking *very* hard."

"I am," answered Friend 'Possum. "Little Brother Rabbit has just gone by and says he is going to sea. He was singing to himself, so it must be very nice. I think I 'd like to go."

"So should I," said Jimmie Chipmunk.

"So should I," said Neighbor Bluebird.

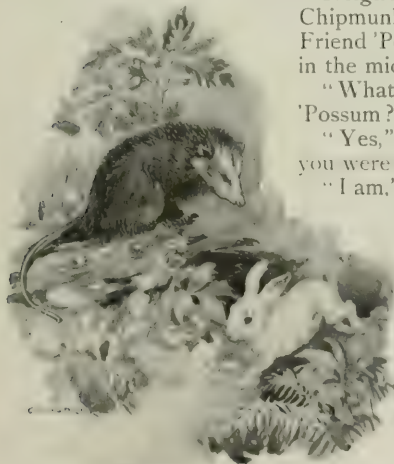
"Let 's!" said Friend 'Possum.

So they hurried down the hot dusty road for a long, long time, following the footprints left by Little Brother Rabbit, until they were all hot and tired and thirsty. Presently they came to the nice, cool, dim, green woods and sat down to

rest. Then Friend 'Possum said: "I hear the sound of water. Maybe that 's the sea that Little Brother Rabbit spoke of. Let 's go and find out."



"WHAT 'S THAT?" ASKED JIMMIE CHIPMUNK.



"HE HOPPED AWAY SINGING TO HIMSELF."

"Let 's!" said the other two. So off they started again, and soon they came to a little stream bubbling over the white stones and singing to itself in the sunshine and shadow. A little way up, Little Brother Rabbit was talking earnestly to Uncle Beaver, who was looking a little puzzled.



"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING SO HARD ABOUT, FRIEND 'POSSUM?"

"Let 's go near without letting him hear us, and we 'll surprise him," said Friend 'Possum.

"Let 's!" said the other two. So they crept through the soft, cool ferns right near to where Uncle Beaver and Little Brother Rabbit were. Just then Uncle Beaver was saying:

"I 'm sure I don't know whether this is the sea or not, Little Brother Rabbit. I know the sea is water and so is this; but that 's all I know about it."

"Well, I 'm going to try it, anyway," said Little Brother Rabbit. "You seem to have a good time here, even if you have no gold lace and no sailors."

"Oh, I just love it!" said Uncle Beaver, diving under the water and coming up, shaking his head and scattering the silver drops all around.

"Let 's see what he does! And if it 's nice, we 'll be the sailors," whispered Friend 'Possum.

"Let 's!" said the other two, and they raised their heads a little higher.

Now when Johnnie Ford was telling Angela about going to sea, he had n't said one single, little bit of a word about a boat—and since Little Brother Rabbit had never heard of such a thing, of course he did n't know you could n't go to sea without one. So he stood on the bank and just jumped right in. My, what a splash he made! When he came up he was gasping and sputtering and choking so, that Uncle Beaver gave him a push to the shore, where he lay panting and blinking.

"O-o-o-h, I don't want to be a sailor!" said Friend 'Possum.

"Neither do I!" said Neighbor Bluebird.

"Neither do I!" said Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Let 's take Little Brother Rabbit home," said Friend 'Possum.

"Let 's," said the other two.

So they went down the bank to where Little Brother Rabbit was lying, and Friend 'Possum said: "Come on home, Little Brother Rabbit."

"Yes, come on home," said the other two.

Little Brother Rabbit opened his two eyes wide when he saw his three friends.

"Did you watch me going to sea?" he asked.

"Yes, we did," said they. "We were going too, but you did n't seem to like it."

"No, I did n't!" said Little Brother Rabbit. "Come on home."

"All right," said the other three.

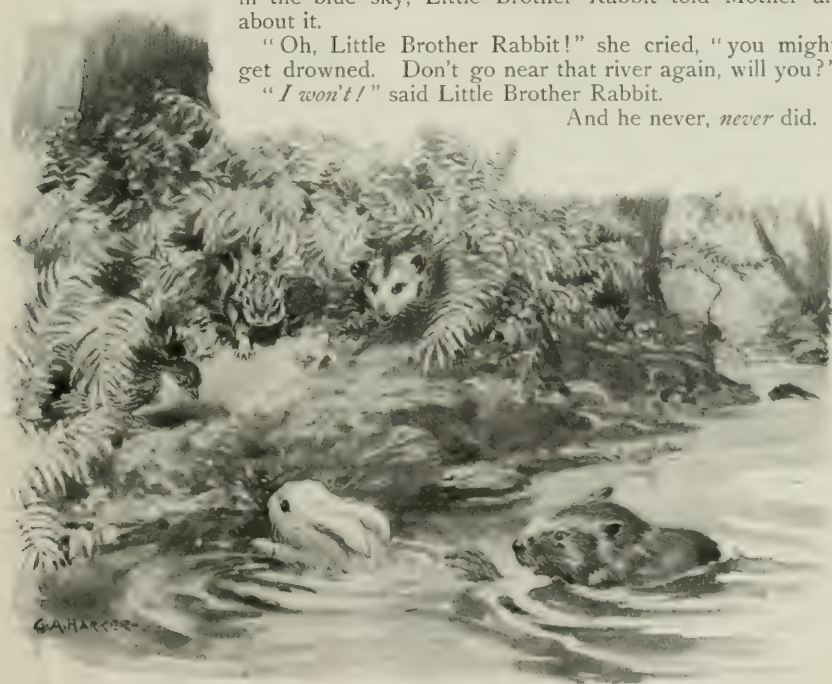
So presently all three were running and hopping down the warm, dusty, sunny road; and then Little Brother Rabbit's wet fur got all dry and white and fluffy again. By that time they had reached the woods and began to play with the nice-smelling pine-cones under the dim, cool trees.

That night, when the little stars were twinkling high up in the blue sky, Little Brother Rabbit told Mother all about it.

"Oh, Little Brother Rabbit!" she cried, "you might get drowned. Don't go near that river again, will you?"

"*I won't!*" said Little Brother Rabbit.

And he never, *never* did.



"UNCLE BEAVER GAVE HIM A PUSH TO THE SHORE."

THE LETTER-BOX

CHESHAM, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and my family enjoy your magazine ever so much. My favorite was "The Runaway," and "The Lucky Stone" next best. My sister, who is eight years old, especially likes the latter. My brother enjoys the page for Very Little Folk, and was very sorry when the "Adventures of the Baby Bears" ended. All my family, from Father down to my six-year-old brother, were interested in "The Runaway." It is so exciting. I have so many favorite short stories that I cannot begin to tell them. "Under the Blue Sky" Series and "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" were very useful as well as interesting.

We have a little dog, two guinea-pigs, two rabbits, and a little calf as pets. I also enjoy reading Nature and Science, the Letter-box, the League, and the Riddle-box very much.

I had a surprise for my younger sister and brother. I took the idea from the chapter called "The Quest" in the April instalment of "The Lucky Stone." I had it just like that in everything except that the "treasure" was not in a cave. It was in a basket covered with paper in a gravel bed. They just loved it, and my sister said right off, "Why, this is just like Maggie and Bess and Bob in 'The Lucky Stone,' is n't it?" They were so excited when they began to dig for the "treasure," including the last St. NICHOLAS. I am sure my surprise was a success.

With all good wishes to the "best beloved magazine,"

From an interested reader,

ELIZABETH WELLS (age 12).

HITCHIN, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to thank you for the beautiful gold badge that you sent me as a prize for verse. I am proud to wear it and to think that I am now an honor member. You can't think how surprised and pleased I was when I saw my name in the September number.

I am a regular reader and a great admirer of your magazine; I always say that you have the best tales for girls and boys ever published in a magazine. We have been taking you now for about five years, and we get to love you more and more. I don't know what we should do without you.

I am especially fond of "Books and Reading," and I also liked "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" and the "Garden Stories." I think "The Runaway" is a fine tale, and I also liked "The Lucky Stone," "The Lass of the Silver Sword," "The League of the Signet-Ring," "The Young Wizard of Morocco," "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Knights of the Golden Spur," and the "Betty Stories" were also stories which I was sorry to see the end of.

I would read from morning till night if I had my way! My favorite books are "Lorna Doone," "Westward Ho!", and I think "Little Women" the best girls' book ever written.

I have a sister one year younger than myself, a dear little brother four months old, and a grown-up step-sister, who is married and lives in Rochester, N. Y. My sister and I go to the Girls' Grammar School, Hitchin; we are both in the Lower III Form (I think you call it a "grade" in America). When I was ten months old, I went with my mother and father to the States, and my sister was born in New York. When I was five years old, we went to Barbados, where we

stayed two months, and then we moved to Para, Brazil, where we stayed nearly a year, when we came back to England. So, you see, we have a sort of affection for America! We are glad to hear that nearly all the Americans are on the side of the British in this terrible war. You can imagine the state that we are all in, over here, and how we long for it to be over. The soldiers are always coming through Hitchin; sometimes they are billeted on the townspeople. There is generally some excitement going on here now, but it used to be a very quiet little place. War must be far more terrible now than in the old days. You see, hear, and speak of nothing but the war. Nobody sings or whistles anything but national anthems or war songs (the "Marseillaise" especially)! All the shops are full of war telegrams, maps, or photographs, favors, badges, and flags. In one sense, the war has done some good—people who would never speak to each other are united by a common bond of sympathy. Politics, crime, and suffragette outrages are quite forgotten, while former enemies now fight side by side against a common foe.

With all good wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Your loving reader,

ELEANOR HEBBLETHWAITE (age 13).

ROSLYN, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old, and I have taken you for three years. I enjoy you immensely.

My uncle took you for four years, and liked you very much.

My favorite story was "The Lucky Stone," but they are all so nice. I think the new one is simply splendid.

I live on a farm of thirty-seven acres, and I will tell you the animals we have: three white rabbits, about fifty chickens, two dogs, three horses, three cows, some little kittens, four birds, and a little donkey three feet high.

My father is a brigadier-general in command of four regiments.

I have two brothers, one ten years old and one seven.

Your loving reader,

ELISHA DYER, III.

OXFORD, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and like you.

To-day I have the mumps and a bad cold. You came at the right time, so I could read you.

I think I will take you next year.

You are a good paper.

Your reader,

PHILIP C. SHERA (age 9).

EDWARDSBURG, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has been some time since I wrote to you last, so I thought I would come again with a letter, as some of your readers, I am sure, would like to hear from this part of Idaho, and what one boy is doing out here to help his father and mother make a home in the wilderness.

The mail comes in by dog-team, and sometimes is very late because of heavy snows up on the mountains and the heavy mail; but the best mail of all is when you come to me. As soon as I get St. NICHOLAS, I start from the front page and go to the back, taking all as I go. I was looking over some of my St. NICHOLASES

for 1908 to 1911, and found some very interesting stories, which I read from start to finish.

Before my father went outside, he showed me about ten acres of land that he wanted cleared up before spring. It will take me some time to do it, but I have started on it, and have cleared about a third of it. When I am not out hunting rabbits, I go and work on the patch, as the winter is passing very fast.

I am going to take a trip soon which will be very interesting and lots of fun. I will go about ten miles up Profile Gap and fish for trout in a beautiful lake. We will have to cut through the ice.

My chickens are laying every day, and sometimes I get three or four eggs a day. They have been laying all winter, which is very unusual, as I have never before gotten eggs all winter. It is because they run under the cabin and have the gravel and are not out in the snow.

I have two box-traps set for rabbits, but have not caught any yet, as they run all around them; but if they don't look out, I will get one of them soon. We eat the rabbits, as fresh meat is not plentiful now; the game is forty miles below. When meat thaws and freezes and thaws again, it quickly spoils. Meat should be frozen solid all winter, and has to be sawed like ice, then the steak thawed before cooking.

Your loving reader,

NAPIER EDWARDS (age 15).

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my most interesting friend, because you always have interesting stories to tell.

We have a fuss over you every time you come, because we all want you at once.

I have read every story in you this time, and am anxious for the next of "The Lost Prince," "Peg o' the Ring," and "Tommy and the Wishing-Stone." Good-by.

Your most interested reader,

ELAINE WHITSIDE (age 11).

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I certainly enjoy you more than I can tell.

After a six months' stay in the Philippines, we are to return to the United States in a few days. And though it is very picturesque here, with the tiny Nipa shacks nestled in the bushes along the muddy Pasig River, and the Filipino women with their gay-colored costumes, I shall be glad to return to my old home in the United States.

I would like to thank you for the three years of great pleasure you have given me, and I know I could never do without you.

Hoping to be able to take you for many years to come, I remain,

Your interested reader,

FAY ELIZABETH DOYEN (age 13).

SAINT MICHAEL, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For about a week before the St. Nicholas comes, I come home from school in a hurry and ask if the mail is in. When Father brings in the mail, if the St. NICHOLAS is n't there, I feel greatly disappointed.

We have six dogs. My little brother, who is four years old, comes up to school almost every day to take my little sister and her little friend home. He drives our old dog, Caesar. Father comes with him, but Robert does the mushing. When they go back, Father walks

behind with the older children, and the dog will go right home. Robert's full name is Robert Peary Lee. He was born about the time the north pole was discovered, and, as Father had been with Mr. Peary several years ago, he wished to have the baby named for his old commander. Robert is fond of being outdoors, and no weather is too cold, to his mind. I have lived in this country for almost twelve years, and can remember little about the States. My brother Warren is a year younger than I, and can remember nothing at all. The rest of the five have been born in this country.

Sometime I will write about Saint Michael.

BARBARA LEE (age 15).

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are so glad you published the little play "Everygirl." We decided to give it, and did so a while ago. We gave it in the yard of *Love*, first, and we had lemonade donated to us to sell. We made over five dollars, but the second time we gave it in a hotel, and we made about twenty-two dollars. In all we have twenty-seven dollars and a half.

We helped give a Christmas entertainment with part of the money, and helped families with the rest.

We thought it would interest you to know this.

Your faithful reader,

FRANCES ELLSWORTH (age 12).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to your magazine quite a while now, and have enjoyed it very much. We have been over here in Europe since October, but every month you have been forwarded to me.

My sister and I were two months in a boarding-school in Paris, and we liked it, as there were so many interesting things to see; but we liked the school in Lausanne even better, where we were for three months during the time Mother and Father were staying on the Riviera, in the south of France.

We had great times at school, especially when I went coasting at "Les Avants." I have often been coasting before, but never down such a high mountain.

We started early in the morning, in order to spend the day there. The girls wore different-colored sweaters with caps and mufflers to match, and each one carried her own sled.

The ride up the mountain was beautiful, but it was even prettier when we arrived at the top. Then we started up on the funicular. It was very thrilling, because it was so steep it was nearly like going up the side of a house. When we were up, I looked down, and, oh! how steep, slippery, and dangerous it seemed! I went down on a sled with another girl, for it was too dangerous for me to go alone, and I could not steer with my feet. And how frightened I was that first time! I clung to my friend's shoulder and set my teeth, especially when we turned a sharp corner or when some one passed us, crying, "Bob, Bob, keep to your side," or "Keep to your right"; but after that I loved it. I think it took about twenty minutes or half an hour to go down. We went four times before lunch, which we had at the hotel, and then some more in the afternoon. We started back at six-thirty, and how sorry I was that it was finished! There was only one accident, and that was not serious; the girl was all right in two days.

In spring we made a great many excursions on the Lake of Geneva, and once we went to the château of Chillon, which is an hour's trip on the water from Lausanne. It was very interesting.

All the girls had to speak French in this school except when the new ones came who did not know any French. Otherwise, anybody who spoke an English sentence had to pay a fine of two cents, even if alone in their own rooms.

When Easter vacation came, Madame, the principal, had a party of girls go on a trip to Italy. We started with them and went as far as Milan, and there Father met us to take us to Florence, where Mother was.

The garden of the hotel where we stayed was beautiful with all kinds of flowers and lemon- and orange-trees, so we had all the fruit we wanted, and lemonade every day that it was hot.

We stayed in Florence two weeks, and then went on to Rome, where I saw one of my little American friends who also takes the St. NICHOLAS, and when we spent the night together, we had great times reading your stories out loud to each other.

From Rome we went on to Venice, which is the prettiest place I have ever seen. We all loved it, especially when riding in the little gondolas on the water.

While we were there, the King and Queen of Italy went to see the exposition of pictures, and we saw them when they left their palace to get into a gondola.

There is a very interesting old clock-tower there which was made in the year fifteen hundred. Up on the top there are two little men with hammers, and every hour they strike the number of times on a large bell. Then there was a little balcony with two doors, and after the men had struck the hour, a little procession of people all dressed up in old-fashioned costumes came out one door and went in the other. We went there many times, and never got tired of seeing them.

In St. Mark's Square there are always a great many pigeons all around, and people buy little bags of bread-crumbs and feed them. I used to do that quite often, and they came right up on my shoulders.

After Venice, we went to Como, on the Italian Lakes, and it was very pretty. Our hotel faced the lake, with beautiful grounds where one could walk hours without going outside the hotel gates. There were beautiful waterfalls and large mountains in the distance. We climbed up one mountain, which took a long time, and when we were at the top we had a wonderful view, and there was a little village there.

After Como, we went through Switzerland, stopping a short time in Lucerne, and then back to Paris. We went sight-seeing nearly all the time, in order to see the things we did not see before. After one week there, we crossed the English Channel to London, which is also nice, with lots of things to see.

We have not seen everything here, but are leaving some of the interesting things for the next trip.

Your always devoted reader,

CLIA FARNAM HILLER (age 13).

APPLETON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very proud to have you my friend, and don't see how I can ever get along without you. I have just become a member of the League.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I love to read. I am eleven years old, and I am in the 6-A grade. I was very sorry when "The Lucky Stone" stopped, for it was my favorite story.

On July 10, Ringling Brothers' circus was here. My mother and I got up at three A.M. and watched them unload. They only unloaded wagons, and it was not very interesting, so we went to the circus grounds and watched them put up the kitchen tent, dining-room, and one horse tent.

At 6:30, we came home for breakfast. We all took

a nap after breakfast, and then got dressed for the parade. After the parade, we went to the grounds to watch them disband. About 1:30, we had some ice-cream for dinner. Then we came home and went to sleep. After we woke up, we had supper and went to the circus. It certainly was good! It was just eleven P.M. when I got in bed. Three A.M. to eleven P.M.!

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH UTZ.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have been taking you since 1911, and we like the stories very much.

I have a big doll, named Alan. When Santa Claus brought him, he was dressed in long baby-clothes. The next Christmas was Alan's first birthday, and in my stocking was a white cap with a pink border, a white sweater, and leggings for him. He had a tiny cake too, with one candle. Last Christmas, my mother and grandmother made him a Russian blouse, and my grandfather gave him some real little spectacles. Our Chinese cook made him a cake with two candles, and on the top "Merry Christmas" in pink icing. It was very pretty. I love my doll very much.

Your loving reader,

JANET GAUNE (age 10).

A STAT-ISTICAL STORY

One time there was a Ga. young Miss.

Who loved a good time well,

A ride or dance or show, I wis,

Or picnic in the Del.

But soon, alas! her Pa. fell ill,

His business went a-R. I.,

His soul was vexed with many a bill,

No hope, no help, was N. Y.

Then Minn.(ie) said, "O. lean on Me.,

Dear Pa., I 'll use my Penn.,

I 'll sew, I 'll scrub, I 'll wash, you 'll see,

I 'll do the work of Tenn."

And so she did, both night and Da.,

Her courage never broke;

She slaved that Mass. of bills to Pa.,

She had a heart of Ok.

At last sailed free their household Ark.,

The deluge wild was Ore.,

Brave Minnie's zeal had saved the bark,

They dreaded storms no more.

There came a Mon. from Scotland's shore,

He fell upon his Ne.,

"I love U., bonny lass!" he swore,

"O. Kan. you marry me?

"My lifelong history you may Conn.,

The wealth of Ind. have I,

I 'll have a wife to spend it on.

Or know the reason Wy."

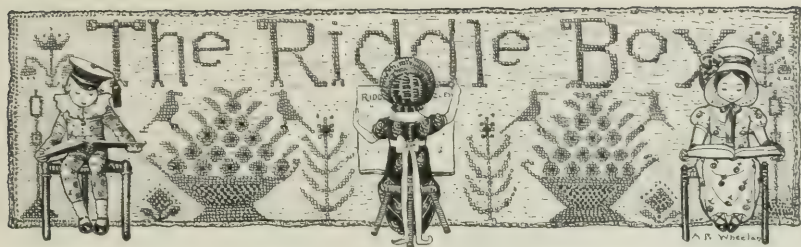
She whispered "Yes," that damsel fair,

And thus her pathway stony

Ends in that State beyond compare,

The State of Matrimony.

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Nathaniel; finals, Hawthorne. Cross-words: 1. Notch. 2. Alpha. 3. Throw. 4. Heart. 5. Allah. 6. Negro. 7. Idler. 8. Ellen. 9. Leave.

SWASTIKA. Benjamin Franklin, kite. From 1 to 2, Molokai. 2 to 3, Ixion. 3 to 4, nun. 4 to 5, Japan. 5 to 6, jet. 6 to 7, trouble. 8 to 7, route. 8 to 9, rub. 9 to 10, block. 10 to 11, kin. 12 to 11, lantern. 13 to 12, easel. 14 to 13, ice. 14 to 15, India. 16 to 15, Ada. 17 to 16, felucca. 17 to 18, flask. 19 to 18, ink. 20 to 19, Nephi. 1 to 20, man.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Hood. 2. Milk. 3. May. 4. Fear. 5. Great Bear. 6. Ray. 7. Farewell. 8. Solomon. 9. Society. 10. Boz. 11. Clew.

ILLUSTRATED ENIGMA. "A good wit will make use of anything."

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, John Milton; fourth row, Mary Powell. Cross-words: 1. Jasmine. 2. Organic. 3. Hydrad. 4. New York. 5. Maypole. 6. Immoral. 7. Lapping. 8. Talents. 9. Obelisk. 10. Neglect.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO THE PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS KIDDE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 43 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Isabel Shaw—Elizabeth Rogers—Camille Irvine—Ruth A. Henney—Harriet L. Wellman—R. Kenneth Everson—"Allil and Adi"—Helen A. Moulton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Claire A. Hennen, 9—Edmund Burke, 9. Mary C. Bostwick, 7—Helen Savage, 9. Hattie Peckham, 12—Sarah Talbot, 9. Louise Noble, 9. "Hermat," 9. Francine A. Lanphier, 8. Arthur Poulin, 7. Katharine Howard, 4. Hubert Barentzen, 1—Mary L. Turtle, 1—Hewlett H. Duryea, 1. Elina Rocca, 1.

DIAGONAL

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a president of the United States.

Cross-words: 1. To reduce in weight. 2. To change one's residence. 3. Pendant. 4. Hollow and curved. 5. Strife. 6. Small houses for dogs. 7. A number.

JOHN S. SCOTT (age 12), *League Member*.

RHOMBIC

Across: 1. A fruit. 2. Watchful. 3. Blunder. 4. Allured. 5. A rampart.

Downward: 1. In night. 2.

Half of a frame. 3. A beverage. 4. Saucy. 5. Mistake. 6. To entice. 7. A color. 8. Half of to challenge. 9. In night.

MURRAY CROSTY (age 12), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND WORD-SQUARE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of fifty-one letters, and form a quotation from Genesis. Four of the twelve words to be guessed may be so arranged that they will form a word-square.

My 47-28-39-12 is clothing. My 42-18-46-36 are part of the body. My 6-25-38-11 is an agile quadruped. My 32-2-14-23 is a member of a certain political party. My 27-49-24-17-8-22 is scarcely. My 9-40-31-1 is forfeited. My 30-51-20-44 is to lease. My 16-3-15-34 is

WORD PUZZLE. From 2 to 24, par; 3 to 23, carol; 4 to 22, caravan; 5 to 26, clue; 6 to 27, oral; 7 to 28, duet; 8 to 29, rete; 9 to 30, levy; 10 to 16, reënter; 11 to 15, sleet; 12 to 14, paw; 13 to 17, sear; 33 to 18, fled; 34 to 19, uvea; 35 to 20, Eden; 36 to 21, Etion; 1 to 25, Sara; 2 to 26, pare; 3 to 27, caul; 4 to 10, clatter; 5 to 9, creel; 6 to 8, ore; 29 to 11, eyes; 30 to 12, sylp; 31 to 13, near; 32 to 14, stew; 33 to 15, feet; 22 to 16, nodular; 21 to 17, never; 20 to 18, Ned; 23 to 35, late; 24 to 36, rove.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Elsie. 2. Learn. 3. Saved. 4. Irene. 5. Ended.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Lowell. 1. Palm, lamp. 2. Tough, ought. 3. Awry, wary. 4. Lease, easel. 5. Felt, left. 6. Meal, lame.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Ices. 2. Vale. 3. Adam. 4. Newt. 5. Hubs. 6. Ogre. 7. Earn. Initials, Ivanhoe. I. Cedric. II. Rowena. III. Athelstane. IV. Gurth. V. Wamba. VI. Richard. VII. Rebecca. VIII. Isaac. IX. Lucas de Beaumanoir. X. Brian de Bois Guilbert. Sir Walter Scott.

a slang word for a well-bred man. My 10-35-20-21 is a notion. My 50-7-48-10 is to change. My 5-45-37-41-26 is gaudy. My 33-13-43-4 is a useful metal.

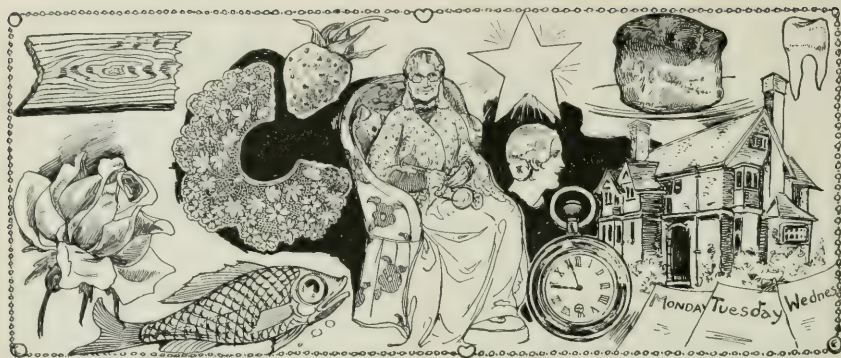
LOUISE DADMAN (age 15).

CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL BLOCKS

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FROM 1 to 2, another name for Sinai; from 1 to 6, a province of Central China; from 6 to 7, a city famous in the Peace Movement; from 2 to 7, a city of Montana; from 2 to 3, a seaport of northern France; from 3 to 8, a bay of Florida; from 7 to 8, a small city of Portugal, east of Lisbon; from 4 to 5, a British colony in Africa; from 4 to 9, an African river; from 5 to 10, a French city famous for its silk manufactures; from 9 to 10, a French city famous for its wines; from 6 to 11, a large West Indian island; from 11 to 12, a British possession in Asia; from 7 to 12, a settlement very near to Great Basin in Liberia; from 8 to 13, a range of mountains in South America; from 12 to 13, a range of mountains in Africa bearing the same name as a noted mythological character.

RUTH K. GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member*.



ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE

To each of the thirteen objects in the above picture may be prefixed a common little noun of three letters. When the prefix is added, what are the thirteen words?

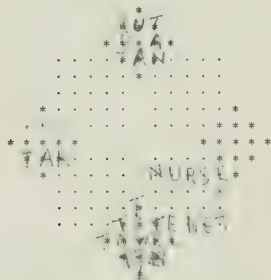
GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the names described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the name of a European country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport in Glamorganshire. 2. A Canadian province. 3. A Texan river. 4. One of the United States. 5. A range of mountains in Utah. 6. The highest mountain known. 7. One of the capital cities of the United States.

ELIZABETH BRAY (age 12), *League Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. The track of a wheel. 3. A shrub used in tanning. 4. A color. 5. In creel.

II. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small measure of weight. 2. To divert. 3. A frilled edging. 4. Pale. 5. Certain years of youth.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Saltpeter. 2. A statue. 3. Himalayan wild goats. 4. A kind of small heron. 5. Reposes.

IV. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. A hard, black substance. 3. A compound of sulphur. 4. A sailor. 5. In creel.

V. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. Determined. 3. In mythology, the stream of forgetfulness. 4. A pronoun. 5. In creel.

VI. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Jewish doctor. 2. Once more. 3. Solemn conveyances. 4. A large, clumsy boat. 5. Insertion.

VII. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Russian whip. 2. One who tends the sick. 3. A wind-instrument. 4. Method. 5. A dogma.

VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. A small child. 3. A cloth for wiping the hands. 4. A number. 5. In creel.

HELEN L. BEACH (age 15), *League Member*.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and triply curtail respire, and leave to consume. Answer, br-eat-hes, eat.

In the same way, 1. Doubly behead and triply curtail a pain in the head, and leave a feminine name. 2. To make bitter, and leave part of a harness. 3. Wandering, and leave beam. 4. Flows about, and leave a conjunction. 5. The founder of a religion, and leave a Biblical character. 6. Southern farmers, and leave an emmet. 7. Scented ointments, and leave to become entangled. 8. Permitting, and leave vulgar. 9. Creases, and leave a dark fluid. 10. Indicating, and leave a word expressing negation. 11. A wine bottle, and leave to preserve. 12. Smoked herrings, and leave a grain. 13. Guiding, and leave quantity. 14. Famous, and leave at the present time.

The initials of the fourteen little words will spell the name of a famous man.

LUCY M. HODGE (age 12).

DOUBLE WORDS

THIS puzzle is made up of pairs of words pronounced alike but spelled differently. Example: a useful utensil; colorless. Answer, pain, pale.

1. A coin; despatched. 2. To draw; a large room. 3. A ceremony; correct. 4. An image; a short pastoral poem. 5. A fishing net; in one's right mind. 6. A narrative; an appendage. 7. Deportment; contemptible. 8. A Biblical character; competent. 9. Location; vision. 10. Appears; joinings. 11. A fruit; perpendicular. 12. To vouchsafe; what *Hamlet* was.

HELEN ZIEGLER (age 14), *League Member*.



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ST. NICHOLAS

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CHAPTER I

THE PURSUIT OF THE MESSENGER

It was the spring of the year 1563. On the highway near the little village of Billères, in the pleasant land of Béarn, two small barefooted boys stood in eager conversation.

They were sturdy little fellows of about twelve years of age, clad in coarse peasant blouses. Their eyes sparkled with excitement as they gazed down the road.

"I tell thee, Gaston," said the shorter of the two, "he passed this way two good hours since. Thou 'lt not see him. Besides, the mother always says, 'Best look the other way when a trooper passes; then when the next one comes, thou hast seen nothing.'"

"And I tell thee, Jean," exclaimed the other, energetically, "he cannot cross the ford since the rain, no, nor the swamps either! He must return and take the forest road. Do as thou wilt; but *I* wait here to see him pass. Hark! There he comes!"

At the word, the first boy leaped into the wood by the side of the road, and concealed himself behind a tree. But the other stood erect in the middle of the highway, a smile of anticipation on his merry little face.

"I do love a trooper," he said, "and this one comes so fast he must be a fine rider. Nay," he added, with quick intelligence, "he is pursued. No man goes at that gait otherwise. Eh, but Henri will be sorry to miss this!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the

horseman came in sight. Bent low in the saddle, he was urging his horse with word and spur to greater speed.

Although no arms were embroidered on his short surcoat, which was splashed with mud, the richness of the material, the plumes on his helmet, and the handsome baldric from which his sword swung, showed that the rider was a knight of no mean degree. As he approached the small boy, he checked his horse so abruptly it rose on its haunches, pawing the air.

"Another road to Pau—quick! Is there one?"

"To Pau? To the castle?" asked the boy.

"Yes, yes, quick! And"—he fumbled in his pocket—"here is a sou for you an you set those behind on another track."

The boy did not glance at the silver¹ which fell in the mud at his feet.

"You 'll not easily find it alone. Take me up in front and I 'll show you the way."

"Gaston! Gaston!" cried his companion, appearing from behind the tree, as the rider, wasting no words, lifted the boy to the saddle and put spurs to his horse again, "don't go! Don't go! What will la mère say! What shall I tell Henri!" he wailed.

But the boy on the saddle waved his bare feet gleefully.

"Take the money to Mère Marie, Jean," he called. "And go hide all. Tell Henri to make haste home an he will not hide. Those be men of Andaux coming. To the right, Sir Frenchman," he said to the man behind him. "We follow this brook awile."

The knight looked over his shoulder as they entered the green wood, and, seeing no sign of his pursuers, laughed with the indifference of one bred to danger.

"How do you know I 'm a Frenchman, youngster?"

"Eh, how? My ears were given me to use, I trow," said the boy. "Our Béarnais goes too haltingly from your tongue for a knight of the south. Besides, I 've heard the French twang before."

"Indeed! For a peasant lad you have some wit, I perceive. Now tell me: there was no one in sight, why did you say my pursuers were men of Andaux, when I myself know naught of them beyond their hostile intent?"

"'T is simple," replied the curly-headed youngster. "You say you are bound for the castle,—eh, bien! What other business have Andaux' men, or those of Navailles either, save to intercept all such when they can?"

"Oho!" laughed the knight. "You know your

Béarnais feuds well. This debatable land breeds keen peasants, 't is plain. But—hist!" he whispered. "There are horses behind us. Your playmate betrayed me after all!" he exclaimed angrily.

"He did not! Jean would not!" exclaimed the boy, no less angry. He slipped from the horse and stood listening. "Yes," he muttered. "They have entered the wood, robbers that they are! Monsieur—" he turned to the knight, who had wheeled his horse around in the narrow path and sat grimly awaiting his pursuers,—“I can lead you on foot to a cabin where you may lie hid till the pursuit is over. But you must leave your horse."

The knight hesitated. "I know not," he began, but, looking down into the frank open face of the boy, he felt ashamed of his suspicions.

"Saint Denis! I will trust you, child. I e'en must. Be but faithful to me and the King of France himself shall reward you."

He faced his horse about once more, and, dismounting, gave it a sharp blow that sent it bounding affrighted down the path away from his pursuers.

"Good-by, Belespoir," he said sadly, and slipped into the tangled wood after the boy.

HARDLY had man and boy disappeared when, with a rush and clatter, a party of armed riders swept around the curve. They were six in number, riding single-file in the narrow road, and led by a big soldier on a large-boned roan. They passed as swiftly as they came, and all was silent in the green wood once more.

An hour later, a knight and a boy stood in the doorway of a peasant hut high on the hillside above the wood. The knight scanned the landscape anxiously in all directions. There were woods above and woods below, with no apparent opening toward the little clearing where lay the few fields of the peasant. He breathed a sigh of relief, and then—but not before—gazed off with keen pleasure at the glorious view of the snow-capped Pyrenees which stretched in a long chain to the left.

Meanwhile, in the hut the boy was saying to a young peasant woman who stood holding a baby in her arms:

"And now, Annette, having rescued the Frenchman, I bethink me that by this doughty deed I have missed my dinner. Is aught left in thy pot au feu?"

"Bless your merry heart!" exclaimed the woman, not at all deceived by the gay swagger of her young visitor, as to the genuineness of his

¹ The sou in France was formerly a silver piece.

hunger. "Such dinner as I have to give is yours to command. But alas!" she sighed, "we 've naught in the house save dry bread."

"T will do finely," asserted the youngster. "And, Annette, when we are grown, Henri and I,

"Nay, I am not hungry, my boy. I thank thee, though. Saint Denis! 'T is pity thou art a peasant; brave, true, and courteous, thou shouldst have been gently born."

At this moment, the two children that clung to the skirts of their mother gave a cry, and the knight at the same moment stepped hastily inside the little hut.

"Caught, after all!" he exclaimed, as, with a loud hollo, a party of horsemen rode out of the wood toward them. "Thy hiding-place was worth naught!" he said bitterly to Gaston, who stood aghast at this unexpected sight.

"Why, Annette, how think you they knew this trail?" exclaimed the boy, pitifully. "I thought none ever came this way."

The woman looked out. A big dark man on a roan horse led the little cavalcade.

"That is Black Jean of the *Sieur d'Andaux*' troop," she whispered terrified. "He knows every trail in Béarn, they say. Now we shall all be flogged for harboring one whom he sought."

She turned to Gaston: "Were it not best to say—"

"Not a word!" interrupted the boy, hastily. "He will suppose I am your son." Then, as the horsemen approached the hut, he grasped the knight's arm.

"What are you doing, *Mon-sieur*?"

The knight held a small folded white paper in his hand, and was bending over striving to fan some dying embers on the hearth into a blaze.

Gaston snatched the paper from him. "Don't burn it; if 't is of value to you, I 'll hide it. In return, will you, sir, protect Annette and the children—if you can?" he added.

The knight drew himself up proudly. "*La Mothe-Fénelon*'s intercession should at least be able to accomplish that," he said. "Take the paper to the Queen of Navarre, if thou escapest with it, boy," he continued hurriedly. "I will go meet this Black Jean and his band, and mayhap thou canst slip away while they parley with me."



"'ANOTHER ROAD TO PAC—QUICK!' IS THERE ONE?"

thou shalt have a chicken in thy pot au feu every day in the week, save Friday! Henri says so."

The young woman smiled and sighed as though at a remote prospect; then smiled again at the eagerness with which the hungry boy took the two big slices of the sour bread of the country which she tendered him.

Before eating, however, the lad in his turn remembered the duties of hospitality. Stepping to the door, he proffered the bread to the knight with a gay courtesy that charmed the Frenchman.

He stepped out and advanced toward the horsemen, who had come to a standstill a few paces from the door. Gaston, however, made no attempt to slip away, but followed him, still holding

"As to who I am," said the knight, sternly, "I am Bertrand de Salignac, Marquis de La Mothe-Fénelon. And as to my going unscathed whithersoever it pleases me, I have yet to learn on what



"HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M A FRENCHMAN, YOUNGSTER?"

his huge chunk of bread, which he had not yet had a chance to eat.

The troopers, seeing the knight approach peacefully, lowered their weapons, while their leader addressed him with a gruff civility.

"Sir Knight, whoever you may be, you have given us a long chase. I know not who could have taught you the trails of this country so well, an it was not the evil one himself. However, let that pass. You shall go unscathed and unquestioned, an you surrender the paper you are seeking to convey to that mutinous nest at Pau."

authority His Majesty of France's envoy is to be stopped by any stray men-at-arms who may be roaming the woods of Béarn."

The air of command with which this was spoken failed not to impress the rude troopers, and the leader, Black Jean, said testily:

"I would that when the seigneur sends us out after king's game, he would give more exact instructions as to what lengths to proceed. I dreamed not the message came from the King of France. Natheless," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "the message I must have, for the

message I was told to bring. The messenger was not so minutely specified. Doubtless," he added, turning to his men, "he meant us to slay the messenger, but 't is a hanging business in the end, and I like it not."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" muttered the men.

La Mothe-Fénelon, seeing their hesitation, produced six gold pieces from his pocket and laid them on the pommel of the leader's saddle.

"Best ride on, and avoid hanging," he said. "Moreover, I have a few men of my own somewhere this side of Tarbes. I parted from them, thinking to ride more quickly; but they 'll be hereabouts shortly, and 't were well for you an you meet them not."

"As for that," said Black Jean, coolly, pocketing the gold with a nod at his comrades, "there are two sides to every shield, and belike it may be as well for them not to meet us. So for form's sake, Seigneur Fénelon, swear me a good round oath that you have no message to the sovereign of Béarn concealed on your person, and we 'll cry quits. You can save your conscience afterward by saying you were in peril of your life; and I 'll e'en give somewhat to the poor to salve mine."

"What need of an oath?" replied the knight, gravely. "I give you my word on the honor of a French knight, that, as I stand here, I have no note or message of any kind concealed on my person."

"Oho!" exclaimed the trooper, his suspicions aroused by this reply of the knight. "Your honor as a knight! Knights of your kind, Sir Fénelon, are not wont to trifle so readily with their honor. Therefore—" he gave a quick signal to his men, four of whom at once surrounded La Mothe-Fénelon,—"as you certes bore that message on your person when you fled so incontinently from us at the ford, and as this is the first habitation you can have been near since, the message must e'en lie in that hut."

Saying this, and with a cool disregard of the bargain he had just made, he ordered one of his men to enter the hut and search it thoroughly.

The knight bit his lip in anger at the situation in which he found himself. But his anger changed to dismay when, glancing around, he saw that his young guide had not disappeared but was standing an interested and apparently highly entertained spectator of all the proceedings. The knight threw a look of command and even of entreaty at him, but the boy only dug his bare toes in the moist earth, while his bright eyes glanced from the knight to the troopers and back again to the knight, as if the whole affair were contrived for his especial amusement.

It did not take long to search the hut of a peasant of those days. The bare beaten earth floor was covered with neither plank nor rushes; the scanty supply of straw that served for bedding for the whole family was soon tossed over; and the empty pot that swung above the dead embers concealed nothing. The man kicked over the few stools and the rude table that formed the sole furniture of the poor home, and, going out, reported he had found nothing.

The peasant woman with her little children had disappeared into the wood while the knight was parleying with the men. Only the oldest boy, emboldened by Gaston's unconcern, had remained to gaze with him upon the intruders.

Black Jean scowled. "Yet the message must be somewhere!" he muttered perplexed.

One of the men spoke up: "Methinks our gentleman here has been eying those boys as though he wanted to give them a hint of some kind."

"Ho, indeed!" exclaimed Jean. "Then search them, you, Louis."

As the trooper dismounted for the purpose, the one small peasant, regretting the rash curiosity that had kept him from hiding with his mother, began to blubber in fright. But Gaston, gazing boldly up into the savage-looking visage, carefully placed his precious chunk of bread on a large stone, then, wagging a small finger at the big man, said gravely, though with a twinkle in his eye:

"I trust thine honor as a leal soldier that thou eatest not my dinner while I disrobe."

All the men, save the knight, burst out laughing, and one of them called out:

"Never fear, Sir Bare-toes; I 'll keep my eye on that luscious dinner of thine."

"Do it from a distance then, please you, Sir Patch-toe, lest you grow hungry in looking," retorted Gaston, merrily, at the same time pulling his faded blue blouse over his head and handing it with a comical air of deference to the trooper.

The latter grinned as he shook the scanty garment; and Black Jean, the examination being completed, exclaimed less gruffly than was his wont:

"We 've but wasted our time over that piece of impudence and his sniveling brother, and may as well be gone. Sir Knight, we have not your message, but 't is plain you have it not either, so—"

A shout interrupted his speech, and from the upper wood whence the troopers themselves had issued a band of horsemen appeared.

"Fénelon! Fénelon! A rescue! A rescue!" they shouted, as with leveled lances they bore down on the group by the hut.

One glance sufficed to show Black Jean that his men were outnumbered, and with a cry of "Save yourselves!" he made for the lower wood, hotly pursued by the new-comers.

The knight leaped on the horse of one of his followers, and joined the chase after his late pursuers. He paused, however, long enough to say hurriedly to the man:

"Stay here and hold me that curly-haired boy yonder till I return."

The younger boy had already vanished into the wood, but Gaston, oblivious of danger, was jumping up and down in delight at the turn affairs had taken. His quick ear, however, caught the knight's words, and in a twinkling he took to his heels. The French soldier made after him, but a man in armor had no chance to overtake a light-footed boy. He shortly returned discomfited and alone to await the knight.

CHAPTER II

THE KING'S MESSAGE

IN one of the rooms of the château of Pau a young gentlewoman sat lost in thought before the wood fire that crackled gaily on the hearth. The spring sunshine that warmed the fields and wood of Béarn did not suffice to warm the chill stone-paved rooms of the castle of the Vicomtes of Béarn.

Within those deep stone walls the damp of winter still lingered. To be sure, the walls in this room were covered with beautiful tapestries, and the queer wooden bed, made like a box open only on one side, was adorned with exquisite carvings, as were also the handsome table and the high stiff chairs; yet, for all its elegance, there was not a semblance of comfort in the great apartment.

But even princesses in the Middle Ages knew nothing of comfort, and this princess, this queen in fact, for such was the young woman in front of the fire, would have cared little for it in any case.

Jeanne d'Albret, sovereign of Béarn and Queen of Navarre, was a Spartan by nature. Only thirty-five years old, and a widow, she ruled a turbulent land, distraught by feuds and civil wars, with a firm hand. Her bold spirit shrank from no danger or hardship, and she opposed to her rebellious nobles a severity as great as their own.

But on this spring day she was sunk in unusual dejection.

At the end of her resources for the time being, she had, as a last resort, appealed to the King of France to help pacify her turbulent subjects.

Charles IX had no jurisdiction over the independent country of Béarn; but his favor, and that of his mother, the redoubted Catharine de' Medici, was of great moment for the little state, which later on became a province of southern France. The ruler of Béarn was, to be sure, also Queen of Navarre, but that title was little more than a name, the titular sovereignty of the Spanish kingdom across the Pyrenees being a source of weakness rather than strength to the Béarnais. It but added to the problems of a ruler whose nobles, so often aided by Spanish gold, were in constant conflict with their sovereign. But the Béarnais nobles, for all their contumacy, preferred to stand well with the powerful French king; so Jeanne hoped much from the favorable intervention of Charles. For some time now she had been daily awaiting his reply, and the non-arrival of any messenger greatly disquieted her.

"What if King Charles refuse his mediation!" she murmured, in troubled tones to herself.

Rising from her seat, she entered the adjoining apartment where her ladies-in-waiting sat. "Where is Pierre?" she asked.

A young page stepped forward with a bow.

"Go tell François to saddle, and ride on the road toward Tarbes to ascertain if aught has been heard of a messenger on the way hither from France."

As the page withdrew, a tiny girl of four slipped away from the lady-in-waiting, to whose stories she had been listening, and ran toward the queen.

"Ah, Catharine! Let her come, Suzanne." The somewhat severe beauty of Jeanne's face was softened by her maternal smile. "Where is thy brother, little one?"

"Why, Maman, have you forgotten? You gave him leave yesterday to visit Jean Lassansaa at Billères. I wish you had not," she pouted. "None play with me as gaily as my brother."

"Fie, Catharine! Thou must not be ungrateful to others!" said the queen, sternly; "thy brother spoils thee, I fear."

At this moment, the door at the other end of the room opened hastily and a gentleman advancing bent the knee to the queen, saying:

"Seigneur La Mothe-Fénelon, but now arrived from France, craves audience—"

"I will see him at once!" interrupted Jeanne, eagerly. "Take him to the reception hall. I will be there anon."

"Oh, Suzanne," she exclaimed to the Baroness Coarraze, "if France has but sent some pledge that will bring Andaux and Navailles and the rest to terms!"

"He has, of course, Your Majesty," said the

lady addressed, soothingly: "why else would he send at all?"

"Nay, but it must be in writing, to satisfy them, Suzanne; and we wot well his lady mother likes

been imparted that the King of France had consented to mediate between the sovereign of Béarn and her rebellious subjects, than the mortified ambassador had been obliged to add the humiliat-



"WE AT FIRST WASTED OUR TIME OVER THAT PIECE OF IMPUDENCE, THEN WE EXCLAIMED—"

not to commit herself—or him, which is the same thing,—to paper. However, 't is ill waiting. I will see him at once," and followed by her train of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting, she descended the great state staircase.

The snow-capped Pyrenees across the valley had undergone a glorious transformation, and were tinted rosy red by the rays of the setting sun. But in the royal hall none gave a thought to the beauty without. Consternation reigned in the Béarnais court. Hardly had the joyful news

ing confession that his pledge to that effect, the paper with the king's signature, had been stolen from him. And by a peasant boy at that!

"'T was some minion of Andaux', of course," said Jeanne, when the storm of questions and answers raised by the knight's rueful recital had somewhat subsided; "some page disguised who had lain in wait for just such a contingency. D'Andaux aye prefers war to peace and meant by the theft of the paper to discredit your embassy."

"Your pardon, most gracious lady," said La Mothe-Fénelon, "but I cannot think it. The boy had an honest face, frank and merry. Deceit lurks not in such fun-loving eyes. 'T is but a mischievous prank he has played, not knowing with what grave affairs of state he has meddled. The paper, unfortunately, looked not like an important document. 'T was but a small note, which

"the lad have not torn it to bits long ere this!"

The courtiers with one accord shuddered. What a fate for a royal signature, to be torn to bits by a peasant boy! The conjectures began anew.

Meanwhile, outside the door of the hall a barefooted boy who had toiled wearily up the great white marble staircase, leaving a little muddy im-

print on every step, paused a moment to get his breath.

His feet were scratched and torn by thorns; his dirty blouse bore evidence of many a fall on the long way he had come; and he clutched in his hand a grimy chunk of bread which he regarded with tender interest.

"Eh bien," he said at last, shrugging his shoulders, and, straightening his tired young form, "now for it!" With a nod to the sentinel at the door he passed into the audience-hall.

Slowly, but with head erect, he advanced toward the queen and bent his knee. Jeanne looked at him in indignant surprise.

"How now, Gaston, what means this? Why are you not at Billères with Henri? And how dare you



"JEANNE D'ALBRET SEIZED THE PROFFERED PAPER WITH AN EAGER CRY."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the king himself penned at the close of our conference. If some one could but recognize the boy from my description! But, of course, 't is hopeless."

Hopeless indeed! Haply they might have known a page, but a peasant boy! How should any one in the queen's court have knowledge of a peasant—a blue-eyed peasant boy, with dark curly hair, a shrewd tongue, and a most infectious laugh! They shook their heads at the futile hope.

"Nevertheless, the land shall be scoured to-morrow, and every boy in the country-side brought to this court," said the Queen of Navarre with decision. "If only," she added dejectedly,

presume to appear here like this?"

The boy's reply was lost in the exclamation of La Mothe-Fénelon. Springing forward, he seized the child by the shoulders.

"Saint Denis! 'T is the boy himself! I knew he would not steal. But the paper, the paper! Where is it? You have put it in a safe place, have n't you?"

The boy freed himself from the knight's grasp with a gentle dignity surprising in one so young. Then with a roguish twinkle in his eye he replied:

"'T was not such a very safe place, after all. I've been near eating it a dozen times."

He turned to the queen and, holding out the grimy bread, said: "I did not stop to change my clothes because of the paper, Your Majesty; I laid it between these two pieces. Here it is."

Jeanne d'Albret seized the proffered paper with an eager cry:

"'T is right! It is France's signature! Now is all well indeed!"

The French ambassador waited until the King of France's communication, so strangely delivered, had been duly read and discussed; then, unable any longer to control his curiosity, he bent over the boy who was standing quietly at one side.

"Who art thou, child?" he asked. "It is plain a peasant thou art not."

"I will tell you," exclaimed a joyous voice behind him, as a boy who had entered the hall unnoticed in the commotion drew near. He was a slim little fellow, with a very erect carriage, and eyes as merry as Gaston's. He was richly dressed in blue velvet slashed with white silk, with a wide lace ruff and a gold chain around his neck. A small jewel-encrusted sword hung at his side. He flung his arm affectionately around Gaston's dirty blouse.

"'T is Gaston de Montamar, son of the noble Lord of Montamar, and my very good friend, yet a scamp at that, to go adventuring without a word to me!" he added indignantly.

"Nay, but, Henri, I told Jean to tell you Andaux' men were coming and you should—"

"Oh, aye, I know!" retorted the other, "thou didst thy duty, and I came duly home, for, as my lady mother says, 't is ill parleying with traitors. Thus had I time to doff my blouse before presenting myself, but thou, lucky one, hadst all the fun, and—"

"The chiding," concluded Gaston, ruefully. "I fear Her Majesty is displeased with me."

"Nay, my boy," said the queen, joining the little group. "Jeanne d'Albret is not so unjust. Thou didst right not to linger a moment for thy toilet. Moreover, thou hast done the realm a service this day which I shall not lightly forget. But now," she concluded, smiling, "thou art dismissed the presence until thou hast donned attire more seemly to the court."

As Gaston gladly withdrew, the queen turned to the astonished ambassador of France. "You wonder, my lord, at seeing a page of Béarn in such a guise, but had you arrived a few moments earlier, you might have met the Prince of Béarn similarly clad.

"This, my son,"—she presented Henri, to whom

the knight bowed low—"is, by order of his grandfather, my late honored father, to be brought up hardly as a Béarnais, and not—I beg you take no offense—delicately as a Frenchman. He goes often on visits to his good peasant foster-mother, Marie Lassansaa, and, when there, is clad in a peasant blouse no whit better than that of his foster-brother Jean. And Gaston, who accompanies him, wears the like. They eat the bread of the peasants, and run races barefoot in the mud of the highway, and—" she smiled a wise smile—"I do not ask Henri which life he prefers, that of the court or the wood. Suffice it that he grows strong of limb and active."

"I have not the honor to speak for the prince," said Fénelon, "but for his page, young Gaston,



"HENRI TELLS HIS ARMED COUNTRYMEN
GASTON'S STORY FIRST."

I will say of my knowledge 't is the most active and the quickest lad I ever knew. What men you are breeding, Your Majesty!" he exclaimed admiringly. "No court-bred youths will ever hold their own against them!"

"I hope not!" replied the queen, and she sighed, "for sure am I Henri will need to hold his own some day."

"Good!" exclaimed the young prince, joyously. "Then mayhap I 'll have adventures too, such as Gaston has had *this* day!"



"HELEN PATIENTLY THREW THE BALL AT THE BASKET." (SEE PAGE 398.)

THE WEAK POINT

BY ETHEL BLAIR

"HELEN," cried Grace, as she rushed into the gymnasium, "the teams are waiting to practise! Do come on!"

Helen leisurely rolled up the sleeves of her basket-ball suit.

"Well, wait a minute," she said placidly.

Grace turned to her two companions. "I do believe," she exclaimed in desperation, "that when judgment day comes, Helen will tell the angel Gabriel to 'wait a minute!'"

Helen thought that this might be a very reasonable remark on such a momentous occasion, and was about to say so when Grace dragged her out to the field.

"You are late, Miss Winfrey," said the instructor, rather unnecessarily it seemed to the waiting teams.

Being used to this form of greeting, Helen quietly took her place on team "U," whose dark blue suits and white letters contrasted effectively with the red suits and black letters of team "I."

"Now, girls," said the instructor, impressively,

"I have something to tell you. Thornton Institute has challenged our school to play basket-ball with them on the thirtieth of next month."

Thirteen girls exclaimed with excitement and delight. The fourteenth calmly finished the sleeve-rolling which Grace had interrupted.

Grace was dancing from one foot to the other. "Oh, Miss Carr, are we going? Oh, please!" she cried.

"One team will go," replied Miss Carr. "I don't know which," she hastened to add, as thirteen pairs of eyes hurled the question at her.

Miss Carr continued: "Two weeks from to-day we will have a match game between I and U—U and I," she hastily corrected; "and the winning team will go to Thornton. Also, our president will present them with a new basket-ball."

Again the thirteen rejoiced, for Raleigh Institute was not a rich school, and the old basket-ball had been patched and mended until Grace declared it sighed whenever it was bounced.

"One thing I want to impress on you, girls,"

concluded Miss Carr. "Your games have been entirely too rough lately. The next girl who pushes another will be ruled out of the game, even if it is the match game itself."

During the intermission there was a buzz of excited conversation. The teams were fairly well matched, and the outcome was uncertain.

Grace, who was captain of team U, was tearing up handfuls of grass and talking rapidly.

"Oh, we must win!" she cried. "I could n't bear to lose! We must practise every day after study hour. Oh, *do* you all think there's anything to keep us from winning?"

One of the guards nodded. "There's Helen," she said gloomily.

Six pairs of eyes looked accusingly at Helen, who was gazing skyward and paying no attention to the bustle around her.

"Can't you take a little interest, Helen?" asked

"Well, I don't know that it does," replied Helen. "You see, it's only a game—"

"Only a game!"—but fortunately Miss Carr blew the whistle before Grace got really started.

Helen sighed as she took her place by the basket. Helen was slow. Slow in thinking, in speaking, in moving; lazy, too, some said. Her duty was to stand near the basket, and when the ball was tossed to her, to throw it into the basket. She was given this because it is the one thing a basket-ball player can stand still and do.

Helen performed her part admirably so far as the standing still was concerned; but not even by accident had she ever put the ball into the basket. Even this might have been forgiven her had she not been one of those unlucky people who are always "underfoot." The other players were constantly falling over her or colliding with her—if one can collide with an absolutely motion-



"SIX PAIRS OF EYES LOOKED ACCUSINGLY AT HELEN."

Grace, impatiently. "Don't you care whether our side wins? Does n't it make any difference to you?"

less object. Without taking a step herself, she was the center of so many accidents that it was quite a usual thing to disentangle a waving heap

of arms and legs and find Helen underneath, bruised and scratched, but not at all excited. Grace maintained that Helen could not walk through the middle of an empty room without skinning her elbows on the walls. But Grace was her room-mate.

The game ended in a decided victory for the I team, and, as Helen was dressing, she thought, with a vague regret, that Grace would be disappointed. But disappointment was too mild a word to apply to Grace's state of mind. Helen found her lying on the bed and weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" asked Helen.

"Because the I team is going to win the match game!" sobbed Grace.

"Well," soothed Helen, "it 's only a—"

"Helen!" shrieked Grace, sitting up, "if you tell me it 's only a game, I 'll throw a pillow at you! It 's all your fault, anyway. You won't practise, or try, or do anything but get in the way. If it were not for you, we 'd have a chance. But the I's will win. And the University boys will be there, too. And, oh," she wailed, "I won't get to Cousin Margaret's wedding!"

"Who is she?" asked Helen.

"My dearest cousin that lives near Thornton. And if our team went to Thornton, I could go to the wedding. But the I's will go, and all because you are so lazy and selfish!" And she flung herself out of the room.

Helen sat in the window for a long time and gazed out at the darkening field. At first she thought only of Grace's disappointment. In spite of Grace's open scorn, Helen was fond of her pretty room-mate, and liked to see her happy.

Helen turned over in her mind the things that Grace had said. "You are lazy." Perhaps that was true. "It 's all your fault." Helen admitted to herself that she was the one weak point of the U team. "You won't practise." Ah! Helen looked out at the field and sighed. She could practise. But she did n't want to. She hated all exercise, and particularly she disliked standing on a chilly field and trying to put a ball into a basket. For what was the use of it? If, by any chance, the ball landed in the basket, some one took a long pole and poked it out again, and there you were!

Then there came another vision of Grace's sparkling eyes all dimmed with tears.

"I 'll do it," decided Helen. "I 'll practise." But she heaved a mighty sigh.

She did not tell any one of her resolve, but late every afternoon, when the teams were gathered in the captains' rooms to discuss the decorations and "yells" for the match game, Helen stood on the deserted field and patiently threw

the ball at the basket. At first her arms ached from the unaccustomed exercise, but she was slow to waver when she had once made up her mind. And gradually her muscles hardened and the ball began to slide into the basket with surprising regularity. In the daily practice games she stood around as usual and did not display her new-found skill which she was saving for the match game.

The day of the game was clear and cold: a day of golden sunlight, of rollicking winds, of fluttering pennants and high excitement. The field was bright with color. One pole was wound with white and blue, the other with red and black, and flags were flying from every available place on the improvised grand stands.

At half-past one the seats began to fill with freshmen, day pupils, teachers, townspeople, and a goodly sprinkling of University boys who came with flags and megaphones and brazen lungs to "root" for their favorite teams.

At three minutes to two appeared Miss Carr, as excited as any girl among them, and impartially adorned with a red and black ribbon on one shoulder and a blue and white one on the other.

At one minute to two she blew the whistle and the grand stands rose and cheered as the teams trotted out on the field.

At two precisely Miss Carr gave the signal and the game was on.

For a breathless five minutes the ball flew wildly back and forth—now with the captains in the center of the field, now tossed about by the guards, now grazing the baskets.

It dropped at last into the I basket, and scored one point for I. Whereupon the I "rooters" burst forth with a paraphrase of a popular song and proclaimed lustily: "I Can Win Any Game in the World from U."

To which the U's retorted with the *Chocolate Soldier's* song: "We Love U Only, We Love but U."

Once more the ball was tossed to the captains, and Grace sent it flying over the heads of the guards and into the arms of the U fieldsman. It was a brilliant play. But the U fieldsman, taking the three steps permitted, stumbled over Helen, and the two rolled over the line, capsizing an innocent linesman and making two fouls for U.

Again the I rooters lifted up their voices in song: "The Goblins Will Get U, If U Don't Watch Out!"

And now the rooters settled down to confuse the players by comment, criticism, and suggestion. Once, when the I captain caught the ball, the U rooters cried with one voice: "*Drop that ball!*" And the captain dropped it.

Again, when the two captains were racing after the ball, the I rooters shouted: "*Grace! Don't go over the line!*" And, though Grace knew she was not near the line, she glanced nervously over her shoulder and lost the ball.

In like manner they advised the struggling guards to pick up their feet when they ran, and asked nervous fieldsmen why they left their aim up-stairs. Except for the brief flurry with the fieldsmen, Helen had taken no part in the game, and was several times entreated not to exert herself so much. And loud above the turmoil the megaphones bellowed the team yells:

"Hoop-la, hoop-la, sis-cum-bi!
Give three cheers for I! I! I!"

and

"Tee-hee, tee-ha, tee-ha-ha-ha!
U! U! U! Rah-rah-rah!"

As the I's forged steadily ahead, Grace grew more and more excited, until, in the last half of the game, she suddenly lost her temper and—pushed!

The whistle blew, Miss Carr said a few quiet words, Grace left the field, and a substitute took her place. The U's prepared for defeat, and the

I's magnanimously forbore to cheer, for Grace was universally popular.

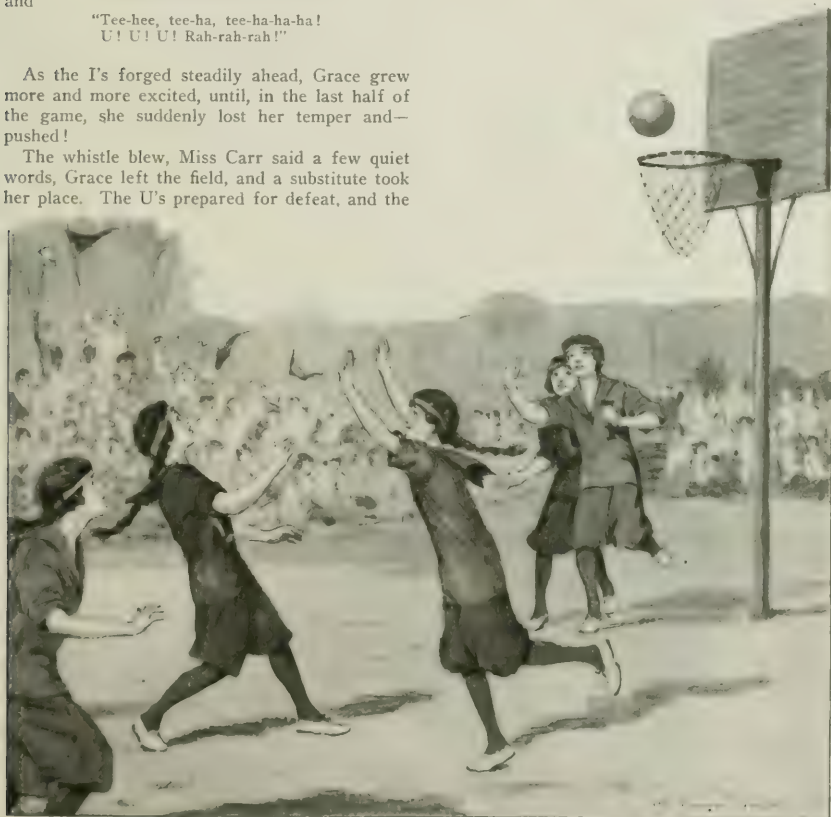
But they made no effort to restrain their joy when by chance the ball fell into Helen's hands.

"Oh, look who 's got it!" they shrieked. "Watch it hit the pole and bounce!"

But it went into the basket.

If one of the poles had walked off the field, there would hardly have been a greater sensation. As in the poem of Horatius:

"No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either side.
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing,"—



"BUT IT WENT INTO THE BASKET."

Then the U's shouted encouragement, and the I's proclaimed: "An accident! Send for an ambulance!"

Meanwhile Helen quietly waited till the ball came into her hands again. In vain the I's used her own phrase and urged her to "wait a minute"; in vain they cried in horrified tones: "Oh, *don't* put the ball into the basket!"

Unhurried and unruffled, Helen stood and calmly caught the ball and calmly put it into the basket.

Then the U's realized that what had seemed a lucky accident was really a permanent miracle, and played with renewed vigor. On the other hand, the I's, appalled by this unexpected strengthening of their opponents' weak point, grew nervous and played wildly. The U players began to score; the U rooters began to sing: "I Cannot Win the Game Now, I Lost It Long Ago."

A few more minutes of brisk playing, and then, in a tense silence which included even the rooters, Helen put the ball into the basket and the game was won for U.

The players cheered, the megaphones bellowed, the spectators shrieked, and, rising, poured down into the field and mingled with the teams. And in the general uproar Helen oozed quietly out of the crowd, as placid as usual, and proceeded upstairs to her room.

But before she had time to change her dress, she heard the sound of flying footsteps. The next minute Grace was embracing her violently, and crying and laughing and talking all at once in happy excitement.

"Oh, Helen! you're a darling, and I'm horrid, and you're not lazy and selfish!" Grace took one breath and raced on. "Miss Carr has just told us how she's seen you practise every day, and you won the game when I'd lost it—and I'm awfully sorry I've been so mean—and now I can go to the wedding—but I forgot! The president is going to give us the new ball, and the team wants you to receive it; and all the people, and the president, and the entire faculty, are waiting! Oh, hurry! hurry!"

But Helen was re-tying her hair-ribbon.

"Wait a minute," said Helen.



THE MAPLE-SUGAR SEASON IS ON.

BOBBY BEETLE: "Help! Help! We've struck a gusher!"
 ANDY ANT: " "

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF THE INDIAN ELEPHANT

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

AWAY down in the heart of the jungle where the trees are the thickest and the shade so dense that the rays of the sun seldom find their way through, there lived an immense family of elephants. There were grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and elephant children of all ages and sizes, from those almost grown, eight or nine feet in height, to the smallest babies not over three feet in height. They all roamed about in one band led by an elephant cow. She would wander on in advance in scent of impending danger, rolling her little round eyes about cautiously, flapping her huge ears, and sniffing the ground with her sensitive trunk. The others would stroll along after her, leisurely plucking grass and tender boughs.

They were very happy here in their vast green jungle home with its cool rivers and shady retreats. The children would romp and play together as all children love to do, whether colts, kittens, puppies, or boys and girls. They would roll on their backs in the soft earth kicking their heels in the air, or run and frisk about among the trees. Their mothers would warn them not to play in the sun, for elephants always shun the sun.

Sometimes a grandfather would get tired of family life and stalk off alone on a tour of exploration into the jungle, remaining often two or three months. But he would always come sauntering back home, sooner or later, ready to resume his family cares.

All elephants love to bathe, and the whole band were fine swimmers. They used to plunge into the water whenever they came to a river or lake, and swim far out beyond their depth. Sometimes they would lie in the water for hours, shutting their eyes in pure ecstasy as they felt the cool waves creeping up over their huge sides. Then they would turn their trunks into a hose and spout water over their backs and heads.

On the whole, this huge family got on very well together, although there were sometimes disputes. Even the old grandfathers used to fight sometimes, and they surely should have known better. However, if one of the band got into trouble—fell into a hole or anything of that sort—the others were always ready to help him. They were, like all elephants, by nature very gentle, timid even, and feared everything that was new and strange.

One day, when they were strolling quietly along in search of tender leaves and grass for their dinner, the elephant cow in the lead suddenly trumpeted an alarm so loud and fierce that it was heard by the farthest members of the band. They all hurried to see what was the matter, flapping their great ears and flourishing their trunks wildly as they ran. They found her cautiously examining two long parallel rails of white shining steel that crossed their path and extended as far as the eye could see in both directions.

"Now whose work can this be?" she asked them, sniffing at the shining rails with distrust.

"Not the tiger's," answered one, in turn sniffing at the rails.

"Nor the monkey's," "Nor the panther's," "Nor the chetah's," "Nor the deer's," "Nor the python's," "Nor the jackal's," began the others, naming over all the jungle creatures one by one.

"Then it must be man's!" said a wise old grandfather.

At this, a chill ran right down the spine of every one of those huge creatures. Not one of them had ever seen a man, but they had heard rumors of him, of how he killed the jungle creatures for the pleasure of killing, or captured them, making them work for him or shutting them up in cages.

So they set to work furiously tearing up the rails and throwing them away. They had no sooner begun than there sounded throughout the jungle a shriek, shrill and piercing, and a great



TAME ELEPHANTS BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

monster like a giant python came gliding along the rails toward them at a tremendous speed, shrieking and snorting and belching out fire and smoke. They stood terrified in its path for a moment, unable to move, then broke into a wild stampede. Some ran about aimlessly, others charged at the on-coming foe.

When the monster caught sight of them, it behaved in a most amazing manner—suddenly slowing down and stopping just before it reached them, then gliding back along the shining rails and disappearing noiselessly into the jungle.

They looked after it and flapped their ears in astonishment. Then they plunged back into the heart of the jungle, where man had never penetrated.

"So man is like the python, only much larger and much more terrible," said a young elephant cow, shivering at the recollection of that awful apparition. "Did you see his eyes of fire and his hideous black teeth?"

"But for all that, man is a coward," said a swagger young tusker. "He ran away without fighting!"

A wise old grandfather gave a grunt and winked his eye.

"That was not man," he told them, "Man is so small that he could sit on one of my tusks, but he is so clever that he could make me work for him all my days. That was one of his inventions."

"Then man's invention is a coward! Why did it run away?" asked the young tusker.

The wise old grandfather wagged his head knowingly and answered: "It went to bring man."

Then a chill ran along the spine of every elephant there.

And sure enough, one day when the herd had scattered far and were quietly grazing in little groups, the wind carried them a strange, unfamiliar scent. *Man!* Instinct told them that it was man! Fires and strange dancing lights appeared in the distance, accompanied by wild shouts, the beating of drums, and the clanging of harsh, discordant instruments.

Crash! The frenzied elephants charged through the jungle from every direction and huddled together in a swaying, trumpeting mass.



IN THE ELEPHANT STABLES—THE SMALL ONES ARE RECENT CAPTIVES.

Stowed away between the feet of their parents, the babies squealed and stamped.

Nearer and nearer closed in the terrifying lights and noises. Through the trees the elephants caught confused glimpses of dancing, brown-skinned figures, beating drums and brandishing torches. At last they had seen man! Small as he was compared to them, they were quite as afraid of him as are some very big people of such little creatures as spiders, mice, and snakes. In-furiated, some of the cows charged in the direction of their tormentors, but these were too agile for them. Whenever they would dash at a dancing torch, it would disappear, only to reappear in another place. The beaters kept themselves well under cover of the trees and tall grass.

Suddenly all became quiet. The elephants were just beginning to think that man had run away again without fighting, when the tumult broke out fiercer than ever. The frightened animals looked about in terror for a way of escape. On one side all was peaceful. They made a rush in this direction. But however fast they ran, the mysterious lights and sounds followed them, al-

ways the same distance away. Day after day this continued, till the band ceased to have great fear of their strange pursuers; but the tumult harassed them, so on they plunged, hoping to outdistance it. How they longed for the peace and stillness of their home in the heart of the jungle!

Often they found their way cut off by fires. But when they turned to the right or left, they were sure to find an opening.

"Man is not so clever as I!" said the swagger young tusker that had called man a coward. "He always forgets to guard one place or another. We escape him every time!"

The wise old grandfather answered never a word. He shook his head sadly as he stalked along, and a great tear ran down his trunk.

One day, after about a fortnight, the fires and noises became more tantalizing than ever before, and closed in, leaving only a narrow passage. The poor animals plunged through this, weary, jaded, harassed. Then the tormenting lights and sounds suddenly ceased. Man disappeared as unexpectedly as he had appeared. But the wise old grandfather continued to shake his head.

And he was right, too. For soon the elephants discovered that, whenever they walked a little distance in any direction, they came upon a stout barrier of timber cleverly concealed with green



THE DAILY PLUNGE IN THE RIVER.

One of the elephants is giving her mahout a good ducking.

boughs. They were suspicious at once, and carefully followed along the stockade. No opening this time! Man was not so stupid as they had thought! He had driven them near his own home and tricked them into a cunningly built prison. They hurled themselves against the stockade, but the walls held firm. Man had counted upon this when he built the stockade. When they found there was no escape, they trumpeted and snorted in rage, rocked wildly from side to side, ran about blindly.

The tuskers were the first to accept the situation as hopeless and to calm down. The cows continued for a day or two to dash themselves against the stockade, and the children to squeal and stamp and tear about wildly.

When they all, at last, had quieted down more or less, tame elephants with chains around their ankles and men on their backs were turned in among them. They surrounded the most docile of the captives, pushing and crowding against them to distract their attention, while the natives slid down and scrambled about gingerly, putting chains and ropes about their feet. The men then grabbed hold of an ear of a tame elephant, swung themselves up on his neck, and off they went, the captives in their midst, scarcely knowing what was happening to them.

The others were driven into a smaller V-shaped stockade, or *khedar*, as the Indians called it. They entered by the large end of the V, and were gradually wedged into the small end. Then the real fun began for the spectators. They sat in a high balcony overlooking the *khedar*. The tame elephants enjoyed the performance as much as any one. Their little round eyes twinkled merrily as they went about giving a vigorous prod to some refractory grown-up or a mild spanking to some wilful youngster. They acted as if it were all a huge joke.

The babies were tied up first, for they made the biggest fuss. They squealed and trumpeted and tore about like really naughty children. Sometimes they had to be punished several times by a tame old grandfather, before they would let themselves be led away and tied up.

One by one the others were all surrounded by the tame elephants while the men glided about cautiously tying up their feet. The cows were the fiercest and gave the most trouble. Several of them took after the mahouts, who had a lively time escaping them.

When they were all chained up, the wildest ones being anchored to stumps, they were allowed to get a little hungry for a few days before the work of training them began.

In a short time they became reconciled to the loss of their freedom, and were easily trained to



RETURNING FROM THE BATH.

A mahout is riding on the elephant's tusks.

different tasks. Some were sent to America and Europe, where they toted children about the Zoo

on their huge backs, or did foolish "stunts" in the circus. Others were sent to Ceylon and Burma, where they learned to pile teak-wood quite as well as it could possibly be done by man or by machinery. Most of them, however, were bought by Indian princes, who used them in processions and for hunting tigers. Most of my readers have doubtless seen moving-picture films of the Coronation Durbar of the present king-

clean and in order. The cement floors were kept swept and covered with straw or fresh grass and leaves. Under the sheds on one side of the courtyard seven enormous tuskers, each with a foot chained to a ring in the floor, swayed incessantly and threw grass and straw over their backs. On the opposite side of the court were five elephant cows. Strange to say, though they are so much fiercer than the tuskers at first, they become more



From photograph by Bourne & Steptend.

THE ELEPHANT TOWER AT FATEHPUR SIKRI. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

emperor at Delhi, and know what a magnificent appearance these great creatures make when decked out in the splendor of their gold and silver trappings and embroidered silk blankets.

In hunting tigers they are most useful. The hunters sit perched aloft on their backs far above the reach of the tigers' sharp teeth and claws. When they have no elephants, they must hide in a sort of cage or platform built high up in a tree. Here they wait, sometimes all night, without making the slightest stir, and fire at the tigers when they creep by in search of prey.

While in India, I visited the elephant stables of a number of rajas. Most of these were in the form of huge sheds opening on a court. The finest of this style belonged to His Highness the Gaikwar of Baroda. Everything was beautifully

docile in captivity. They salaamed to us with their trunks. One played a jews'-harp. She enjoyed the performance so much that it was hard to get the instrument away from her. Another twirled a sort of dumb-bell with bells jingling at each end. Still another drew water from a well, and appeared very proud of the feat.

I often visited the stables at the hour of feeding. The cows were turned loose and allowed to go over to a side of the court where the keepers prepared their food. Each was given a pile of nine big black cakes about a foot in diameter. The men broke each cake into three or four pieces. The crusty old tuskers were fed in their shed. They would sway and snort and stuff the food into their ugly, three-cornered mouths as if angry with it.

In a house in the middle of the court were kept the gold and silver howdahs and trappings and the embroidered blankets used on state occasions. I walked about looking at these, wondering how it would feel to be an Indian princess perched up in a golden howdah, and to look down upon the crowds in the streets through silken curtains



A TUSKER BRINGING HOME HIS OWN DINNER OF BANANA LEAVES.

while listening to the tinkle tinkle of my elephant's gold and silver bangles.

After quite a different style are the elephant stables of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, the premier Hindu prince of southern India. Here the animals are kept out under the trees, giving them a home as much like the jungle as possible. There were twenty of them in two rows facing one another. They stood swaying from side to side and waving in their trunks leafy branches with which they brushed their backs from time to time. Their tusks were truncated and tipped with brass bands. Their trunks and foreheads were gaudy with bright-colored designs with which they had been painted for the wedding of the maharaja's brother.

Every day they were allowed a plunge in the river. They would hail the water with the greatest delight, lying down and rolling over in it. They would shut their eyes with the keenest pleasure while their keepers, or mahouts, scrambled over their backs and scrubbed them with boards. Every once in a while they would fill their trunks with water and give the man a ducking.

Several of them were pointed out as having been captured at the hunt given by His Highness in honor of the present king and queen when

they visited India in 1905 as the Prince and Princess of Wales. Some of the more recent captives were babies, still at the age when they enjoyed pulling one another's tails and keeping things lively in general.

The maharaja very graciously had the accompanying photographs taken for me to use with this article. He is a charming and highly cultured young man, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. He usually dresses like any American or European gentleman, except for a gaily-colored turban and ear-rings, but on state occasions he appears in the silk robes and gold lace of his rank and caste. This would appear quite strange to an American boy or girl. His Highness is very fond of animals, and sets his subjects a good example in the way they should be treated. Those in his Zoo were in the finest condition of any that I saw in the native states. The cages and compounds were large, airy, and clean. An instance of his kindness is shown in his sending his dogs to the cooler temperature of the hills during the hot season.

In the time of the Moguls, four or five centuries ago, elephants were used in battle. The warriors would ride up to the fortress of their enemy and bid their elephants break in the massive gates with their great, hard heads. To prevent this, big iron spikes were put on the gates at the height of an elephant's head. Many of these ancient gates with their cruel-looking spikes are still to be seen in old citadels. The British now have elephant batteries, where the gun is drawn by elephants.

The Indians are very fond of their elephants, even sometimes erecting monuments to their memory. At Fatehpur Sikri there is one of these, erected by Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls, over the grave of his favorite elephant. It is studded with stone tusks. One of the favorite gods of Indian mythology is the elephant-headed, fat-bodied Ganesha. He is a merry little soul, and is supposed to remove obstacles and to bring good luck and success to his devotees.

The story of the African elephants is quite different from that of their Indian cousins. They are several feet taller, have much larger ears that reach down below their cheeks, and both the males and females have long tusks. They have not, as yet, been successfully domesticated. Experiments are now being made with young ones, but as a rule it is found more satisfactory to import grown ones from Asia. An elephant hunt in Africa, also, is quite different, for the animals are killed for their ivory, instead of simply being captured, as in India.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XI

"COME WITH ME"

WHEN they came back from the graveyard, The Rat was silent all the way. He was thinking of what had happened and of what lay before him. He was, in fact, thinking chiefly that nothing lay before him—nothing. The certainty of that gave his sharp, lined face new lines and sharpness which made it look pinched and hard. He had had nothing before but a corner in a bare garret in which he could find little more than a leaking roof over his head—when he was not turned out into the street. But, if policemen asked him where he lived, he could say he lived in Bone Court with his father. Now he could n't say it.

He got along very well on his crutches, but he was rather tired when they reached the turn in the street which led in the direction of his old haunts. At any rate, they were haunts he knew, and he belonged to them more than he belonged elsewhere. The Squad stopped at this particular corner because it led to such homes as they possessed. They stopped in a body and looked at The Rat, and The Rat stopped also. He swung himself to Loristan's side, touching his hand to his forehead.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Line and salute, you chaps!" And the Squad stood in line and raised their hands also. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, Marco. Good-by."

"Where are you going?" Loristan asked.

"I don't know yet," The Rat answered, biting his lips.

He and Loristan looked at each other a few moments in silence. Both of them were thinking very hard. In The Rat's eyes there was a kind of desperate adoration. He did not know what he should do when this man turned and walked away from him. It would be as if the sun itself had dropped out of the heavens—and The Rat had not thought of what the sun meant before.

But Loristan did not turn and walk away. He looked deep into the lad's eyes as if he were searching to find some certainty. Then he said in a low voice, "You know how poor I am."

"I—I don't care!" said The Rat. "You—you're like a king to me. I'd stand up and be shot to bits if you told me to do it."

"I am so poor that I am not sure that I can give you enough dry bread to eat—always. Marco and Lazarus and I are often hungry. Sometimes you might have nothing to sleep on but the floor. But I can find a *place* for you if I take you with me," said Loristan. "Do you know what I mean by a *place*?"

"Yes, I do," answered The Rat. "It's what I've never had before—sir."

What he knew was that it meant some bit of space, out of all the world, where he would have a sort of right to stand, howsoever poor and bare it might be.

"I'm not used to beds or to food enough," he said. But he did not dare to insist too much on that "*place*." It seemed too great a thing to be true.

Loristan took his arm.

"Come with me," he said. "We won't part. I believe you are to be trusted."

The Rat turned quite white in a sort of anguish of joy. He had never cared for any one in his life. He had been a sort of young Cain, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. And during the last twelve hours he had plunged into a tumultuous ocean of boyish hero-worship. This man seemed like a sort of god to him. What he had said and done the day before, in what had been really The Rat's hour of extremity, after that appalling night—the way he had looked into his face and understood it all, the talk at the table when he had listened to him seriously, comprehending and actually respecting his plans and rough maps; his silent companionship as they followed the pauper hearse together—these things were enough to make the lad longingly ready to be any sort of servant or slave to him, if he might see and be spoken to by him even once or twice a day.

The Squad wore a look of dismay for a moment, and Loristan saw it.

"I am going to take your captain with me," he said. "But he will come back to Barracks. So will Marco."

"Will yer go on with the game?" asked Cad, as eager spokesman. "We want to go on being the 'Secret Party.'"

"Yes, I'll go on," The Rat answered. "I won't give it up. There's a lot in the papers to-day."

So they were pacified and went on their way, and Loristan and Lazarus and Marco and The Rat went on theirs also.

"Queer thing is," The Rat thought as they walked together, "I'm a bit afraid to speak to him unless he speaks to me first. Never felt that way before with any one."

He had jeered at policemen and had impudently chaffed "swells," but he felt a sort of secret awe of this man, and actually liked the feeling.

"It's as if I was a private and he was commander-in-chief," he thought. "That's it."

Loristan talked to him as they went. He was simple enough in his statements of the situation. There was an old sofa in Marco's bedroom. It was narrow and hard, as Marco's bed itself was, but The Rat could sleep upon it. They would share what food they had. There were newspapers and magazines to be read. There were papers and pencils to draw new maps and plans of battles. There was even an old map of Samavia of Marco's which the two boys could study together as an aid to their game. The Rat's eyes began to have points of fire in them.

"If I could see the papers every morning, I could fight the battles on paper by night," he said, quite panting at the incredible vision of splendor. Were all the kingdoms of the earth going to be given to him? Was he going to sleep without a drunken father near him? Was he going to have a chance to wash himself and to sit at a table and hear people say "Thank you," and "I beg pardon," as if they were using the most ordinary fashion of speech? His own father, before he had sunk into the depths, had lived and spoken in this way.

"When I have time, we will see who can draw up the best plans," Loristan said.

"Do you mean that you'll look at mine then—when you have time?" asked The Rat, hesitatingly. "I was n't expecting that."

"Yes," answered Loristan. "I'll look at them, and we'll talk them over."

As they went on, he told him that he and Marco could do many things together. They could go to museums and galleries, and Marco could show him what he himself was familiar with.

"My father said you would n't let him come back to Barracks when you found out about it," The Rat said, hesitating again and growing hot because he remembered so many ugly past days. "But—but I swear I won't do him any harm, sir. I won't!"

"When I said I believed you could be trusted, I meant several things," Loristan answered him. "That was one of them. You're a new recruit. You and Marco are both under a commanding

officer." He said the words because he knew they would elate him and stir his blood.

CHAPTER XII

"ONLY TWO BOYS"

THE words did elate him, and his blood was stirred by them every time they returned to his mind. He remembered them through the days and nights that followed. He sometimes, indeed, awakened from his deep sleep on the hard and narrow sofa in Marco's room, and found that he was saying them half aloud to himself. The hardness of the sofa did not prevent his resting as he had never rested before in his life. By contrast with the past he had known, this poor existence was comfort which verged on luxury. He got into the battered tin bath every morning, he sat at the clean table, and could look at Loristan and speak to him and hear his voice. His chief trouble was that he could hardly keep his eyes off of him, and he was a little afraid he might be annoyed. But he could not bear to lose a look or a movement.

At the end of the second day, he found his way, at some trouble, to Lazarus's small back room at the top of the house.

"Will you let me come in and talk a bit?" he said.

When he went in, he was obliged to sit on the top of Lazarus's wooden box because there was nothing else for him.

"I want to ask you," he plunged into his talk at once, "do you think he minds me looking at him so much? I can't help it—but if he hates it—well—I'll try and keep my eyes on the table."

"The master is used to being looked at," Lazarus made answer. "But it would be well to ask himself. He likes open speech."

"I want to find out everything he likes and everything he does n't like," The Rat said. "I want—is n't there anything—anything you'd let me do for him? It would n't matter what it was. And he need n't know you are not doing it. I know you would n't be willing to give up anything particular. But you wait on him night and day. Could n't you give up something to me?"

Lazarus pierced him with keen eyes. He did not answer for several seconds.

"Now and then," he said gruffly at last, "I'll let you brush his boots. But not every day—perhaps once a week."

"When will you let me have my first turn?" The Rat asked.

Lazarus reflected. His shaggy eyebrows drew themselves down over his eyes as if this were a question of state.

"Next Saturday," he conceded. "Not before. I'll tell him when you brush them."

"You need n't," said The Rat. "It's not that I want him to know. I want to know myself that I'm doing something for him. I'll find out things that I can do without interfering with you. I'll think them out."

"Anything any one else did for him would be interfering with me," said Lazarus.

It was The Rat's turn to reflect now, and his face twisted itself into new lines and wrinkles.

"I'll tell you before I do anything," he said, after he had thought it over. "You served him first."

"I have served him ever since he was born," said Lazarus.

"He's—he's yours," said The Rat, still thinking deeply.

"I am his," was Lazarus's stern answer. "I am his—and the young master's."

"That's it," The Rat said. Then a squeak of a half-laugh broke from him. "I've never been anybody's," he added.

His sharp eyes caught a passing look on Lazarus's face. Such a queer, disturbed, sudden look. Could he be rather sorry for him? Perhaps the look meant something like that.

"If you stay near him long enough—and it need n't be long—you will be his too. Everybody is."

The Rat sat up as straight as he could.

"When it comes to that," he blurted out, "I'm his now, in my way. I was his two minutes after he looked at me with his queer, handsome eyes. They're queer because they get you, and you want to follow him. I'm going to follow."

That night Lazarus recounted to his master the story of the scene. He simply repeated word for word what had been said, and Loristan listened gravely.

"We have not had time to learn much of him yet," he commented. "But that is a faithful soul, I think."

A few days later, Marco missed The Rat soon after their breakfast hour. He had gone out without saying anything to the household. He did not return for several hours, and when he came back he looked tired. In the afternoon he fell asleep on his sofa in Marco's room and slept heavily. No one asked him any questions as he volunteered no explanation. The next day, he went out again in the same mysterious manner, and the next and the next. For an entire week he went out and returned with the tired look; but he did not explain until one morning, as he lay on his sofa before getting up, he said to Marco:

"I'm practising walking with my crutches. I don't want to go about like a rat any more. I

mean to be as near like other people as I can. I walk farther every morning. I began with two miles. If I practise every day, my crutches will be like legs."

"Shall I walk with you?" asked Marco.

"Would n't you mind walking with a cripple?"

"Don't call yourself that," said Marco. "We can talk together, and try to remember everything we see as we go along."

"I want to learn to remember things. I'd like to train myself in that way too," The Rat answered. "I'd give anything to know some of the things your father taught you. I've got a good memory. I remember a lot of things I don't want to remember. Will you go this morning?"

That morning they went, and Loristan was told the reason for their walk. But though he knew one reason, he did not know all about it. When The Rat was allowed his "turn" of the boot-brushing, he told more to Lazarus.

"What I want to do," he said, "is not only to walk as fast as other people do, but faster. Acrobats train themselves to do anything. It's training that does it. There might come a time when he might need some one to go on an errand quickly, and I'm going to be ready. I'm going to train myself until he need n't think of me as if I were only a cripple who can't do things and has to be taken care of. I want him to know that I'm really as strong as Marco, and where Marco can go I can go."

"He" was what he always said, and Lazarus always understood without explanation.

"The master is your name for him," he had explained at the beginning. "And I can't call him just 'Mister' Loristan. It sounds like cheek. If he was called 'General' or 'Colonel' I could stand it—though it would n't be quite right. Some day I shall find a name. When I speak to him, I say 'Sir.'"

The walks were taken every day, and each day were longer. Marco found himself silently watching The Rat with amazement at his determination and endurance. He knew that he must not speak of what he could not fail to see as they walked. He must not tell him that he looked tired and pale and sometimes desperately fatigued. He had inherited from his father the tact which sees what people do not wish to be reminded of. He knew that for some reason of his own The Rat had determined to do this thing at any cost to himself. Sometimes his face grew white and worn and he breathed hard, but he never rested more than a few minutes, and never turned back or shortened a walk they had planned.

"Tell me something about Samavia, something

to remember," he would say, when he looked his worst. "When I begin to try to remember, I forget—other things."

So, as they went on their way, they talked, and The Rat committed things to memory. He was quick at it, and grew quicker every day. They invented a game of remembering faces they passed. Both would learn them by heart, and on their return home Marco would draw them. They went to the museums and galleries and learned things there, making from memory lists and descriptions which at night they showed to Loristan, when he was not too busy to talk to them.

As the days passed, Marco saw that The Rat was gaining strength. This exhilarated him greatly. They often went to Hampstead Heath and walked in the wind and sun. There The Rat would go through curious exercises which he believed would develop his muscles. He began to look less tired during and after his journey. There were even fewer wrinkles on his face, and his sharp eyes looked less fierce. The talks between the two boys were long and curious. Marco soon realized that The Rat wanted to learn—learn—learn.

"Your father can talk to you almost as if you were twenty years old," he said once. "He knows you can understand what he's saying. If he were to talk to me, he'd always have to remember that I was only a rat that had lived in gutters and seen nothing else."

They were talking in their room, as they nearly always did after they went to bed and the street lamp shone in and lighted their bare little room. They often sat up claspings their knees, Marco on his poor bed, The Rat on his hard sofa, but neither of them conscious either of the pooriness or hardness, because to each one the long unknown sense of companionship was such a satisfying thing. Neither of them had ever talked intimately to another boy, and now they were together day and night. They revealed their thoughts to each other; they told each other things it had never before occurred to either to think of telling any one. In fact, they found out about themselves, as they talked, things they had not quite known before. Marco had gradually discovered that the admiration The Rat had for his father was an impassioned and curious feeling which possessed him entirely. It seemed to Marco that it was beginning to be like a sort of religion. He evidently thought of him every moment. So when he spoke of Loristan's knowing him to be only a rat of the gutter, Marco felt he himself was fortunate in remembering something he could say.

"My father said yesterday that you had a big

brain and a strong will," he answered from his bed. "He said that you had a wonderful memory which only needed exercising. He said it after he looked over the list you made of the things you had seen in the Tower."

The Rat shuffled on his sofa and clasped his knees tighter.

"Did he? Did he?" he said.

He rested his chin upon his knees for a few minutes and stared straight before him. Then he turned to the bed.

"Marco," he said, in a rather hoarse voice, a queer voice; "are you jealous?"

"Jealous," said Marco; "why?"

"I mean, have you ever been jealous? Do you know what it is like?"

"I don't think I do," answered Marco, staring a little.

"Are you ever jealous of Lazarus because he's always with your father—because he's with him oftener than you are—and knows about his work—and can do things for him you can't? I mean, are you jealous of—your father?"

Marco loosed his arms from his knees and lay down flat on his pillow.

"No, I'm not. The more people love and serve him, the better," he said. "The only thing I care for is—is him. I just care for *him*. Lazarus does too. Don't you?"

The Rat was greatly excited internally. He had been thinking of this thing a great deal. The thought had sometimes terrified him. He might as well have it out now if he could. If he could get at the truth, everything would be easier? But would Marco really tell him?

"Don't you mind?" he said, still hoarse and eager—"don't you mind how much *I* care for him? Could it ever make you feel savage? Could it ever set you thinking I was nothing but—what I am—and that it was cheek of me to push myself in and fasten on to a gentleman who only took me up for charity? Here's the living truth," he ended in an outburst; "if I were you and you were me, that's what I should be thinking. I know it is. I could n't help it. I should see every low thing there was in you, in your manners and your voice and your looks. I should see nothing but the contrast between you and me and between you and him. I should be so jealous that I should just rage. I should *hate* you—and I should *despise* you!"

He had wrought himself up to such a passion of feeling that he set Marco thinking that what he was hearing meant strange and strong emotions such as he himself had never experienced. The Rat had been thinking over all this in secret for some time, it was evident. Marco lay still a

few minutes and thought it over. Then he found something to say, just as he had found something before.

"You might, if you were with other people who thought in the same way," he said, "and if you had n't found out that it is such a mistake to think in that way, that it's even stupid. But, you see, if you were I, you would have lived with my father, and he'd have told you what he knows—what he's been finding out all his life."

"What's he found out?"

"Oh!" Marco answered, quite casually, "just that you can't set savage thoughts loose in the world, any more than you can let loose savage beasts with hydrophobia. They spread a sort of rabies, and they always tear and worry you first of all."

"What do you mean?" The Rat gasped out.

"It's like this," said Marco, lying flat and cool on his hard pillow and looking at the reflection of the street lamp on the ceiling. "That day I turned into your Barracks, without knowing that you'd think I was spying, it made you feel savage, and you threw the stone at me. If it had made me feel savage and I'd rushed in and fought, what would have happened to all of us?"

The Rat's spirit of generalship gave the answer.

"I should have called on the Squad to charge with fixed bayonets. They'd have half killed you. You're a strong chap, and you'd have hurt a lot of them."

A note of terror broke into his voice. "What a fool I should have been!" he cried out. "I should never have come here! I should never have known him!" Even by the light of the street lamp Marco could see him begin to look almost ghastly.

"The Squad could easily have half killed me," Marco added. "They could have quite killed me, if they had wanted to do it. And who would have got any good out of it? It would only have been

a street-lads' row—with the police and prison at the end of it."

"But because you'd lived with him," The Rat pondered, "you walked in as if you did n't mind, and just asked why we did it, and looked like a



"THE STREET LAMP SHONE IN AND LIGHTED THEIR BARE LITTLE ROOM."

stronger chap than any of us—and different—different. I wondered what was the matter with you, you were so cool and steady. I know now. It was because you were like him. He'd taught you. He's like a wizard."

"He knows things that wizards think they know, but he knows them better," Marco said. "He says they're not queer and unnatural. They're just simple laws of nature. You have to be either on one side or the other, like an army.

You choose your side. You either build up or you tear down. You either keep in the light where you can see, or you stand in the dark and fight everything that comes near you, because you can't see and you think it's an enemy. No, you would n't have been jealous if you'd been I and I'd been you."

"And you're *not*?" The Rat's sharp voice was almost hollow. "You'll swear you're not?"

"I'm not," said Marco.

The Rat's excitement even increased a shade as he poured forth his confession.

"I was afraid," he said. "I've been afraid every day since I came here. I'll tell you straight out. It seemed just natural that you and Lazarus would n't stand me, just as I would n't have stood you. It seemed just natural that you'd work together to throw me out. I knew how I should have worked myself. Marco—I said I'd tell you straight out—I'm jealous of you. I'm jealous of Lazarus. It makes me wild when I see you both knowing all about him, and fit and ready to do anything he wants done. I'm not ready and I'm not fit."

"You'd do anything he wanted done, whether you were fit and ready or not," said Marco. "He knows that."

"Does he? Do you think he does?" cried The Rat. "I wish he'd try me. I wish he would."

Marco turned over on his bed and rose up on his elbow so that he faced The Rat on his sofa.

"Let us *wait*," he said in a whisper. "Let us *wait*."

There was a pause, and then The Rat whispered also.

"For what?"

"For him to find out that we're fit to be tried. Don't you see what fools we should be if we spent our time in being jealous, either of us. We're only two boys. Suppose he saw we were only two silly fools. When you are jealous of me or of Lazarus, just go and sit down in a still place and think of him. Don't think about yourself or about us. He's so quiet that to think about him makes you quiet yourself. When things go wrong or when I'm lonely, he's taught me to sit down and make myself think of things I like—pictures, books, monuments, splendid places. It pushes the other things out and sets your mind going properly. He does n't know I nearly always think of him. He's the best thought himself. You try it. You're not really jealous. You only *think* you are. You'll find that out if you always stop yourself in time. Any one can be such a fool if he lets himself. And he can always stop it if he makes up his mind. I'm not jealous. You must let that thought alone. You're not

jealous yourself. Kick that thought into the street."

The Rat caught his breath and threw his arms up over his eyes.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he said; "if I'd lived near him always as you have. If I just had."

"We're both living near him now," said Marco. "And here's something to think of," leaning more forward on his elbow. "The kings who were being made ready for Samavia have waited all these years; *we* can make ourselves ready and wait so that, if just two boys are wanted to do something—just two boys—we can step out of the ranks when the call comes and say 'Here!' Now let's lie down and think of it until we go to sleep."

CHAPTER XIII

LORISTAN ATTENDS A DRILL OF THE SQUAD, AND
MARCO MEETS A SAMAVIAN

THE Squad was not forgotten. It found that Loristan himself would have regarded neglect as a breach of military duty.

"You must remember your men," he said, two or three days after The Rat became a member of his household. "You must keep up their drill. Marco tells me it was very smart. Don't let them get slack."

"His men!" The Rat felt what he could not have put into words. He knew he had worked, and that the Squad had worked, in their hidden holes and corners. Only hidden holes and corners had been possible for them because they had existed in spite of the protest of their world and the vigilance of its policemen. They had tried many refuges before they found the Barracks. No one but resented the existence of a troop of noisy vagabonds. But somehow this man knew that there had evolved from it something more than mere noisy play, that he, The Rat, had *meant* order and discipline.

"His men!" It made him feel as if he had had the Victoria Cross fastened on his coat. He had brain enough to see many things, and he knew that it was in this way that Loristan was finding him his "place." He knew how.

When they went to the Barracks, the Squad greeted them with a tumultuous welcome which expressed a great sense of relief. Privately the members had been filled with fears which they had talked over together in deep gloom. Marco's father, they decided, was too big a swell to let the two come back after he had seen the sort the Squad was made up of. He might be poor just now, toffs sometimes lost their money for a bit, but you could see what he was, and fathers like him were n't going to let their sons make friends

with "such as us." He 'd stop the drill and the "Secret Society" game. That 's what he 'd do!

But The Rat came swinging in on his second-hand crutches looking as if he had been made a general, and Marco came with him; and the drill the Squad was put through was stricter and finer than any drill they had ever known.

"I wish my father could have seen that," Marco said to The Rat.

The Rat turned red and white and then red again, but he said not a single word. The mere thought was like a flash of fire passing through him. But no fellow could hope for a thing as big as that. The Secret Party, in its subterranean cavern, surrounded by its piled arms, sat down to read the morning paper.

The war news was bad to read. The Maranovitch held the day for the moment, and while they suffered and wrought cruelties in the capital city, the Iarovitch suffered and wrought cruelties in the country outside. So fierce and dark was the record that Europe stood agast.

The Rat folded his paper when he had finished, and sat biting his nails. Having done this for a few minutes, he began to speak in his dramatic and hollow Secret Party whisper.

"The hour has come," he said to his followers. "The messengers must go forth. They know nothing of what they go for; they only know that they must obey. If they were caught and tortured, they could betray nothing because they know nothing but that, at certain places, they must utter a certain word. They carry no papers. All commands they must learn by heart. When the sign is given, the Secret Party will know what to do—where to meet and where to attack."

He drew plans of battle on the flagstones, and he sketched an imaginary route which the two messengers were to follow. But his knowledge of the map of Europe was not worth much, and he turned to Marco.

"You know more about geography than I do. You know more about everything," he said. "I only know Italy is at the bottom and Russia is at one side and England's at the other. How would the Secret Messengers go to Samavia? Can you draw the countries they 'd have to pass through?"

Because any school-boy who knew the map could have done the same thing, Marco drew them. He also knew the stations the Secret Two would arrive at and leave by when they entered a city, the streets they would walk through and the very uniforms they would see; but of these things he said nothing. The reality his knowledge gave to the game was, however, a thrilling thing. He wished he could have been free to

explain to The Rat the things he knew. Together they could have worked out so many details of travel and possible adventure that it would have been almost as if they had set out on their journey in fact.

As it was, the mere sketching of the route fired The Rat's imagination. He forged ahead with the story of adventure, and filled it with such mysterious purport and design that the Squad at times gasped for breath. In his glowing version the Secret Two entered cities by midnight and sang and begged at palace gates where kings driving outward paused to listen and were given the Sign.

"Though it would not always be kings," he said. "Sometimes it would be the poorest people. Sometimes they might seem to be beggars like ourselves, when they were only Secret Ones disguised. A great lord might wear poor clothes and pretend to be a workman, and we should only know him by the signs we had learned by heart. When we were sent to Samavia, we should be obliged to creep in through some back part of the country where no fighting was being done and where no one would attack. Their generals are not clever enough to protect the parts which are joined to friendly countries, and they have not forces enough. Two boys could find a way in if they thought it out."

He became possessed by the idea of thinking it out on the spot. He drew his rough map of Samavia on the flagstones with his chalk.

"Look here," he said to Marco, who, with the elated and thrilled Squad, bent over it in a close circle of heads. "Beltrazo is here and Carnolitz is here—and here is Jiardasia. Beltrazo and Jiardasia are friendly, though they don't take sides. All the fighting is going on in the country about Melzarr. There is no reason why they should prevent single travelers from coming in across the frontiers of friendly neighbors. They 're not fighting with the countries outside, they are fighting with themselves." He paused a moment and thought.

"The article in that magazine said something about a huge forest on the eastern frontier. That 's here. We could wander into a forest and stay there until we 'd planned all we wanted to do. Even the people who had seen us would forget about us. What we have to do is to make people feel as if we were nothing—nothing."

They were in the very midst of it, crowded together, leaning over, stretching necks and breathing quickly with excitement, when Marco lifted his head. Some mysterious impulse made him do it in spite of himself.

"There 's my father!" he said.

The chalk dropped, everything dropped, even Samavia. The Rat was up and on his crutches as if some magic force had swung him there. How he gave the command, or if he gave it at all, not even he himself knew. But the Squad stood at salute.

Loristan was standing at the opening of the archway as Marco had stood that first day. He raised his right hand in return salute and came forward.

"I was passing the end of the street and remembered the Barracks was here," he explained. "I thought I should like to look at your men, Captain."

He smiled, but it was not a smile which made his words really a joke. He looked down at the chalk map drawn on the flagstones.

"You know that map well," he said. "Even I can see that it is Samavia. What is the Secret Party doing?"

"The messengers are trying to find a way in," answered Marco.

"We can get in there," said The Rat, pointing with a crutch. "There's a forest where we could hide and find out things."

"Reconnoiter," said Loristan, looking down. "Yes. Two stray boys could be very safe in a forest. It's a good game."

That he should be there! That he should, in his own wonderful way, have given them such a thing as this. That he should have cared enough even to look up the Barracks, was what The Rat was thinking. A batch of ragamuffins they were and nothing else, and he standing looking at them with his fine smile. There was something about him which made him seem even splendid. The Rat's heart thumped with startled joy.

"Father," said Marco, "will you watch The Rat drill us? I want you to see how well it is done."

"Captain, will you do me that honor?" Loristan said to The Rat, and to even these words he gave the right tone, neither jesting nor too serious. Because it was so right a tone, The Rat's pulses beat only with exultation. This god of his had looked at his maps, he had talked of his plans, he had come to see the soldiers who were his work! The Rat began his drill as if he had been reviewing an army.

What Loristan saw done was wonderful in its mechanical exactness. The Squad moved like the perfect parts of a perfect machine. That they could so do it in such space, and that they should have accomplished such precision, was an extraordinary testimonial to the military efficiency and curious qualities of this one hunchbacked, vagabond officer.

"That is magnificent!" the spectator said, when

it was over. "It could not be better done. Allow me to congratulate you."

He shook The Rat's hand as if it had been a man's, and, after he had shaken it, he put his own hand lightly on the boy's shoulder and let it rest there as he talked a few minutes to them all.

He kept his talk within the game, and his clear comprehension of it added a flavor which even the dullest member of the Squad was elated by. Sometimes you could n't understand toffs when they made a shy at being friendly, but you could understand him, and he stirred up your spirits. He did n't make jokes with you, either, as if a chap had to be kept grinning. After the few minutes were over, he went away. Then they sat down again in their circle and talked about him, because they could talk and think about nothing else. They stared at Marco furtively, feeling as if he were a creature of another world because he had lived with this man. They stared at The Rat in a new way also. The wonderful-looking hand had rested on his shoulder, and he had been told that what he had done was magnificent.

"When you said you wished your father could have seen the drill," said The Rat, "you took my breath away. I'd never have had the cheek to think of it myself—and I'd never have dared to let you ask him, even if you wanted to do it. And he came himself! It struck me dumb."

"If he came," said Marco, "it was because he wanted to see it."

When they had finished talking, it was time for Marco and The Rat to go on their way. Loristan had given The Rat an errand. At a certain hour he was to present himself at a certain shop and receive a package.

"Let him do it alone," Loristan said to Marco. "He will be better pleased. His desire is to feel that he is trusted to do things alone."

So they parted at a street corner, Marco to walk back to No. 7 Philibert Place, The Rat to execute his commission. Marco turned into one of the better streets, through which he often passed on his way home. It was not a fashionable quarter, but it contained some respectable houses in whose windows here and there were to be seen neat cards bearing the word "Apartments," which meant that the owner of the house would let to lodgers his drawing-room or sitting-room suite.

As Marco walked up the street, he saw some one come out of the door of one of the houses and walk quickly and lightly down the pavement. It was a young woman wearing an elegant though quiet dress, and a hat which looked as if it had been bought in Paris or Vienna. She had, in fact, a slightly foreign air, and it was this, in-

deed, which made Marco look at her long enough to see that she was also a graceful and lovely person. He wondered what her nationality was. Even at some yards' distance he could see that she had long dark eyes and a curved mouth which seemed to be smiling to itself. He thought she might be Spanish or Italian.

He was trying to decide which of the two countries she belonged to, as she drew near to him, but quite suddenly the curved mouth ceased smiling as her foot seemed to catch in a break in the pavement, and she so lost her balance that she would have fallen if he had not leaped forward and caught her.

She was light and slender, and he was a strong lad and managed to steady her. An expression of sharp momentary anguish crossed her face.

"I hope you are not hurt," Marco said.

She bit her lip and clutched his shoulder very hard with her slim hand.

"I have twisted my ankle," she answered. "I am afraid I have twisted it badly. Thank you for saving me. I should have had a bad fall."

Her long, dark eyes were very sweet and grateful. She tried to smile, but there was such distress under the effort that Marco was afraid she must have hurt herself very much.

"Can you stand on your foot at all?" he asked.

"I can stand a little now," she said, "but I might not be able to stand in a few minutes. I must get back to the house while I can bear to touch the ground with it. I am so sorry. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to go with me. Fortunately it is only a few yards away."

"Yes," Marco answered. "I saw you come out of the house. If you will lean on my shoulder, I can soon help you back. I am glad to do it. Shall we try now?"

She had a gentle and soft manner which would have appealed to any boy. Her voice was musical and her enunciation exquisite. Whether she was Spanish or Italian, it was easy to imagine her a person who did not always live in London lodgings, even of the better class.

"If you please," she answered him. "It is very kind of you. You are very strong, I see. But I am glad to have only a few steps to go."

She rested on his shoulder as well as on her umbrella, but it was plain that every movement gave her intense pain. She caught her lip with her teeth, and Marco thought she turned white. He could not help liking her. She was so lovely and gracious and grave. He could not bear to see the suffering in her face.

"I am so sorry!" he said, as he helped her, and his boy's voice had something of the wonderful sympathetic tone of Loristan's. The beautiful lady

herself remarked it, and thought how unlike it was to the ordinary boy-voice.

"I have a latch-key," she said, when they stood on the low step.

She found the latch-key in her purse and opened the door. Marco helped her into the entrance-hall. She sat down at once in a chair near the hat-stand. The place was quite plain and old-fashioned inside.

"Shall I ring the front-door bell to call some one?" Marco inquired.

"I am afraid that the servants are out," she answered. "They had a holiday. Will you kindly close the door? I shall be obliged to ask you to help me into the sitting-room at the end of the hall. I shall find all I want there—if you will kindly hand me a few things. Some one may come in presently—perhaps one of the other lodgers—and, even if I am alone for an hour or so, it will not really matter."

"Perhaps I can find the landlady," Marco suggested. The beautiful person smiled.

"She has gone to her sister's wedding. That is why I was going out to spend the day myself. I arranged the plan to accommodate her. How good you are! I shall be quite comfortable directly, really. I can get to my easy-chair in the sitting-room now I have rested a little."

Marco helped her to her feet, and her sharp, involuntary exclamation of pain made him wince internally. Perhaps it was a worse sprain than she knew.

The house was of the early-Victorian London order. A "front lobby" with a dining-room on the right hand, and a "back lobby," after the foot of the stairs was passed, out of which opened the basement kitchen staircase and a sitting-room looking out on a gloomy flagged back yard inclosed by high walls. The sitting-room was rather gloomy itself, but there were a few luxurious things among the ordinary furnishings. There was an easy-chair with a small table near it, and on the table were a silver lamp and some rather elegant trifles. Marco helped his charge to the easy-chair and put a cushion from the sofa under her foot. He did it very gently, and, as he rose after doing it, he saw that the long, soft dark eyes were looking at him in a curious way.

"I must go away now," he said, "but I do not like to leave you. May I go for a doctor?"

"How dear you are!" she exclaimed. "But I do not want one, thank you. I know exactly what to do for a sprained ankle. And perhaps mine is not really a sprain. I am going to take off my shoe and see."

"May I help you?" Marco asked, and he kneeled down again and carefully unfastened her

shoe and withdrew it from her foot. It was a slender and delicate foot in a silk stocking, and she bent and gently touched and rubbed it.

"No," she said, when she raised herself, "I do not think it is a sprain. Now that the shoe is off and the foot rests on the cushion, it is much more comfortable, much more. Thank you, thank you.

"You are very kind to me," Marco answered, wondering if he did not redden a little. "But I must go because my father will—"

"Your father would let you stay and talk to me," she said, with even a prettier kindness than before. "It is from him you have inherited your beautiful manner. He was once a friend of mine.



"NOW THAT THE SHOE IS OFF, IT IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE, MUCH MORE."

If you had not been passing I might have had a dangerous fall."

"I am very glad to have been able to help you," Marco answered, with an air of relief. "Now I must go, if you think you will be all right."

"Don't go yet," she said, holding out her hand. "I should like to know you a little better, if I may. I am so grateful. I should like to talk to you. You have such beautiful manners for a boy," she ended, with a pretty, kind laugh, "and I believe I know where you got them from."

I hope he is my friend still, though perhaps he has forgotten me."

All that Marco had ever learned and all that he had ever trained himself to remember, quickly rushed back upon him now, because he had a clear and rapidly working brain, and had not lived the ordinary boy's life. Here was a beautiful lady of whom he knew nothing at all but that she had twisted her foot in the street and he had helped her back into her house. If silence was still the order, it was not for him to know things

or ask questions or answer them. She might be the loveliest lady in the world and his father her dearest friend, but, even if this were so, he could best serve them both by obeying her friend's commands with all courtesy, and forgetting no instruction he had given.

"I do not think my father ever forgets any one," he answered.

"No, I am sure he does not," she said softly. "Has he been to Samavia during the last three years?"

Marco paused a moment.

"Perhaps I am not the boy you think I am," he said. "My father has never been to Samavia."

"He has not? But—you are Marco Loristan?"

"Yes. That is my name."

Suddenly she leaned forward and her long lovely eyes filled with fire.

"Then you are a Samavian, and you know of the disasters overwhelming us. You know all the hideousness and barbarity of what is being done. Your father's son must know it all!"

"Every one knows it," said Marco.

"But it is your country—your own! Your blood must burn in your veins!"

Marco stood quite still and looked at her. His eyes told whether his blood burned or not, but he did not speak. His look was answer enough, since he did not wish to say anything.

"What does your father think? I am a Samavian myself, and I think night and day. What does he think of the rumor about the descendant of the Lost Prince? Does he believe it?" eagerly.

Marco was thinking very rapidly. Her beautiful face was glowing with emotion, her beautiful voice trembled. That she should be a Samavian, and love Samavia, and pour her feeling forth even to a boy, was deeply moving to him. But howsoever one was moved, one must remember that silence was still the order. When one was very young, one must remember orders first of all.

"It might be only a newspaper story," he said. "He says one cannot trust such things. If you know him, you know he is very calm."

"Has he taught you to be calm too?" she said pathetically. "You are only a boy. Boys are not calm. Neither are women when their hearts are wrong. Oh, my Samavia! Oh, my poor little country! My brave, tortured country!" and with a sudden sob she covered her face with her hands.

A great lump mounted to Marco's throat. Boys could not cry, but he knew what she meant when she said her heart was wrong.

When she lifted her head, the tears in her eyes made them softer than ever.

"If I were a million Samavians instead of one woman, I should know what to do!" she cried.

"If your father were a million Samavians, he would know, too. He would find Ivor's descendant, if he is on the earth, and he would end all this horror!"

"Who would not end it if they could?" cried Marco, quite fiercely.

"But men like your father, men who are Samavians, must think night and day about it as I do," she impetuously insisted. "You see, I cannot help pouring my thoughts out even to a boy—because he is a Samavian. Only Samavians care. Samavia seems so little and unimportant to other people. They don't even seem to know that the blood she is pouring forth pours from human veins and beating human hearts. Men like your father must think, and plan, and feel that they must—must find a way. Even a woman feels it. Even a boy must. He cannot be sitting quietly at home, knowing that Samavian hearts are being shot through and Samavian blood poured forth. He cannot think and say *nothing*!"

Marco started in spite of himself. He felt as if his father had been struck in the face. How dare she say such words! Big as he was, suddenly he looked bigger, and the beautiful lady saw that he did.

"He is my father," he said slowly.

She was a clever, beautiful person, and saw that she had made a great mistake.

"You must forgive me," she exclaimed. "I used the wrong words because I was excited. That is the way with women. You must see that I meant that I knew he was giving his heart and strength, his whole being, to Samavia, even though he must stay in London."

She started and turned her head to listen to the sound of some one using the latch-key and opening the front door. The some one came in with the heavy step of a man.

"It is one of the lodgers," she said. "I think it is the one who lives in the third floor sitting-room."

"Then you won't be alone when I go," said Marco. "I am glad some one has come. I will say good-morning. May I tell my father your name?"

"Tell me that you are not angry with me for expressing myself so awkwardly," she said.

"You could n't have meant it. I know that," Marco answered boyishly. "You could n't."

"No, I could n't," she repeated, with the same emphasis on the words.

She took a card from a silver case on the table and gave it to him.

"Your father will remember my name," she said. "I hope he will let me see him and tell him how you took care of me."

She shook his hand warmly and let him go. But just as he reached the door she spoke again.

"Oh, may I ask you to do one thing more before you leave me?" she said suddenly. "I hope you won't mind. Will you run up-stairs into the drawing-room and bring me the purple book from the small table? I shall not mind being alone if I have something to read."

"A purple book? On a small table?" said Marco.

"Between the two long windows," she smiled back at him.

The drawing-room of such houses as these is always to be reached by one short flight of stairs.

Marco ran up lightly.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT STORES

BY MELVILLE CHATER

WHEN Mother shops for "yards" and such,

It tries my patience very much,

She 's so extremely slow.

You see, I have to sit quite still,

Just jiggling up and down, until

She says, "Let 's go."

So if she stops to touch and stare,

I drag her past the counters there

As fast as fast can be.

Remember, there 's a room of toys

Not far away, that little boys

Might like to see.

But once we 're there, with row on row

Of playthings staring at you so,

It 's just the other way;

She drags me by so fast, I mean,

And says, "My dear, I think you 've seen

Enough to-day."

It 's hardly fair, because she spends

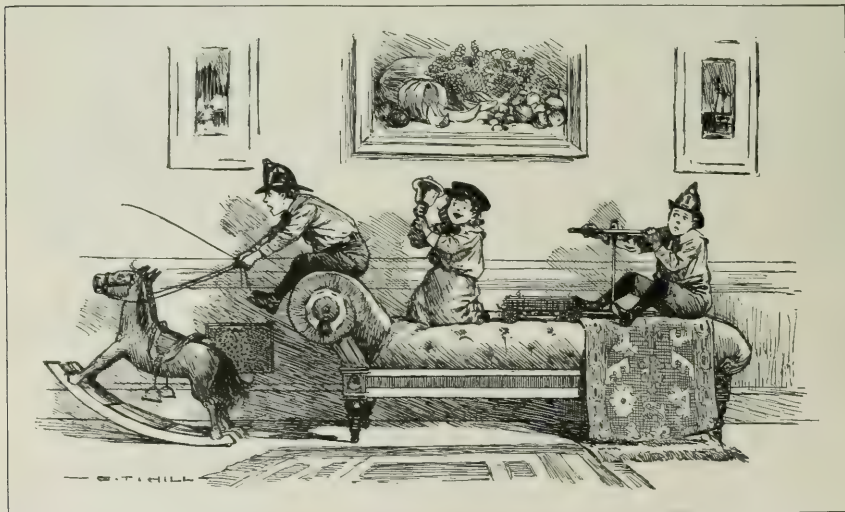
Such time in buying odds and ends

(I wish she would n't do it);

While let me go among the toys,

I 'd buy enough for twenty boys

Before she knew it.





"I DRAG HER PAST THE COUNTERS THERE."

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

CHAPTER V

JOYCE MAKES A NEW DISCOVERY. SO DOES GOLIATH

Yes, the door was locked, and there was no vestige of a key. Joyce was suddenly inspired with an idea.

"Let's try the keys of the other doors! I noticed that they most all had keys in the locks. Perhaps one will fit this." They hunted up several and worked with them all, but not one made the slightest impression on this obstinate lock.

"Now is n't this provoking!" exclaimed Joyce. "The only room in the house that we can't get in, and the most interesting of all, I'm certain! What *shall* we do?" Cynthia made no reply, but looked at her little silver watch.

"Do you know that it's quarter-past six?" she asked quietly.

"Mercy, no! We've got to go at once then. How the time has gone!" Reluctantly enough they hunted up Goliath, who in thorough boredom had returned to his place on the hearth-rug in the big bedroom, gathered together their candles, and found their way to the cellar. Cynthia had thoughtfully requested a tin biscuit-box from the grocer, and in this they packed their candles, thus protecting them against the ravages of mice, and left them in the cellar near the window. Then they clambered out.

"To-morrow's Saturday," said Joyce. "In the morning we'll go to the library and look up that book of costumes. After lunch we'll go back to the B. U. H. and finish exploring. There's the attic yet, and maybe we can find that key, too!" With a gay good-bye they separated each to her home, on opposite sides of the Boarded-up House.

The result of their researches in the library, next morning, was not wholly satisfactory. They found that the most recent fashion of hoop-skirts or crinolines had prevailed all the way from 1840 to 1870, or thereabouts. And while these dates limited, to a certain extent, the time of the mysterious happening, it did not help them very much. They felt that they must look for some more definite clue.

That afternoon they entered the Boarded-up House for the third time. They found Goliath already in the cellar, owing, no doubt, to the fact that Bates's pup was patrolling the front yard. So they invited him to accompany them, an invita-

tion which he accepted with arched back and resounding purr. Deciding to explore the attic first, they found that a door from the upper hall opened on a stairway that led to it.

At any other time, or in any other house, they would have found this attic of absorbing interest. In its dusky corners stood spinning-wheels and winding-reels. Decrepit furniture of an ancient date had found a refuge there. Antique hair trunks lined the sides, under the eaves, and quaint garments hung about on pegs. The attic was the only apartment in this strange house that received the light of day, for the two little windows like staring eyes were not boarded up. So dim were they, however, with dirt and cobwebs, that very little daylight filtered through.

But the attic had no great holding interest at present, since it was evident that it contained no clue to help them in the solution of the mystery. And they soon left it, to search anew every room below, in the hope of coming upon the missing key.

"These old-fashioned keys are so immense that it hardly seems possible that any one would carry one off—far," conjectured Joyce. "But why in the world should just that room be locked, anyway? What can be hidden there? I'm wild, —simply wild with impatience to see it all!"

The search for the key was not exactly systematic. Neither of the girls felt at liberty to open bureau-drawers or pry into closets and trunks. Beside, as Cynthia wisely suggested, it was not likely that any one would lock a door so carefully and then put the key in a drawer or trunk or on a shelf. They would either carry it away with them or lay it down, forgotten, or hide it in some unusual place. If it had been carried away, of course their search was useless. But if it had been thoughtlessly laid aside somewhere, or even hidden away in some obscure corner, there *was* a possibility that they might come upon it.

With this hope in mind, they went from room to room, searching on desks, chairs, and tables, poking into dark corners, peeping into vases and other such receptacles, and feeling about under the furniture; but all to no purpose. They came at last to the great bedroom where were so many signs of agitation and hurried departure, deciding that here would be the most likely field for

discovery. Goliath had evidently preceded them, for they found him once more curled up on the soft rug before the fireplace. He seemed to prefer this comfortable spot to all others, but he rose and stretched when the girls came in. Joyce went straight for the chimneyplace.

"I 'm going to poke among these ashes," she announced. "A lot of things seem to have been burned here, mostly old letters. Who knows but what the key may have been thrown in too!" She began to rake the dead ashes, and suddenly a half-burned log fell apart, dropping something through to the bottom with a chinking sound.

"Did you hear that?" she whispered. "Something clinked! Ashes or wood won't make that sound. Oh, suppose it is the key!" She raked away again frantically, and hauled out a quantity of charred debris, but nothing even faintly resembling a key. When nothing more remained, she poked the fragments disgustedly, while Cynthia looked on.

"See there!" Cynthia suddenly exclaimed. "It is n't a key, but what 's that round thing?" Joyce had seen it at the same moment and picked it up—a small, elliptical disk so blackened with soot that nothing could be made of it till it was wiped off. When freed from its coating of black, one side proved to be of shining metal, probably gold, and the other of some white or yellowish substance, the girls could not tell just what. In the center of this was a curious smear of various dim colors.

"Well, what do you suppose that can be?" queried Cynthia.

"I can't imagine. Whatever it was, the fire has pretty well finished it. You can see that it must have been rather valuable once,—there 's gold on it. Here 's another question to add to our catechism: what is it, and why was it thrown in the fire? Whatever it was, it does n't help much now. If it had only been the key!—Good

gracious! is that a rat?" Both girls jumped to their feet and stood listening to the strange sounds that came from under the valance hanging about the bottom of the great four-poster bed. It was a curious, intermittent, irregular sound, as of something being pushed about the floor. After



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT CAN BE?" QUERIED CYNTHIA.

they had listened a moment, it suddenly struck them both that the noise was somehow very familiar.

"Why, it 's Goliath, of course!" laughed Cynthia. "This is the second time he has scared us. He has something under there that he 's playing with, knocking it about, you know. Let 's see what it is!" They tiptoed over and raised the valance.

Cynthia was right. Goliath was under the bed,

dabbling gracefully with one paw at something attached to a string or narrow ribbon. Despite the rolls of dust that lay about, Joyce crawled under and rescued it. She emerged with a flushed face and a triumphant chuckle. "Goliath beats us all! He 's made the best find yet!"

"Is it the key?" cried Cynthia.

"No, it 's this!" And before Cynthia's astonished eyes Joyce dangled a large gold locket, suspended on a narrow black velvet ribbon. In the candle-light the locket glistened with tiny jewels.

"Do you recognize it?" demanded Joyce.

"Recognize it? How should I?"

"Why, Cynthia! It 's the very one that hangs about the neck of our Lovely Lady in the picture down-stairs!" It was, indeed, no other. Even the narrow black velvet ribbon was identical.

"She must have dropped it accidentally, perhaps when she took it off, and it rolled under the bed. In her hurry she probably forgot it," said Joyce, laying it beside the curious disk they had raked from the fireplace. "Is n't it a beauty! It must be very valuable." Cynthia bent down and examined both articles closely.

"Do you notice, Joyce," she presently remarked, "that those two things are exactly the same shape, and almost the same size?"

"Why, so they are!" exclaimed Joyce. "Oh, I have an idea, Cynthia! Can we open the locket? Let 's try." She picked it up and pried at the catch with her thumb-nail. After a trifling resistance it yielded. The locket fell open and revealed itself—empty. Joyce took up the disk and fitted it into one side. With the gold back pressed inward, it slid into place, leaving no shadow of doubt that it had originally formed part of this trinket.

"Now," announced Joyce, "I know! It was a miniature, an ivory one, but the fire has entirely destroyed the likeness. Question: how came it in the fire?" The two girls stood looking at each other and at the locket, more bewildered than ever by this curious discovery. Goliath, cheated of his plaything, was making futile dabs at the dangling velvet ribbon. Suddenly Joyce straightened up and looked Cynthia squarely in the eyes.

"I've thought it out," she said quietly. "It just came to me. The miniature was taken out of the locket—on purpose, to *destroy* it! The miniature was of the same person whose picture is turned to the wall down-stairs!"

CHAPTER VI JOYCE'S THEORY

"CYNTHIA, what 's your theory about the mystery of the Boarded-up House?"

The two girls were sitting in a favorite nook of theirs under an old, bent apple-tree in the yard back of the Boarded-up House, on a sunny morning a week later. They were supposed to be "cramming" for the monthly "exams," and had their books spread out all around them. Cynthia looked up with a frown, from an irregular Latin conjugation.

"What 's a *theory*?"

"Why, you know! In Conan Doyle's mystery stories *Sherlock Holmes* always has a 'theory' about what has happened, before he really knows; that is, he makes up a story of his own, from the few things he has found out, before he gets at the whole truth."

"Well," replied Cynthia, laying aside her Latin grammar, "since you ask me, my theory is that some one committed a murder in that room we can't get in, then locked it up and went away, and had the house all boarded up so it would n't be discovered. I've lain awake nights thinking of it. And I'd just as lief *not* get into that room, if it 's so!"

Joyce broke into a peal of laughter. "Oh, Cynthia! If that is n't exactly like you! Who but you would have thought of such a thing!"

"I don't see anything queer about it," retorted Cynthia. "Does n't everything point that way?"

"Certainly not, Cynthia Sprague! Do you suppose that even years and years ago any one in a big house like this could commit a murder, and then calmly lock up and walk away, and the matter never be investigated? That 's absurd! The murdered person would be missed and people would wonder why the place was left like this, and the—the authorities would get in here in a hurry. No, there was n't any murder or anything bloodthirsty at all; something very different."

"Well, since you don't like *my* theory," replied Cynthia, still nettled, "what 's yours? Of course you *have* one!"

"Yes, I have one, and I have lain awake nights, too, thinking it out. I'll tell you what it is, and if you don't agree with me, you're free to say so. Here 's the way it all seems to me:

"Whatever happened in that house must have concerned two persons, at least. And one of them, you must admit, was our Lovely Lady whose portrait hangs in the library. She looks very young, but she must have been some one of importance in the house, probably the mistress, or she would n't have occupied the biggest bedroom and had her picture on the wall. You think that much is all right, don't you?" Cynthia nodded.

"Then there 's some one else. That one we don't know anything at all about, but it is n't hard to guess that it was the person whose pic-

ture is turned to the wall, and whose miniature was in the locket, and who, probably, occupied the locked-up room. That person must have been some near and dear relation of the Lovely Lady's, surely. But—what? We can't tell yet. It might be mother, father, sister, brother, husband, son, or daughter, any of these.

"The Lovely Lady (I'll have to call her that, because we don't know her name) was giving a party, and every one was at dinner, when word was suddenly brought to her about this relative. Or perhaps the person was right there, and did something that displeased her,—I can't tell which. Whatever it was,—bad news either way,—it could only have been one of two things. Either the relative was dead, or had done something awful and disgraceful. Anyhow, the Lovely Lady was so terribly shocked by it that she dismissed her dinner party right away. It was not very polite, but probably excusable under the circumstances!"

"Maybe she fainted away," suggested Cynthia, practically. "Ladies were always doing that years ago, especially when they heard bad news."

"Good enough!" agreed Joyce. "I never thought of it. She probably did. Of course, that would break up the party at once. Well, when she came to and every one had gone, she was wild, frantic with grief or disappointment or disgust, and decided she just *could* n't stay in that house any longer. She must have dismissed her servants right away, though why she did n't make them clear up first, I can't think. Then she began to pack up to go away, and decided she would n't bother taking most of her things. And sometime, just about then, she probably turned the picture to the wall and took the other one out of her locket and threw it into the fire. Then she went away, and never, never came back any more."

"Yes, but how about the house?" objected Cynthia. "How did that get boarded up?"

"I have thought that out," said Joyce. "She may have stayed long enough to see the boarding up done, or she may have ordered some one to do it later. It can be done from the outside."

"I think she was foolish to leave all her good clothes," commented Cynthia, "and the locket under the bed, too."

"I don't believe she remembered the locket—or cared about it!" mused Joyce. "She was probably too upset and hurried to think of it again. And I'm sure she lay on the bed and cried a good deal. It looks like that. Now what do you think of my theory, Cynthia?"

"Why, I think it is all right, fine,—as far as it goes. I never could have pieced things together that way. But you have n't thought about who this mysterious relative was, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but, of course, that's much harder to decide because we have so little to go on. I'll tell you one thing I've pretty nearly settled, though. Whatever happened, it was n't that anybody *died*! When people die, you're terribly grieved and upset, of course, and you *may* shut up your house and never come near it again. I've heard of such things happening. But you generally put things nicely to rights first, and you don't go away and forget more than half your belongings. If you don't tend to these things yourself, you get some one else to do it for you. And one other thing is certain too. You don't turn the dead relative's picture to the wall or tear it out of your locket and throw it into the fire. You'd be far more likely to keep the picture always near so that you could look at it often. Is n't that so?"

"Of course!" assented Cynthia.

"Then it *must* have been the other thing that happened. Somebody did something wrong, or disappointing, or disgraceful. It must have been a dreadful thing, to make the Lovely Lady desert that house forever. I can't imagine what!"

"But what about the locked-up room?" interrupted Cynthia. "Have you any theory about that? You have n't mentioned it."

"That's something I simply can't puzzle out," confessed Joyce. "The Lovely Lady must have locked it, or the disgraceful relative may have done it, or some one entirely different. I can't make any sense out of it."

"Well, Joy," answered Cynthia, "you've a theory about what happened, and it certainly sounds sensible. Now, have you any about what relative it was? That's the next most interesting thing."

"I don't think it could have been her father or mother," replied Joyce, thoughtfully. "Parents are n't liable to cause that kind of trouble, so we'll count them out. She looks very young, not nearly old enough to have a son or daughter who would do anything very dreadful, so we'll count *them* out. (Is n't this just like the 'elimination' in algebra!) That leaves only brother, sister, or husband to be thought about."

"You forget aunts, uncles, and cousins!" interposed Cynthia.

"Oh, Cyn! how absurd! They are much too distant. It *must* have been some one nearer than that, to matter so much!"

"I think it's most likely her husband, then," decided Cynthia. "He'd matter most of all."

"Yes, I've thought of that, but here's the objection: her husband, supposing she had one, would probably have owned this house. Consequently he would n't be likely to allow it to be

shut up forever in this queer way. He 'd come back after a while and do what he pleased with it. No, I don't think it was her husband, or that she was married at all. It must have been either a sister or brother,—a younger one probably,—and the Lovely Lady loved her—or him—better than any one else in the world."

"Look here!" interrupted Cynthia, suddenly. "There 's the easiest way to decide all this!"

"What is it?" cried Joyce, opening her eyes wide.

"Why, just go in there and turn that picture in the drawing-room around!"

"Oh, Cynthia, you jewel! Of *course* it will be the easiest way! What geese we are to have waited so long! Only it will be a heavy thing to lift. But the time has come when it must be done. Let 's go right away!"

Full of new enthusiasm, they scrambled to their feet, approached the cellar window by a circuitous route (they were always very careful that they should not be observed in this), and were soon in the dim cellar lighting their candles. Then they scurried up-stairs, entered the drawing-room, and set their candlesticks on the table. After that they removed all the breakable ornaments from the mantel and drew another chair close to the fireplace.

"Now," commanded Joyce, stepping on the seat of one while Cynthia mounted the other, "be awfully careful. That red silk cord it hangs by is

perfectly rotten. I 'm surprised it has n't given way before this. Probably, as soon as we touch the picture the cord will break. If so, let the picture down gently to rest on the mantel. Ready!"

They reached out and grasped the heavy frame. True to Joy's prediction, the silk cord snapped at once, and the picture's whole weight rested in their hands.

"Quick!" cried Cynthia. "I can't hold it any longer!" And with a thud, the heavy burden slipped to the mantel. But there was no damage done and, feeling on the other side, Joyce discovered that it had no glass.

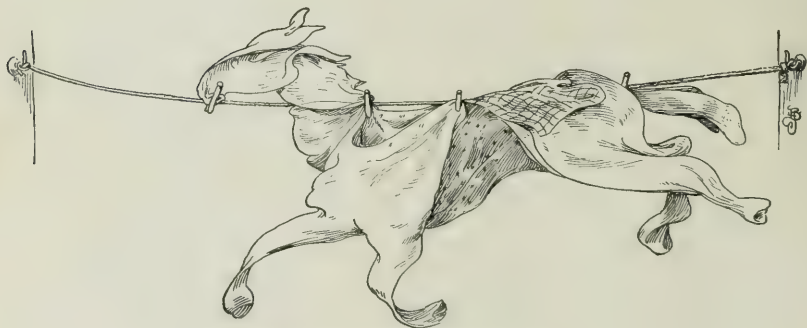
"Now what?" asked Cynthia.

"We must turn it around as it rests here. We can easily balance it on the mantel." With infinite caution, and some threatened mishaps, they finally got it into position, right side to the front, and sprang down to get their candles. On holding them close, however, the picture was found to be so coated with gray dust that absolutely nothing was distinguishable.

"Get the dust-rag!" ordered Joyce. And Cynthia, all excitement, rushed down cellar to find it. When she returned, they carefully wiped from the painting its inch-thick coating of the dust of years, and again held their candles to illumine the result.

For one long intense moment they stared at it. And then, simultaneously, they broke into a peal of hysterical giggles!

(To be continued.)



A CLOTHES-HORSE ON THE MARCH (WIND).

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

HOW TOMMY ENVIED HONKER THE GOOSE

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

THE feel of spring was in the air. The sound of it filled Tommy's ears. The smell of it filled his nostrils and caused him to take long, deep breaths. The sight of it gladdened his eyes, and the joy of it thrilled his heart. For the spring, you know, has really arrived only when it can be felt, heard, smelled, and seen, and has the power to fill all living things with abounding joy and happiness.

Winter had been long in going. It seemed to Tommy that it never would go. He liked winter. Oh, yes, Tommy liked winter! He liked to skate and slide, to build snow forts and houses, and

he wanted it to go quickly, and it had n't. It had dragged on and dragged on. To be sure, there had been a few springlike days, but they had been only an aggravation.

But this day was different, and Tommy knew that at last spring had arrived. It was not that it was long past time, for it was now almost April. It was something more. It was just a something that, throbbing all through him, told him that this time there was no mistake—spring was really here. There was a softness in the touch of gentle Sister Southwind which was like a caress. From over in the Green Forest came the gurgle of the Laughing Brook, and mingling with it was the soft whistle of Winsome Blue-bird, the cheery song of Welcome Robin, the joyous greeting of Little Friend the Song-sparrow, the clear lilt of Meadow-lark, the sweet love call of Tomtit, the Chickadee, and under all a subdued murmur, sensed rather than really heard, as of a gentle stirring of reawakened life. So Tommy *heard* the spring.

And in each long breath he drew there was the odor of damp, warm soil such as the earth gives up only at this season. And so Tommy *smelled* the spring. And looking from the top of the hill above the wishing-stone down-across the Green Meadows to the Old Pasture and beyond to the Purple Hills, he saw all as through a soft and beautiful haze, which was neither fog nor smoke, but as if old Mother Nature had drawn an exquisite veil over the face of the earth until it should be made beautiful. And so Tommy *saw* the spring.

He whistled joyously as he tramped down to the dear old wishing-stone and sat down on it, his hands clasped about his crossed knees. Seasons came and seasons went, but the wishing-stone, the great, gray stone which overlooked the Green Meadows, remained always the same. How many, many winters it must have seen go, and how many, many springs it must have seen come, some early and some, like this one, late, but all beautiful! In all the years it had been there how many of old Mother Nature's children, little people in fur, little people in feathers, little people in scaly suits, and little people with neither fur nor feathers nor scales, but with gauzy or beauti-



"IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE ABLE TO FLY LIKE THAT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

make snow men. He liked to put on his snow-shoes and tramp through the Green Forest, for many are the secrets of the summer which the winter reveals to those with eyes to see, and Tommy was trying to train his eyes to be of that kind. But when it was time for winter to go,

fully colored wings, or crawling with many feet, must have rested there just as he was doing now!

Somehow Tommy always got to thinking of these little people whenever he sat on the wishing-stone. From it he had watched many of them and learned much of their ways. But he had learned still more by wishing. That seems queer, but it was so. He had wished that he was a meadow-mouse, and no sooner had he wished it than he had been one. In turn he had wished himself into a red squirrel, a rabbit, and a fox, and he had lived their lives; had learned how they work and play; how sometimes they have plenty, but quite as often go hungry, sometimes very hungry, and how always they are under the shadow of fear, and the price of life is eternal watchfulness.

"I suppose some people would say that I fell asleep and dreamed it all, but I know better," said Tommy. "If they were dreams, why don't I have the same kind at home in bed? But it's only out here on this old stone when I wish that I was something that I become it. So of course it is n't a dream! Now I think of it, every single time I've wished myself one of these little animals, it has been because I thought they had a better and an easier time than I do, and every time I've been mighty glad that I'm just what I am. I wonder—" He paused a minute, for a sudden thought had popped into his head. "I wonder," he finished, "if those wishes came true just to teach me not to be discontented. I wonder if a wish would come true if I was n't discontented!"

He was still wondering when, floating down out of the sky, came a clear "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, honk, k'honk.*" Instantly Tommy turned his freckled face and eager eyes skyward.

"Wild geese!" he exclaimed.

"*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk!*" The sound was loud and clear, but it seemed to come from nowhere in particular and everywhere in general. Of course it came from somewhere up in the sky, but it was very hard to place it as from any particular part. It was a good two minutes before Tommy's eyes, sharp as they were, found what he was looking for—a black wedge moving across the sky, a wedge made up of little, black living spots. At least they looked little. That was because they were so high, so very high, in the sky. He knew that each of those black spots was a great, broad-winged bird—a Canada goose. He could see the long outstretched necks as tiny black lines. One behind another in two long lines which met in a letter V, like well-drilled soldiers maintaining perfect formation, the leader at the apex of the V, and behind him, each bird a given distance from the one in front, they moved steadily across the sky, straight into the north.

"*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk!*" There was something indescribably thrilling in the sound. It made the blood leap and race through Tommy's veins. Long after the living wedge had passed beyond his vision those clarion notes rang in his ears—"honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk!" They were at once a challenge and a call to the wild freedom of the great wilderness. They filled his heart with a great longing. It swelled and pulsed with a vast desire.

"Oh," he sighed, "it must be great to be able to fly like that. I would rather fly than do anything I know of. I envy old Honker in the lead there, I do. I wish I could join him this very minute!"

Of course that wish had slipped out unthinkingly. But that made no difference. Tommy had wished, and now here he was high in the air, no longer a boy, but a great bird, the last one in a long line of great birds beating the thin air with stout, tireless wings as they followed Honker, the leader, straight into the north. Far, far below lay the Great World. It seemed to Tommy that he had no part in it now. A fierce tumultuous joy surged through him and demanded expression. Spring had come, and he must tell those plodding creatures, mere specks, crawling on the distant earth. "*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*"

Never in all his life had Tommy felt such a thrill as possessed him now. Looking down, he saw brown meadows and pastures showing just a hint of green here and there, green forests and bare woodlands, silver threads which he knew to be rivers, shining spots which were lakes and ponds, and villages which looked like toys. Once they passed over a great city, but it did not look great at all. Seen through the murk of the smoke from many factory chimneys, it was not unlike an ant-hill which has been opened, —tiny black objects, which were really men, women, children, horses, and motor-cars, seeming to hurry aimlessly in all directions, for all the world like ants.

So all day they flew, crying the glad message of the spring to the crawling things below. Just a little while before the setting of the sun, Honker, the leader, slanted down toward a shining spot in the heart of a great forest, and the others followed. Rapidly the shining spot grew in size until below them lay a pond far from the homes of men, and to the very middle of this Honker led the way, while from the whole flock broke an excited gabbling, for they had flown far and were tired. With a splash Honker struck the water, and with splash after splash the others

followed, Tommy the last, because, you know, he was at the end of one of those long lines.

Then for a while they rested, the wise old leader scanning the shores with keen eyes for possible danger. Satisfied that all was well, he gave a signal and led the way to a secluded cove where the water was shallow and the shore marshy. It was clear that he had been there before, and had come with a purpose. Slowly they swam, Honker well in the lead, necks held high, the eyes of all alert and studying the nearing shore. There was no honking now, not a sound. To Tommy, in his inexperience, such watchfulness seemed needless. What possible danger could there be in such a lonely place? But he wisely kept his place and did as the others did. At length they were close to shore, and Honker gave a low signal which meant that all was well. Instantly the formation was broken, and with a low, contented gabbling the flock began feeding on eel-grass, roots and sedges from the mud at the bottom. For an hour they fed, then they swam about, or sat on the shore preening their feathers while the shadows deepened. But all the time Honker and some of the older ganders with eyes and ears alert were on guard. And when at last Tommy put his head under his wing to sleep, a great content filled his heart.

The next day was much like the first. With break of day they had breakfasted, and then, at a signal from Honker, they had mounted up, up into the blue vault, and all day they had heralded the spring to the earth below as they flew into the north. So it was the next day and the next, wise old Honker leading them to some chosen secluded resting-place each night.

Gradually the face of the earth below changed. There were no more cities. The villages became smaller and farther between, and at last they saw no more, only here and there a lonely farm. Great forests and lakes succeeded each other. The air grew colder, but with his thick coat of feathers Tommy minded it not at all. Then, one day, they found they had outflown the spring. Below them the earth was still frozen and snow-covered. The ponds and lakes were still ice-bound. Reluctantly Honker turned back to their last stopping-place, and there for a week they rested in peace and security, though not in contentment, for the call of the north, the far north, with its nesting-grounds, was ever with them, and made them impatient and eager to be on their way. The daily flights were shorter now, and there were frequent rests of days at a time, for spring advanced slowly, and they must wait for the unlocking of the lakes and rivers. The forests changed; the trees became low and stunted.

At last they came to a vast region of bogs and swamps and marshes around shallow lakes and ponds, a great lonely wilderness, a mighty solitude. At least that is what Tommy would have thought it had he been a boy or a man instead of a smart young gander.

It was neither lonely nor a solitude to him now, but the haven which had been the object of those hundreds of miles of strong-winged flight. It was the nesting-ground. It was home! And how



HONKER ON THE WATCH.

could it be lonely with flock after flock of his own kind coming in every hour of every day; with thousands of ducks pouring in in swift winged flight, and countless smaller birds, all intent on home-building?

The flock broke up into pairs, each intent on speedily securing a home of their own. On the ground they made great nests of small sticks and dead grass with a soft lining of down. In each presently were five big eggs. And soon there were downy goslings—scores and scores of them—in the water with their mothers for the first swimming lesson. Then the old birds had to be more vigilant than before, for there were dangers, many of them, even in that far wilderness: prowling foxes, hungry lynxes, crafty mink, hawks, fierce owls, each watching for the chance

to dine on tender young goose. So the summer, short in that far northern region, passed, and the young birds grew until they were as large as their parents, and able to care for themselves.

Cold winds swept down out of the frozen arctic with warning that already winter had begun the southward march. Then began a great gathering of the geese, and a dividing into flocks, each with a chosen leader, chosen for his strength, his wisdom, and his ability to hold his leadership against all comers. Many a battle between ambitious young ganders and old leaders did Tommy witness, but he wisely forbore to challenge old Honker, the leader who had led the way north, and when the latter gathered the flock for the journey he was one of the first to fall in line.



THE FIRST SWIMMING LESSON.

A thousand plus a thousand miles and more stretched before them as they turned to the south, but to the strength of their broad wings the distance was as nothing. But this was to be a very different journey from their trip north, as Tommy soon found out. Then they had been urged on day by day by a great longing to reach their destination. Now in place of longing was regret. There was no joy in the going. They were going because they must. They had no choice. Winter had begun its southward march.

The flights were comparatively short, for where food was good they stayed until some subtle sense warned old Honker that it was time to be moving. It was when they had left the wilderness and reached the great farm-lands that they lingered longest. There in the stubble of the grain fields was feed a-plenty, and every morning at dawn, and again every afternoon, an hour or so before sundown, Honker led the way to the fields. During the greater part of the day and all night they rested and slept on the bar of a river, or well out on the bosom of a lake.

It was now that Tommy learned a new respect for the cunning of the wise old leader, and also that terrible fear which comes sooner or later to all wild creatures—the fear of man. Time and again, as they approached their chosen feeding-ground, there would come a sharp signal from Honker, and he would abruptly turn the direction of the flight and lead them to another and much poorer feeding-ground. Yet, look as he would, Tommy could see no cause, no danger. At first Tommy thought it was because other geese seemed to have reached the feeding-ground first. He could see them standing stiffly as if watching the new-comers, near them a harmless little heap of straw. He knew that the feeding was better there, and he wanted to go, but the spirit of obedience was strong within him, and he followed with the rest. Once he voiced his disapproval to another bird as they settled some distance away where it was more work to find the scattered grain.

"Watch!" he replied in a low tone. "There comes a flock led by that young upstart who fought and defeated his old leader the day before we left home. He is leading them straight over there."

Tommy watched. Suddenly from that harmless-looking little heap of straw there sprang two spurts of flame, followed by two sharp reports that struck terror to his heart. Even as he beat his way into the air, he looked and saw that foolish young leader and three of his flock falling, stricken and helpless, to the earth, and a man leap from under the straw to pick them up. Then he understood, and a new loyalty to old Honker grew in his heart.

But in spite of the ever-present danger, Honker kept his flock there, for food was good and plentiful, and he had faith in himself, and his flock had faith in him. So they lingered until a driving snow squall warned them that they must be moving. Keeping just ahead of the on-coming winter, they journeyed south, and at every stopping-place they found men and guns waiting. There was no little pond so lonely but that death

might be lurking there. Sometimes the call of their own kind would come up to them. Looking down, they would see geese swimming in seeming security and calling to them to come down and join them. More than once Honker set his wings



"WATCH!" HE REPLIED IN A LOW TONE.

to accept the invitation, only to once more beat his way upward as his keen eyes detected something amiss on the shore. And so Tommy learned the baseness of man who would use his own kind to decoy them to death.

Came at last a sudden swift advance of cold weather which forced them to fly all night. When day broke, they were weary of wing, and, worse, the air was thick with driving snow. For the first time, Tommy beheld Honker uncertain. He still led the flock, but he led he knew not where, for in the driving snow none could see. Low they flew now, but a little way above the earth, making little progress against the driving storm, and so weary of wing that it was all they could do to keep their heavy bodies up. It was then that the welcome honk of other geese came up to them, and, heading in the direction of the calling voices and honking back their own distress, they discovered water below, and gladly, oh, so gladly, set their wings and dropped down into this haven

of refuge. Hardly had the first ones hit the water when, bang! bang! bang! bang! the fateful guns roared, and when, out of the confusion into which they were thrown, they once more gathered behind their old leader far out in the middle of the pond, some of the flock were missing.

In clear weather they flew high, and it happened on such a day that, as Tommy looked down, there stirred within him a strange feeling. Below stretched a green forest with broad meadows beyond, and farther still an old brush-grown pasture. Somehow it was wonderfully familiar. Eagerly he looked. There should be something more. Ah, there it was—an old gray boulder overlooking the meadows! Like a magnet, it seemed to draw Tommy down to itself. "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk!*" Tommy heard the call of his old leader faintly, as if from a distance.

"*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, honk!*" Tommy opened his eyes and rubbed them confusedly. Where was he? "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*" He looked up. There, high in the blue sky, was a living wedge pointing straight into the north, and the joy of the spring was in the wild clamor that came down to him. Slowly he rose from the old wishing-stone, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, watched the flock until it was swallowed up in the distant haze. Long he stood gazing through unseeing eyes while the wild notes still came to him faintly, and the joy of them rang in his heart. But there was no longing there now, only a vast content.

"It must be great to fly like that!" he murmured. "It must be great, but—" He drew a long breath as he looked over the meadows to the Old Pasture and heard and saw and felt the joy of the spring—"this is good enough for me!" he finished. "I don't envy that old leader a bit. It may be glorious to be wild and free, to look down and see the great world, and all that, but it's more glorious to be safe and carefree, and—and just a boy. No, I don't envy old Honker a little bit. But is n't he wonderful! I—I don't see what men want to hunt him for and try to kill him. They would n't if they knew how wonderful he is. I never will. No, sir. I never will! I know how it feels to be hunted, and—and it's dreadful. That's what it is—dreadful! I know! And it's all because of the old wishing-stone. I'm glad I know, and—and—gee, I'm glad it's spring!"

"*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*" Another flock of geese were passing over, and Tommy knew that they, too, were glad, oh, so glad, that it was spring!

The Cruise of the Annerly Ann

(A Nautical Nonsense Rhyme) by
Ellen Maule

I

Oh, a trusty ship was the *Annerly Ann*,
And her captain, Billiky Bee,
Was the most obliging captain man
That ever did sail the sea!
There was never a thing that he would not do
To please the taste of his trusty crew.
From Boston town the good ship hailed,
And away from its port one morn she sailed,
Away from its port she sailed!

II

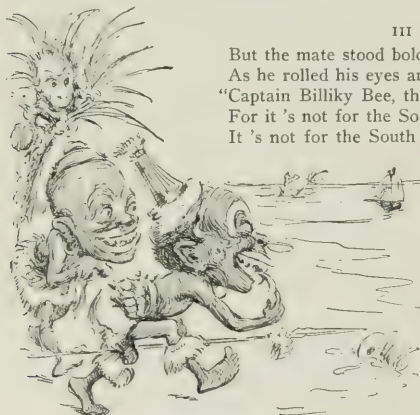
"We'll steer for the South!" quoth Captain Bee,
When the sails were all unfurled.
"I've a sort of a hankering, Mate," quoth he,
"To visit that side of the world!"

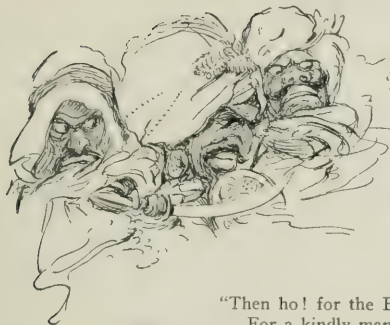
III

But the mate stood boldly forth and said,
As he rolled his eyes and he shook his head,
"Captain Billiky Bee, that wish must fail,
For it's not for the South we sail, we sail,
It's not for the South we sail!"

IV

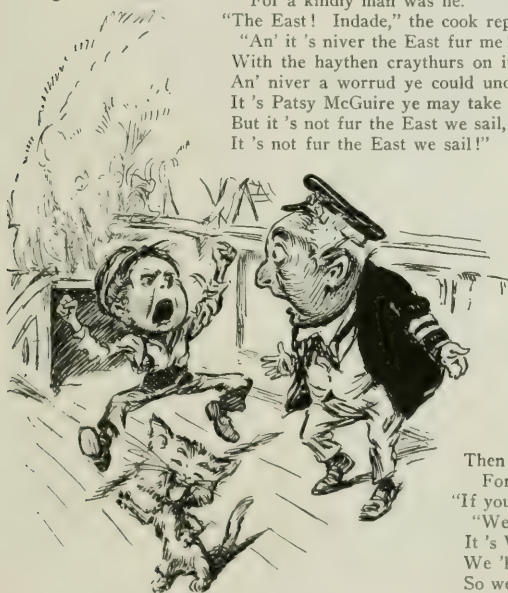
"I don't like breadfruit, no, not I,
Nor monkeys up in a tree;
The coral reefs I refuse to try—
No cannibals, please, for me!
And never a cocoa-palm shall wave
Its feathery leaves above *my* grave!
Oh, no!" said the mate, as he turned quite pale,
"And it's not for the South we sail, we sail,
It's not for the South we sail!"





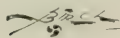
V

"Then ho! for the East!" the captain cried,
 For a kindly man was he.
 "The East! Indade," the cook replied,
 "An' it 's niver the East fur me!
 With the haythen craythurs on iv'ry hand,
 An' niver a worrud ye could understand!
 It's Patsy McGuire ye may take to jail,
 But it's not fur the East we sail, we sail,
 It's not fur the East we sail!"



VI

Then the captain cried: "To the North! About!
 For somewhere we must go!"
 But the cabin-boy on the deck rushed out,
 And he loudly shouted, "No!
 We might meet with a berg, or a polar bear,
 Or have blubber to eat, or fur to wear,
 And I never could bear the sight of a whale!
 So it's not for the North we sail, we sail,
 It's not for the North we sail!"



VII

Then Captain Billiky heaved a sigh,
 For much cast down was he.
 "If you please," quoth he, as he piped his eye,
 "We 'll steer for the open sea.
 It's West we 'll sail! Ere the sun goes down
 We 'll be back in the port of Boston town;
 So we 'll make the best of a favoring gale,
 And off to the West we 'll sail, we 'll sail,
 To Boston town we 'll sail!"



PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XI

A PAIR OF KNAVES

So bewildered was I at this sudden turn of affairs, that I seemed bereft of all power to move, and stood staring at the closed door as if I could scarce believe my eyes. The unexpectedness of the man's action took me so completely by surprise that I looked at the finger upon which I was wont to wear the ring, to make sure I had not dreamed it all. But the rattle of the chain barring the door brought me to my senses, and I heard the quick patter of the Quaker's retreating footsteps and a low chuckle, as if he laughed to himself.

I stepped close to the door, meaning to ply the knocker and demand the return of my property; but, ere I raised my hand, I heard a muffled cry of exultation and the sound of another masculine voice expressing amazement, though I caught not the words.

Even then, in spite of the fact that I knew there were two to deal with, I was little minded to go away and leave my ring behind me, for the day was past when a lawless soldiery robbed right and left while the victim said "Thank you," so long as his head rested safe upon his shoulders.

But by now the voices inside were raised to a high pitch, and I could hear distinctly.

"You say there was a boy with her?"

"Yea," was the reply from the old man I had seen.

"Oh, fool! fool!" came the angered exclamation; "what good is the ring without the boy? Have you forgot that there is a price set upon him? Come, we must catch them ere they're lost to us!" And as he spoke, I heard heavy footsteps running along bare floors.

On the instant all thought of my ring vanished. Nor did I pause to speculate upon the cause of the man's wanting little Jack. The words I had heard left no doubt of the determined purpose behind them, and I was deeply alarmed at the menace they contained. I grasped the boy by the wrist, and rushing him down the steps of the portico, dragged him around the corner of the house even as the chain rattled at the door.

A clump of lilac bushes all a-bloom stood near,

and the child, catching something of my fright, needed no warning to drop to his knees and follow me quickly beneath its fragrant shelter.

"Lie close, Jacky," I whispered, stifling as best I could the gasping of my hurried breathing.

The sun was set by this time, and the fast-fading light gave me hope that we should escape detection. I dared not think what danger might confront us if we were captured.

The clash of the door as it burst open, and the noise of heavy feet hurrying down the steps, set my heart to beating quickly; but I plucked up courage enough to raise my head and peep through the leaves. I saw a man, apparently young and fashionably dressed, running down the long path to the roadway, and behind him shuffled the old Quaker who had robbed me. At the gate the foremost figure stopped, looking eagerly to right and left, and from his gestures I judged he was greatly excited.

I watched, hoping that they would take to the highway in search of us, for I meant to cross the fields and seek a hiding-place farther away at the first chance. But they loitered near the gate for five minutes or so, and then, to my chagrin and terror, started back toward the house, the younger man walking quickly while the old Quaker, scarce able to keep up, hurried at his side. Near the house they stopped short, and their angry words came to me clearly.

"A hoop to the barrel!" cried the younger man, bitterly. "'T is the toast everywhere. You're not worth your salt, Jasper Pilgrim, else this barrel had been naught but a bundle of rattling staves long ago!"

"Can I be blamed if the States agree upon a constitution?" demanded the Quaker, whose name I had just heard. "I did what I could in these parts, and spent the king's money as thee told me, but—"

"There'll be no more money to spend," the other cut in, violently. "The king's guineas will not be so easy come by in the future. If this constitution be passed, 't is good-by to my bread and butter,—and 't is a long way to England."

"Nay, there's a fortune in the ring!" protested the old man. "We have but to find a boy—"

"But you 've lost the boy!" the other burst out, wrathfully. "Who would have thought to see *you* let five thousand pounds slip through your crooked fingers?"

"Thee knows I am no believer in force," whined the Quaker. "The Society of Friends—"

"Quit your cant," snarled his companion. "Dost think I do not know you for a war-time Quaker who learned his 'thee's' and 'thou's' to save his pocket and his skin?"

"Thee broke in upon my words," declared Jasper Pilgrim, with a show of spirit. "I was saying if we could but find a boy of about the same age, who would be the wiser when we had the ring to prove his birth?"

"Now that 's well thought of," declared the younger man, musingly. "Let 's see the ring," and he held out his hand.

"Nay, there 's no need for thee to trouble. 'T is safe," answered the Quaker, drawing back.

"Keep it, then," growled his companion, turning to enter the house; "but I mean to have the real boy who came with it, though I spend the night in searching. How looked the girl?"

"A saucy-faced wench," answered Pilgrim. "She was ragged enough to have come from Canada, but the Indian said naught of her."

I strained my ears for their next words, but they entered the house and I heard no more of their talk.

I had caught enough of their conversation to set me thinking. Had Tiscoquam, to deceive me, told his tale of making Jacky a chief of the Iroquois, and was he really in the pay of these men, who for some evil design wished to gain possession of the boy? I thought not, but what possible connection could there be between Jacky Travers and my mysterious ring, which had been in my possession since before his

birth? Days were to pass before those questions were answered, and at the moment I had other things to ponder over, though my head swam with the possibilities they suggested.



"'NAY, THERE 'S A FORTUNE IN THE RING!' PROTESTED THE OLD MAN."

One thing at least was very certain—little Jack was in peril. I had saved him from one danger only to fall into another, and it was the white men, not the savage, in whom I saw most to dread.

Now, for the time being at least, we seemed safe. There was no search made about the house,

and it was evident that the two rascals had concluded that we had gone away immediately the older man had shut the door in my face. I was beginning to wonder if indeed we might not steal out in safety, when the younger man came from the portico, and, walking rapidly, disappeared down the road. I was quite sure he had begun a search for us in the little town. After this, I dared not move while it was light, so, taking Jacky in my arms, I sat as patiently as might be, waiting for darkness to come. The boy, worn out by the excitement and fatigue of the day, soon fell asleep; and it was all I could do, in spite of my anxiety, to keep my eyes open, for I, too, was feeling the strain of what I had been through.

At length, save for the afterglow in the west, the day was gone, and here and there among the dark shadows I saw the glimmer of lighted candles shining through the windows of the houses, and each of these gave me food for thought. The time had come when I must go a-knocking at another door, and I sought to make my selection ere I left my place of concealment.

One difficulty lay before me. The man who had gone might be anywhere in that little hamlet, and I dared not take the road openly for fear of meeting with him. Nor was it out of the question that he might have set others on the watch for us, and, though my reason told me he could scarce do us much harm if we met in the midst of the village, yet his voice and manner had shown so grim a determination that I dreaded to risk Jacky's falling into his hands.

Where, then, might I venture in safety in that strange town, the very name of which I did not know?

As if in answer to my question, a light showed suddenly through the window of a small house only a little way beyond. It lay in a straight line from us, and to reach it I had but to cross the fields and not go near the road at all. This suited me to perfection, and waking little Jack, who was the best of children not to have turned peevish with all he had had to endure, I cautioned him to go very quietly, and we moved stealthily from under our friendly lilac bush.

While we were near the house, we picked our way with all care for fear of giving an alarm, but at length the big house and its bigger barn were dark shadows behind us, and I felt free to push briskly ahead.

We climbed two or three fences and crossed one wide field that had just been plowed, but the light gleaming brightly through the window seemed to invite us to come on.

To find the entrance, we had to turn a corner

of the house; and, out of sight of the friendly light, I knocked anxiously, wondering what my summons would bring this time. But in a moment my fears were put at rest, for the door opened, and there, holding aloft the candle, was a stout, motherly looking woman not unlike Mrs. Mummer, although so big was she that she would have made two of her or any other female. However, she appeared most kindly, and seemed to radiate happiness and comfort. At sight of her I felt like crying out of very thankfulness, for here was one upon whom I could rely to do her best for me.

"Oh, please," I faltered, "won't you help me to get this boy home to his mother?"

"Aye, to be sure I will!" she answered heartily. "How comes it he is not tucked up 'twixt sheets an hour since? But don't ye answer, deary, you're tired. I can see it on you, and there 'll be time a-plenty. Come ye in."

"Oh, thank you!" I exclaimed, cheered by her hearty, comforting words; "but I must get to Germantown to-night, and I must start at once. You see, the boy's mother will be half-crazed at the loss of him."

"Ah, deary me, the poor mother!" she cried in sympathy; "but Germantown is a weary way from this village of Norristown, and 't will take time to get ready."

"Are we in Norristown?" I asked, for if this were true, we were a good baker's dozen miles from Denewood.

"Aye," she answered; "but come ye in. You 'll be in need of a sup of something against your journey."

We followed her into the house, and Jacky, at least, took kindly to her suggestion of supper.

"I should like some ginger-cake," he said cheerfully. "A big piece. I'm hungry."

"And ye shall have it!" exclaimed the woman, bending upon him. "But how knew ye I baked a loaf this day?"

"I smelled it," Jacky explained promptly, at which she gave a great laugh that had the effect of making me, too, feel cheerier. But I was neither conscious of hunger nor really interested in anything outside of getting back to Denewood. I was nigh at the end of my endurance, and felt that I must keep all the strength I had left fixed upon that one object. I dared not, for my peace of mind, dwell upon Bee and her anxiety, but I still meant to get the boy back to her just as soon as I could accomplish it.

"Can you send us to Germantown to-night, ma'am?" I asked, as I followed her into the neat kitchen.

"To be sure!" she answered readily, and then

shouted at the top of her lungs, "Otto! Otto!" I judged the one she called must be far away, but, to my surprise, a shock of red hair protruded slowly through the doorway of an adjoining room, and the face of a boy came into view. It reminded me of a tortoise sticking its head out of its shell.

"Jah, Mommie," said the head, pleasantly, giving me a merry wink.

"Was ye there all this while?" demanded the woman.

"Jah, Mommie," the boy answered, grinning and winking at me rapidly.

"Then take yourself off to Mrs. Truebread, and tell her I want the loan of her saddle. I'm for Germantown."

"So!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes widening, "and where ist your own saddle?"

"Now ain't he stupid?" she remarked, turning to me with a gesture of hopelessness, while Otto continued to grin and wink. "But he can't help it. He's sort of Pennsylvania Dutch, if he is my own son, and I pure Scotch on my mother's side." Then to the boy, "If I take my saddle, what 's the young lady to ride? Off with you now to Mrs. Truebread, and come not back without a saddle, or I take a besom to you."

"Jah, Mommie," replied the boy, good-naturedly; "but I t'ought you 'd ride bodkin." And, still grinning, he withdrew his head slowly, turtle-wise.

"And break the horse's back," snorted his mother, "with my eighteen stone!"

Meanwhile, as she talked, she had set out supper for us, with a plentiful supply of fine ginger-cake and a big pitcher of sweet milk; but, though I was glad to see Jacky eat his fill and found him the better for it, I could in no wise choke down even a small portion of the food, though the woman coaxed me, giving much good advice against the fatigue of the coming journey on an empty stomach. I tried, but I could not swallow, and at last, seeing my vain endeavor, she stopped her urging.

"Then if ye 'll not eat, I'm sure you 'll feel better for a bit of tidying up," she said finally, and this suggestion I hailed with pleasure, though it seemed to make some explanation of my disheveled condition necessary.

I told her somewhat of our adventures during that long day, and she listened with exclamations of wonder here and there, and at the end gave me much praise for my fortitude; but of the ring I had said nothing, accounting for our escape from Tiscoquam by the remark that the Indian had evidently changed his mind, finding us not worth the trouble we should cause him.

When my face was washed and my hair smoothed a little, I felt distinctly better, but I was in no mood to delay our departure, and when Otto suddenly popped into the kitchen showing me his full gangling length, I was overjoyed at his announcement that the horses were ready.

But the woman was not for going forth unprepared. She doled out garments for me against the cold of the night air, and, much to Jacky's disgust, insisted that he wear a long, knitted muffler, which she wrapped and folded about him till he looked like a cocoon. For herself, she put on a great homespun cloak, and, at length, was ready.

She mounted by the block while Otto held her horse, and then, taking little Jacky up in front, bade me mount also. Otto held my stirrup, and a moment later we had passed out of the circle of light from the lantern, and were moving slowly along a path toward the road.

My heart felt easier. At last we were homeward bound, with the seeming assurance that we should arrive at Denewood. The horse under me was a stout one, and, though Norristown was far from Germantown, we should reach there ere midnight, and Bee would have her boy again.

We turned into the highway and soon approached the house where I had lost my ring; but I had ceased to feel fear, rather was I angry that the sham Quaker had robbed me of it. I was in two minds about broaching the subject to the good woman beside me, but, seeing that I knew the man's name and where he lived, I resolved to keep my own council.

As we passed, I looked across the field to the irregular shape of the buildings, showing like a silhouette against the sky. I meant to visit that house upon the morrow with one who would brook no fooling.

"I wonder will he slam the door in John Travers's face?" I thought with a smile, and then added almost aloud, "I 'll have my ring again, Jasper Pilgrim."

But as we left the place behind us, the fire of my resentment died quickly, and I began to realize how weary was my body. The woman beside me chatted pleasantly about this or that, but I scarce heeded her. My head swam strangely, and it was all I could do to keep my saddle. I began to wonder if my strength would hold out till I reached Denewood, and was forced to summon all my fortitude and determination to see the matter through.

Presently we left the little town and turned in the direction of home, and I saw ahead two dim figures on horseback approaching us. But I cared not, having scarce sufficient interest to pull my

horse to one side behind my companion in order to clear half the road.

We were moving at a foot pace as we came abreast the strangers, and, to my surprise, they reined in their horses.

"Your pardon," called a man's voice in the darkness, "but we are looking for a young girl and—"

His sentence was never finished, for I knew in a moment whom it was that spoke.

"Mark! Mark!" I cried, "I 'm here."

"Oh, Peggy! Is Jacky with you?" exclaimed Bee, who was the other figure, and even at that instant of joyous recognition, I realized with horror how near we had been to passing each other and never knowing it.

But this was only a fleeting shadow. I was overwhelmed with the sense of joy and thankfulness that the boy was safe at last.

"Yes, he 's here, Bee," I answered, and I saw Mark jump from his horse and come to my side.

"Sure, he 's here, ma'am," the woman called, and I heard Jacky himself call "Muvver!" rather sleepily, then everything became jumbled in my head.

It must have been because I was so exhausted that I let myself go when at last all was right. That is the only way I can explain how it came about that I, who had never fainted before in my life, suddenly felt my senses slipping from me, and toppled off my horse into Mark's arms. My responsibility was at an end. Mark was there to take care of us. Bee had Jacky back again, and what I wanted most was to go to sleep.

The next I knew I was flat on my back at the side of the road lying on Bee's riding-cloak, and she was bending over me with one arm around Jacky.

"I 'll go and find a coach, Bee," I heard Mark saying.

"The tavern is but a short way back," the woman cut in. "Stay you here, and I 'll return and send something after you to carry the child. Sure, she 's just worn out, poor dear. She 'll be none the worse on the morrow."

"Nay, I can ride," I protested feebly. "What



"FOR THE MOMENT, I COULD NEITHER SEE NOR SPEAK."

is all this pother about? I don't understand." And I tried to get to my feet.

"Lie still, Peggy dear, you—"

"No, Bee," I broke in, my mind still fixed on one purpose, "I must get to Denewood," and this time I did sit up. "I can ride, Bee, indeed I can." But truth to tell, I felt weak and silly, and had no more strength than a baby.

Nevertheless I made shift to sit my horse, with Mark riding beside to balance me, and we were

soon at the tavern in Norristown, for even to me it was now plain that I could not ride home that night.

Mark secured us rooms, and they helped me to one that was next Bee's, where, after taking off my shoes, I flung myself upon the bed, too exhausted to make further efforts at undressing.

There were a thousand questions I wished to ask, and I doubt not Bee had as many on her tongue; but when I would have spoken she silenced me, saying that there would be plenty of time for all that on the morrow; so, worn out by my adventures, I let my head drop upon the pillow with a sigh of thankfulness.

How long I slept I know not, but on a sudden I found myself broad awake, with a guilty feeling that I had left something undone. I lay still a minute puzzling over it, when in a flash I remembered what it was I had neglected.

Bee had not been warned of Jasper Pilgrim and his evil companion who threatened little Jack. She could not guess the danger, and with a feeling of apprehension I leaped out of bed and pattered across the floor, meaning to go at once to her room.

I opened the door leading to the hallway and peered forth. Showing like a shadow against the light of a window at the end of the passage, I saw the crouching figure of a man holding his ear to the keyhole of Bee's room.

CHAPTER XII

INTO THE FIRE

STRANGE as it may appear under the circumstances, my first feeling at sight of the man in the hallway was not fear but indignation. I thought not at all of danger, and stepped boldly into the hall to rebuke him. And this was my undoing, for, as I crossed the threshold, the voice of the man who had been with Jasper Pilgrim that afternoon whispered, "Don't let her see us!" and at the same instant a shawl was thrown over my head, so that, for the moment, I could neither see nor speak.

"Hold her till I find the boy," came the next whisper, and the first man released his grasp.

This confirmed my anxiety about little Jacky, but I had no fear for myself, for I knew Mark was within call, and evidently the shawl had been thrown over my head solely to keep me from recognizing the two men. Though I could not cry out, I began to struggle fiercely to get one of my hands free. Bart, my brother, used to say that I was as strong as most boys of my years, and slippery as an eel; but, however that was, in a moment I had wrenched one arm loose from the

grip that held it and torn the shawl away from my face. In the dim light I saw that it was Jasper Pilgrim with whom I battled.

"Mark! Mark! Help!" I shouted at the top of my voice, repeating the cry again and again.

At that I heard the door to my room softly close, and the Quaker loosed his clutch upon me with a cry of fright, just as Mark appeared, fully dressed save for his coat and neckcloth.

"Where are you, Peg?" he shouted, scarce able to see in the darkness of the hall.

"Go to Bee!" I answered, in an agony of suspense. "There's a man after Jacky."

He did as I bade him without demanding an explanation, and I was assured that danger in that quarter had been averted when I heard Bee's voice in answer to his knock.

Meanwhile, Jasper Pilgrim, who, seeing his exit toward the stairway blocked by Mark, had cowered against the wall, now started to run for it. I, however, excited and angry at this new outrage, snatched at him, meaning to hold him if I could, but only managed to clutch his coat as he dashed past me. At once I realized that within my clenched fist there was some bit of metal, and I fastened upon it, convinced that it was my own ring I felt beneath the cloth.

He snarled at me to let him go, striking a feeble blow or two at my arm; but I held the tighter, determined not to lose my property a second time, now that it was actually within my grasp.

We struggled thus an instant, and then, amid the sharp noise of ripping stitches, the man gave a furious wrench of his body, which dragged me a step or two across the floor and tore him free. But in so doing he left behind a handful of cloth which I still gripped.

By this time there was a great hubbub below, and the sound of people running up the stairs. Bee had opened her door and stood there holding the boy in her arms, a riding-cloak thrown over her shoulders, and I ran to her as Mark started to my aid.

It had all taken but a moment or two, and by the time Bee had an arm about me, the landlord and his servants came hurrying up to us to know what all the commotion was about.

A deal of chattering ensued, but at last I made them understand that there was an intruder in my room. With a rush they all made for the door, only to find it locked. There being no other way in, they were forced to send for a master-key, and in the meantime armed themselves against an attack, with pokers, mops, and whatever lay handy.

A very formidable crowd it looked when at last

the door was open, and they rushed into the room to a light held high by the nightcapped wife of the landlord; but the place was empty, and in a moment they all turned upon me for an explanation.

"How now, Missy?" asked the landlord. "There 's ne'er a one here. Were ye not dreaming, mayhap?"

"Mayhap the door locked itself on the inside," I burst out, angered at his stupidity. But for all that, there was no intruder there.

However, the explanation was easy to find. An open window led on to the roof of a shed, and, though 't was steep, it was no great trick to escape to the ground. The man was gone, but had the door not been locked, I know the landlord would still have insisted I had but dreamed. As it was, two or three of the servants shook their heads, eying me dubiously.

"'T was doubtless some boy's prank," the landlord said, as we all came back into the hall, and there was a general murmur of assent from the others.

"I 'd scarce call Jasper Pilgrim a boy!" I retorted, and at this there were loud exclamations of surprise.

"Jasper Pilgrim!" echoed the landlord. "Nay, nay, Missy. He 'd ne'er have the courage to jump from yon shed roof."

"But 't is the other one did that," I insisted. "Jasper Pilgrim held me while—"

"Nay, you must be mistook," the landlord cut in sharply; "Jasper is a Quaker, and, though no' what ye 'd call free wi' his money, he 's no' up to such tricks as these."

"'T is useless to argue it, Peg," Bee interposed; "come in and tell us about it. There 's little danger of their coming back to-night."

With a chuckle here and there among the crowd, showing plainly that they took the attack upon us lightly, they moved off while we went into Bee's room and closed the door upon them.

Then it was that I told all my experiences that day, and how I had come to fear Jasper Pilgrim and his companion. They heard me with scarce an interruption, though now and then Bee put an arm around me and hugged me close, vowing I had saved her boy. Both she and Mark remembered Tiscoquam, and seemed to appreciate the motives that had prompted his taking little Jack, but why a strange old man in Norristown should wish to steal the boy they could in no wise comprehend, though the danger, they saw, was real enough.

"'T is indeed scarce credible!" Bee exclaimed at the end.

"I 'd like to catch the old thief," Mark mur-

mured angrily; "I 'd see to it that he did n't steal any more rings."

"But what have you there, Peggy dear?" Bee asked, and I looked down at my lap where my hand lay, still clutching a portion of Jasper Pilgrim's clothing.

"Oh, I 'd clean forgot!" I cried. "The ring is here, I believe," and I unfolded a piece of cloth, which was evidently a portion of the old Quaker's coat, for there was a small pocket in it.

I unbuttoned this and drew forth the hard object I had fastened upon so tenaciously. To my surprise it was wrapped in a bit of paper from a news-sheet; but, as I had guessed, it was my ring.

"'T is found, Bee!" I exclaimed, handing it to her.

She took the ring, and in idle curiosity I looked at the wrapping in my hand. For a moment the printed words scarce separated themselves before my eyes. Then suddenly I took in the purport of them.

"Bee!" I exclaimed, "listen to this," and I read aloud as follows:

"5000 POUNDS REWARD for the recovery of a boy, aged about seven years, and A RING WITH A RESON which he wore hung on a chain about his neck. The ring carries a device of a Cupid with a drawn bow cut upon the sapphire stone in the bezel, and is set with five triangular diamonds. For further particulars call upon Andrew M'Sparren in Nassau Street in the City of New York. Mch. 3rd. 1786."

"Now that 's plain enough!" exclaimed Mark. "They think that because Peg has the ring, Jacky must be the boy named in the notice."

"That must be it," Bee agreed. "But what is a reson? Is it on your ring, or was it also on the chain about the child's neck?"

"I don't know," I replied doubtfully; "but what has Tiscoquam to do with it? When he saw the device upon the ring, he let Jacky go."

"That I cannot even guess," Bee admitted; "but Mark is right. Your Jasper Pilgrim and his companion evidently think Jacky the missing child."

"Jacky 's but five while the lost boy is seven, according to this," I argued, indicating the paper.

"Jacky is monstrous large for his years," Bee explained with pride, "and you heard the Quaker himself say any boy who looked the age would do so long as they had the ring which would seem to prove his birth."

"There 's no doubt of it," Mark repeated positively, "and I shall have to escort you home in the morning. They are a bold pair of villains."

"Yes, I should n't dare go alone now," Bee agreed.

"And must I walk?" I asked plaintively.

"No, you must go to bed," Bee laughed quietly.

"We arranged with the kind woman who took you in last night to come early on the morrow with horses. She looks as if she would be as good as another man if we met our enemies. Now we must try to get some rest, and I think Mark had better stay in the next room while you share this one with Jacky and me."

So once more we settled down to sleep, and, though the night was not as far gone as I had first supposed when I woke so suddenly, there were but a few hours left ere sunrise.

Daylight found me quite refreshed, and after breakfast I was as strong as ever, and none the worse for my adventures.

My friend of the night before came betimes with the horses, her honest, smiling face lighting up as she saw me, and reminding me more than ever of Mrs. Mummer.

Ere we started, I took Mark aside and gave him my ring to keep, for it had been stripped of the thread that had served to make it fit my finger.

"I wonder you trust me with it," Mark laughed, as he slipped it into an inner pocket.

"Would Polly not trust you?" I asked, half jestingly.

"Nay, that she would n't," he answered. "She's told me so often that I lose everything that I begin to believe it myself. I shall be glad to be rid of this troublesome ring when we reach Denewood."

"Well, in that case," I said, with pretended anxiety, "you'll please put it at once in the little powdering-box on my dressing-table, if by chance I am not ready to take it from you."

"Do you mean to go a-gossiping upon the way?" he inquired banteringly. "Were I you, I would change my dress before visiting, unless fringe is now the fashion."

We left a letter with the landlord for Cousin John or any of his men and took the road, Mark at Bee's side and I following with the good woman, who, though she seemed rather silent, was ever ready with her kindly smile.

It was a fine day, but the going was none too good, and we made slow progress. Jacky, sitting in front of Bee, chatted gaily, and wished he might meet Tiscoquam, ever thinking of that deer to be shot, and Bee was too delighted to have him back to say a chiding word.

We soon left the little hamlet behind us, and our road wound through virgin forest with only occasional spaces of cleared land where the settlers' houses nestled close to the road for company. We met one or two carters and gave them "Good morning," but for the most part we saw naught save rabbits and birds.

We were a good half-way on our journey when my companion checked her horse and looked down at its front foot. Instinctively I reined up without saying aught to Bee or Mark, who continued on their way, not knowing that we had halted.

"What is it?" I asked. Still looking down, she muttered something I did n't catch.

"What is it?" I repeated, and this time she raised her head, gazing, however, at the two in front rather than at me.

"I thought he'd picked up a stone," she said, and started on again.

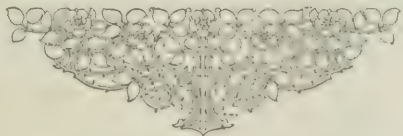
This action had put a good two hundred yards between us and those ahead, but there was naught to cause me to think twice of this, and I should not have remembered the circumstance save that, at the moment Bee and Mark crossed a bypath running at right angles across our road, I heard a shout, and instantly there rushed between us two mounted men whom I recognized at once. One was Jasper Pilgrim, and the other his rascally companion.

I glanced at the woman by my side, expecting to see some surprise or fright on her countenance, but of these I found no trace, and a sudden suspicion flashed into my mind.

"Who are you?" I cried, leaning forward and grasping her by the shoulder.

"I am Jasper Pilgrim's lawful wedded wife," she answered, looking guiltily at the ground. "He's the man I promised to love, honor, and obey."

(To be continued.)



PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS



BUILDING A LOCOMOTIVE, A DOG-CART, AND A WATER-MILL.

HOW BOYS MADE TOYS FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City

In the January and February numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I told you how to make your work-bench and tool-chest, and gave you a list of the necessary tools. I also showed you some of the furniture which the boys had made for our exhibit. This month, I will show you, and tell you about, some simple toys which have been made from boxes. They are easily constructed, and are great fun to play with. Before starting to make toys, however, you must secure a coping-saw with several blades, as they are very apt to break if care is not taken.

In our second illustration, we see John Fox at the right of the picture working on a church. This church is made from a starch-box, the cover of which has been removed. The box is turned on its side. On the back of this box John first outlined four pointed windows with a pencil. Then, with his coping-saw, he cut them out. At one end of the box a pointed door was made in the same way. Of the wood which was sawed out John made a door, and four shutters for the windows. These were fastened to the box by small hinges. The pews were formed out of small pieces of wood glued together and set in rows

facing the pulpit. Two broom-handles were then sawed the proper length to fit into the box. These, when securely nailed to the floor and roof, formed pillars, which added strength as well as beauty. As we see, John is carefully adjusting one of these pillars. Later, a pulpit, made from small pieces of wood, was nailed to the first pillar, half-way up. This pulpit was connected with the floor by a winding staircase. It required a great deal of patience to make this staircase wind and fit properly; but John loved to work on his church, and his patience was never exhausted. He sawed and refitted the stairs a dozen times, until they were satisfactory. A pointed roof was fitted to the top of the church, and a twelve-inch steeple was then nailed onto the roof at one end. As it was difficult to fit the joints neatly in wood, the steeple was made first in cardboard. When it had been exactly fitted, it was taken apart and traced on wood. It was amusing to watch how John's church grew. All his comrades offered suggestions. One said he must put the choir at the back, another was determined it should be at the side, while a third declared it would be no church at all unless it had a high

pulpit and straight-back pews. John is an accommodating boy, and took all the suggestions offered him, with the result that his church was a strange mixture, but very attractive, and it was able to accommodate a congregation of any denomination.

Willie is on the floor, constructing a derrick. He lives close to the water, and often watches the derricks at work loading and unloading freight boats which steam up to the dock near his home. When we asked Willie what kind of a toy he wanted to make, he chose a derrick at once. To the cover of a cocoa-box he added two long sticks, one of which was passed through a round disk of wood and nailed to the cover. The other stick, or beam, was hinged to the disk, so that it could be lowered, raised, and revolved. The beam was connected with the pole by a string run through a screw-eye at the top. Another string was run through the beam and over the pole to act as a hoist.

on a bean-box and sawed out. The two side pieces of a similar box are then nailed to this, making a roof, and the gables are filled in with triangles cut from the ends of the second box.

In the first illustration, we find the boys making a locomotive, a water-mill, and a dog-cart. The locomotive has for a foundation the cover of a cocoa-box, into which are nailed two blocks. The boiler, which is made from a tin cracker-can, is nailed to these blocks. The cab is made from a third of a cocoa-box, and the tender from the remaining two thirds. The cow-catcher is made of slats of waste wood nailed slanting to a center slat, as shown in our third picture. The wheels and smoke-stacks are made from wooden spools, the smoke-stacks being glued to the top of the boiler. The car-wheels are screwed into the ends of cross-strips nailed underneath the car-body. The lumber-car is simply a box-cover with four upright strips of wood at the corners to support the lumber. The freight- and passen-



YOUNG TOY-MAKERS AT WORK

The stable in the background is a simple thing to make. A door and four windows are outlined

ger-cars are small oblong boxes with door, roof, and platforms added.

The water-mill is the same as the stable, but with a trough and mill-wheel added. The wheel is made of two disks of wood sawed out with the coping-saw, and connected by strips of wood which act as paddles.

As Henry has a dog, he asked if he might make a cart for him to pull. Into a bean-box he nailed a seat made from half a box. Strong axles were passed through wooden wheels, and the axles fastened to the box, underneath, the rear one flush with the back of the box. This prevented the wagon from tipping backward. The shafts move on a screw fastened to the bottom of the box in the center.

The "South African Land-Boat" was modeled after a queer vehicle that had been seen by one of the boys sailing gracefully down the hills of South Africa. It was a great success, and the boys enjoyed skimming over the asphalt roads and along the sea-wall. It appears on the right in the fifth illustration. A strong keel was made by nailing two boards together. On this a soap-box, big enough to accommodate Henry, was screwed. A strong axle was screwed at the back of box on the under side, and a similar one to the front of the keel, on which it moved easily. To these axles four baby-carriage wheels were added, and to the front axle a piece of clothes-

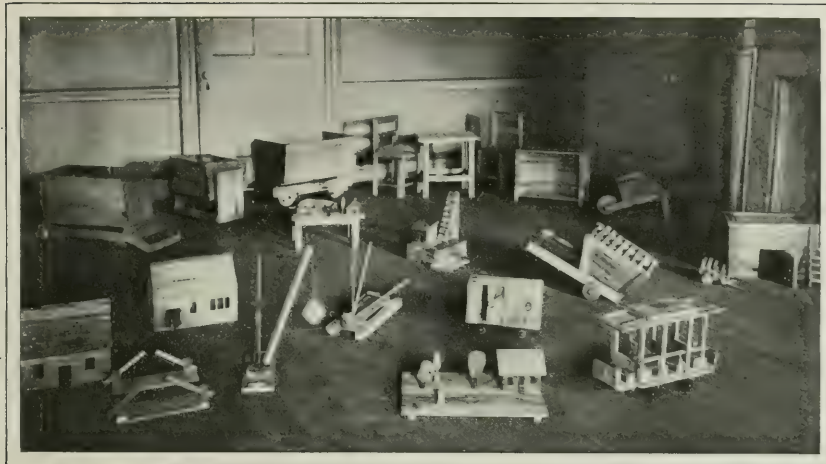


THE COMPLETED TOYS ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION.

It required a great deal of patience to make the trolley-car in the fourth picture, but Philip worked it all out for himself. First, he collected a number of thin boxes, such as cocoa-boxes—not cigar-boxes. Out of the cocoa-box he sawed the cleats and seats. The backs of these seats were made reversible by being secured to the sides of the car by a small iron brad. The front and rear platforms were then carefully sawed out and nailed to the floor of the car. A flat roof was then nailed on. Iron roller-skate wheels were used for the car-wheels. These were screwed into strong axles which had been fastened to the underpart of the car. A spool sawed in half served as a headlight, and the overhead signs, that tell the destination, were represented by bits of slat-wood.

line to serve as steering-gear. A six-foot slat from a crate was set upright in the front of the keel to form a mast. The boom was a shorter piece, four feet in length, hinged to the mast, so that the sail could swing easily in the wind. The sail was made from a piece of muslin, and nailed to the mast and boom.

Jo and Louis love lighthouses, so they chose to make one. You will see Louis inside the lighthouse-keeper's home, and Jo is standing on duty at the light. The lighthouse was made from a large shoe-case turned up on end and surmounted by a flat platform. The cover forms the door, which is hinged to the side of box. The upper section, for the light, is a soap-box cut down on two sides and sawed to a point on each of the other sides. Over this is placed a projecting



ANOTHER PART OF THE EXHIBITION.

roof. In three of the sides a four-inch circle is sawed out, over which is pasted red paper. When a candle is put behind this paper, the red light is very effective shining out over the railed platform.

The large locomotive in the same picture is big enough for two fourteen-year-old boys to get inside. It is made from two shoe-cases and a sugar-barrel. The sugar-barrel forms the boiler,



THE FUN CONTINUES AFTER THE TOYS ARE FINISHED.

while a pair of tin oil-cans ornament its top. The headlight is the half of a can. The large pieces which form the body are securely screwed to a foundation framework made from a crate. The cow-catcher is made of three small pieces of crate-slat nailed diagonally into a center strip. Wheels are sawed out of heavy wood and, to make it firm enough to hold the weight of two

sturdy boys, they are reinforced on the inside with blocks of wood. The cab is made from a shoe-case, with windows sawed out and a flat roof nailed on. The steering-gear is a shallow box just back of the cow-catcher and furnished with two sets of wheels. Its axles are broom-sticks. A board is placed across the top of the box and bolted to the framework of the locomotive.

SAILING ON WHEELS IN NEW YORK CITY



On certain days, especially Saturdays, when a stiff breeze sweeps over the Hudson from the Palisades and swings up Dyckman Street, then, if you should happen to be there—mind it is hard to pick the exact time—you would see some very strange craft come rattling up the street, with a youthful skipper at each helm, going (as a sailor would say) dead before the wind, in a friendly race over the smooth pavement.

"For the boys of Dyckman Street," says the New York "Sun," "have invented a new sport, sailing on wheels. It is not a rich boys' sport exclusively, but is within the reach of every lad, for the only requirements are a few old roller-skates or wheels, a soap-box or a couple of planks, a few long sticks for masts and spars, some cord for sail ropes, and a sufficient quantity of light strong fabric for sails.

"Dyckman Street is paved with asphalt, and the boys and girls of the vicinity have long been familiar with its advantages for roller-skating."

Each one of the new craft is home made, its young captain trying to outdo his neighbors in some little device that will give him better results. In our illustration the foremost is made from a soap-box mounted on a running-gear and steered with the hand, while the one in the rear is shaped like an ice-boat, mounted on roller-skates and steered with the feet. The sails may be of any conceivable shape or material, from an old bedquilt to the canvas of a dainty canoe.

"It was plain to me," said one youngster in telling about it (to resume the "Sun's" account), "that if I could coast before the wind on roller-skates it ought to be equally possible to sail before it in a contrivance mounted on wheels. So,

taking the ice-boat as a model, I designed a land-boat with two boards fastened together cross-wise and mounted on the wheels of roller-skates, attached a mast and sail to its forward end, and gave it a trial.

"The wind was blowing a gale from the Hudson River at the time, and I was swept along at a great rate toward Broadway. I had to let my sail go flying out in front before I could stop. After a few more trials, I found out that all I had to do to stop the boat was to turn her round into the wind exactly as you would do if you were sailing a boat on the water."

"Here another boy, who had been listening to his friend, had this to say: 'I don't know which of us first thought of a wheel-boat; all I know is



ONE OF THE POSSIBILITIES.

that we showed up on Dyckman Street on the same afternoon. I guess we both ought to have equal credit, as our boats were so different that no one could say that one of us had copied from the other."

"The boys asked the reporter if he would like to see them race, and he answered 'Yes,' took



"A YOUTHFUL SKIPPER AT EACH HELM, GOING DEAD BEFORE THE WIND."

his stand among the children at the finishing-line, and prepared his camera to snap the contestants while the race was in progress.

"For a while the race was even. Then it became apparent that the boy in the wagon-boat was to be the winner, the wheels with the greater circumference attesting their superiority over roller-skates.

"Snap! went the reporter's camera, and the race was over.

"'I 'll beat you yet,' said the loser, as he shook hands with the boy who had won. 'You won to-day with your bigger wheels. Next time we race I 'll carry more sail.'

"'Do you think that will even things up?' he was asked.

"'If it does n't, I 'll give up roller-skates for wagon-wheels,' he replied, which shows that he was willing to acknowledge superior merit when he saw it."

So, should you find yourself in New York City some breezy afternoon with an hour to spare, take the Subway train to Dyckman Street and watch this new sport. As the "amphibious" craft come sailing along between the picturesque cottages perched on the rocky heights that line the street, you will agree it is one of the strangest sights to be seen in a great city.



In the Gallery at Bologna, Italy.

Photography by Anderson.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.—PAINTED BY MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN

A FRIEND IN NEED; OR, HOW "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" FOUND A PUBLISHER

BY MAUDE MORRISON FRANK

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent. . . ."

From Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

CHARACTERS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE LANDLADY.

MARGERY, aged 13. } The Landlady's Children.
DICK, aged 12. }

TIME: 1762.

SCENE: Oliver Goldsmith's lodgings, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London. The walls are discolored, the furniture is old and rickety. The floor, the chairs, and the tables are littered with quantities of ragged books and loose papers.

(Goldsmith, untidily dressed, is striding up and down.)

GOLDSMITH (after glancing impatiently at the door several times, opens it and calls loudly). Margery!

MARGERY (coming in and curtsying). Did you want for anything, sir?

GOLDSMITH. Has that graceless brother of yours not come back? Sure it's above an hour since he set off.

MARGERY. Oh, sir, Dick has never been so long as that!

GOLDSMITH. An hour, I tell you, and the half of that besides! He'll be playing at pitch-and-toss in the court, I warrant you.

MARGERY. Oh, sir, he'd not do that—not when you sent him so particular!

GOLDSMITH. Never you be too sure, Margery, of what folks will do or not do. There's myself now. You'd never believe that I could be so foolish as to sell a good song for a paltry five shillings. But many's the time I did it in the old town of Dublin, and climbed the college wall at night to hear the verses sung in the streets too. Then, like as not, some poor soul that needed the money more than I would beg the crown piece from me before I found my way back to the wretched garret where I lodged. But times have changed, Margery.

MARGERY (hesitatingly). Yes, sir; but, you see, sir, you still—

GOLDSMITH (hurriedly). Run down to the door like a good maid, do, and see if Dick's in sight. (Margery goes out; Goldsmith paces up and down restlessly for a moment, then, going to the table, opens the drawer noisily and rummages among his papers.) A plague on all landladies, say I! (in a tone of disgust.) And not so much as an old song left to sell this time!

MARGERY (reappearing, timidly). Dick's not to be

seen yet, sir. I ran to the end of the court and looked as far as ever I could.

GOLDSMITH (angrily). A pretty pass for a gentleman like me to be in!—unable to stir beyond the four walls of the room, and very dirty walls they are, too (with a scornful look about him), with that cowardly bailiff sitting on the stairs, like a vile cat ready to pounce at any moment. And, unless Dr. Johnson is as quick to send help as he is to contradict me at the club, I must go to prison, and all because that mother of yours is so vixenish about the trifle of rent. She knows I'd give away my last halfpenny to any one who needed it.

MARGERY (beginning to cry). Yes, indeed, sir; but that's just it! Mother heard the young gentlemen who were here last night talking in the passage about the guinea you'd given them to go to the play; and then, this morning, she only asked for some of the rent because she's obliged to pay Dick's fees to Mr. Filby, the tailor, who's willing to take him to 'prentice and teach him the trade if he finds he's a likely lad.

GOLDSMITH (excitedly). But I have n't another guinea to my name, I tell you!

(Margery sobs loudly.)

GOLDSMITH (dreadfully distressed). You shall have a whole shilling for yourself, my girl, if you'll give over crying. But (in a lower tone), faith, I'll have to get the shilling first!

(Door opens, and Dick enters, much out of breath.)

DICK. I'd a deal of trouble to give the letter to the old gentleman in the Temple. Frank, the black man-servant, said at first that his master, who could write a great book like the dictionary, all out of his own head, had no call to be bothered with forward London lads. Then he made me wait a long time while Dr. Johnson drank tea with Miss Williams, the little old blind lady that lives there. But at last the Doctor read your letter and gave me this one for you, with a penny for myself. Then he called very loud for a man-servant, and said a lot of things I could n't rightly understand, the words were so long; but he said "Scatter-brain!" at the end. Could that mean you, sir?

GOLDSMITH (without heeding the boy, hurriedly breaks the seal, and reads).

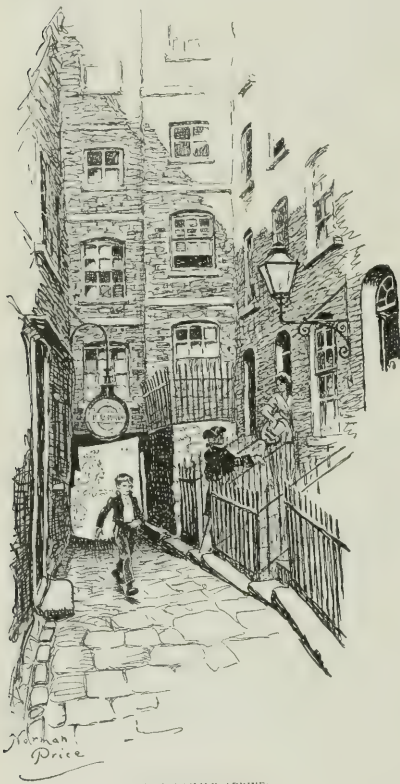
TEMPLE LANE.

My Dear Sir: Your vexatious situation has awakened the liveliest emotion of sympathy in the breast of one

who, while condemning the follies of his fellow-men, rejoices in an opportunity of alleviating their miseries. The inclosed piece of gold is designed to meet your most pressing necessities, and I will myself follow your Mercury with as much expedition as I can compass.

I am, sir, your sincere well-wisher.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



THE BAILIFF ARRIVES.

GOLDSMITH (with a deep sigh of relief). Ah! 't is a great thing to have real friends. And they're not always the people that have the smoothest tongues, either. The Doctor's rough in his speech, yet there's nothing of the bear about him but his skin. (Remembering the children, with a start.) Here, Dick, old debts must always be paid. I've promised Margery a shilling, and you shall have sixpence. Run and change this guinea at the Green Dragon Tavern, hard by. (Dick makes for the door.) But, stay! If I must spend the day indoors, at least I'll have some good wine to keep me company. You may as well bring a quart of Madeira, lad, the best you can buy.

(Dick goes out.) And, Margery, there's an old corkscrew on the floor in yonder corner. There should be a goblet, too, on the shelf. The other three were broken at our little meeting last night, and the china monster I was always so fond of, too, because Cousin Jane Contarine gave it to me. Ah, well! (Picking up some fragments from the floor and placing them on a shelf.) I'll keep the pieces to remind me of her. (Dick enters, sets a dusty bottle on the table, and takes the change out of his various pockets, piece by piece, with an air of great responsibility.)

GOLDSMITH (without counting the money). Ah, the boy at last! Here's a sixpence for you, lad. (Dick pulls his forelock and promptly pockets the coin), and here's your shilling, Margery.

MARGERY (taking it reluctantly). I'll be sure to tell Mother how kind you are, sir, and then perhaps—

GOLDSMITH. Perhaps she'll not let the bailiff carry me off to prison? No use hoping for that, my dear, or for any other piece of good luck, for that matter. Poor Noll will never gallop in a coach and six, for all his hard work. But the sun shines sometimes even in Fleet Prison, and here's good wine, for once, to make him forget his troubles, so— (Fills a goblet to the brim, lifts it to his lips, but sets it down quickly upon hearing a heavy step on the landing.)

DR. JOHNSON (outside, in a sonorous voice, heard through the half-open door). Madam, I am fully aware that Dr. Goldsmith is in an embarrassing situation. I am also aware that your behavior is, in part, responsible for his embarrassments. If you will have the goodness to refrain from violent recriminations, I will visit him forthwith to investigate these complications. (Advancing to the center of the room with great dignity.) My dear Goldsmith, I trust your messenger reported that I should employ the utmost expedition in coming to your assistance. The existence of a literary man is, I apprehend,— (Coming closer to the table, he perceives the bottle and well-filled goblet, peers at the pile of coins and counts them, snorts violently in disgust, corks the bottle, and then, perceiving the children, says, sternly) Sir, our conversation need not be extended, but I shall take the liberty of dismissing these young persons.

(Children go out on tiptoe.)

GOLDSMITH (advancing with outstretched hand and an engaging smile). Nay, Doctor, it's ill work thumping a poor harmless fellow with hard words when the jade Misfortune has him by the throat. Life has many a dull day for poor Noll, and he could never cure his ills with tea-drinking, either.

DR. JOHNSON (shaking his massive silver-headed cane indignantly). Sir, you are impertinent as well as improvident! Disturbed at my sixth cup of tea, barely half my usual allowance, as Miss Williams will testify, I hasten hither only to find that your most pressing necessities are such as can be supplied from the nearest tavern. The gold I despatched by your messenger, as from one literary man to another, I could ill spare, and, since I find you in affluence (Goldsmith turns out his empty pockets ruefully) and employed in a manner eminently befitting your talents, I will bid you good day without further ceremony! (Paces solemnly toward the door.)

GOLDSMITH (coming forward quickly.) Sure, Doctor, you can never do that! I was always my own worst friend and you my best. Is n't it the sober truth I wrote in the letter, that the bailiff fellow's sitting in the passage, waiting to take me to prison

if I once put my nose outside the door? You can see the ugly black back of him now. (*He flings open the door, to the confusion of the landlady, who has been listening at the keyhole.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*ignoring Goldsmith completely*). Madam, it argues an amiable disposition on your part to manifest so strong an interest in Dr. Goldsmith's misfortunes. Have the goodness to enter and favor me with your explanation of these circumstances.

LANDLADY. Begging your pardon, sir, I 'm not a good 'and at hexplaining and such, but when a lone woman 'as two children and heverything to do for them, and gentlemen 'as 'as guineas to give away promiscuous and owe rent for months don't pay a penny, though the lad 's to be 'prenticed and 'is fees found—as good a lad as there is in the court too, though I say it as should n't—why, then, one time as well as hanother for the bailiffs, thinks I, when things come to be so houtrageous— (*Stops, out of breath.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*very sternly, to Goldsmith*). How, sir! Am I to understand that your indebtedness to this good woman has covered a period of months? (*Goldsmith opens his mouth as if to speak.*) Never bandy words with me, sir! She must be paid, and at once!

GOLDSMITH. That 's like your old kindness, Doctor, and I 'll be sure to pay you when I get the next money from my old skinflint of a publisher.

roving wits to work for the discharge of your debt to this poor woman here.

GOLDSMITH. But I can't so much as take a step without having that greasy fellow yonder hale me to prison, and no man can write there.



"YOU CAN SEE THE UGLY BACK OF HIM NOW."



THE LANDLADY LISTENS.

DR. JOHNSON. Not so fast, sir; not so fast! Keep your compliments until they are wanted. For my own guineas I can find worthier employment (*glancing meaningly at the table*), but you shall set your

DR. JOHNSON. Better men than you have written there, sir, and to the glory of England, too! But your foolish errands can be done for you. Have you scribbled nothing of late that you have not sold before it was finished? No verses? The last—I should be wiser than to tell you—were as sensible as their writer is foolish. Nothing? (*Goldsmith shakes his head.*) Nay, sit down and look through this heap of rubbish (*pointing to the open drawer full of untidy manuscript*).

GOLDSMITH (*looks blankly at the papers, picks up a ragged roll, runs through the leaves rapidly, shakes his head, and looks up doubtfully*). I wonder would they give me anything for this? I 'd completely forgot it. It 's only a poor tale, though I liked it well enough when I wrote it. But I 've nothing else.

DR. JOHNSON. What sort of tale, sir? Is it a fable? Has it a moral?

GOLDSMITH. 'T is about a clergyman and his family. I 'd thought to call it "The Parson of Wakefield," or some such name. I had my father, rest his soul, in mind when I wrote it; and I put in some of my own mad doings as well. There 's comfort sometimes in setting down your own follies in print. It seems like a way of getting rid of them. They 're not all so easy to get rid of, though, more 's the pity!

DR. JOHNSON. Here, sir! Cease maundering and let me look at your nonsense. (*Settles his spectacles, sits down in an arm-chair, and begins to read.*) "I was ever of the opinion that the honest man who married," m—m—m—m (*turning pages*). "The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature," m—m—m—m (*turning pages*). "I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely

disregarded." (*Turns pages for a while, seizes his hat and stick, and stalks out without a word. Goldsmith stares at the landlady in surprise; the children rush in.*)

MARGERY (*eagerly*). Oh, sir! Will the old gentleman help you? He said, "Thank you, my little mistress," so kindly, when I picked up his stick just now, that I 'm sure he 's not a great bear, as Dick calls him.

GOLDSMITH (*sadly*). He 's a very good-hearted bear, if he 's one at all, Margery, and if anything can be made of a worthless fellow like me, the Doctor

(*A heavy step is heard, the door is flung wide open, and Dr. Johnson enters, breathing hard, and wearing an air of great importance.*)

DR. JOHNSON. Madam, what is the exact amount of my colleague's indebtedness to your establishment?

LANDLADY. Dr. Goldsmith, sir? 'E owes me fifteen guineas, come last Lady-day.

DR. JOHNSON. And the officer in the passage? What amount must be expended for the benefits of his presence?



"A SORRY TALE MY LIFE WILL BE AT THIS RATE."

will do it. But sometimes I misdoubt me that it can be done.

LANDLADY (*sharply*). There, now, Dr. Goldsmith, I don't 'old with hany one calling 'imself names! I 've 'ad a many lodgers in my time, and take them hall, bad and good, I 'd a deal rather 'ave shillings from you, sir, than pounds from the hother gentlemen, for you 've always a bit of a laugh about you for me and the young ones, and that halways 'elps a body through the day. But, you see, sir, I was that worried about the lad's fees for 'is 'prenticing that I was maybe a bit 'ard about the rent, but, indeed—

GOLDSMITH. Not half so hard as you had a right to be! It 's a shameless scamp I am to be giving my guineas to such idle lads as were here last night, and there 's none knows it better than myself. A sorry tale my life will be at this rate, with only debts and follies and maybe worse till the end of the chapter— (*He buries his face in his hands. Margery steals up behind him and lays her hand timidly on his shoulder.*)

LANDLADY. It 's twelve shillings for the warrant, sir, and the stamp will be three more. 'E 'll want two for 'is supper and ale, but I 'll not give it. 'E 'd best get into an honest business and not come cluttering up folk's 'ouses with 'is great hugly self.

DR. JOHNSON. Here are sixteen guineas, Madam, and I desire you to pay the poor wretch's supper. 'T was by no fault of his that he came here.

GOLDSMITH (*starting up*). Which of the knaves did you talk into giving sixteen guineas for that poor tale? I would never have believed it!

DR. JOHNSON. To be sure, sir, it would have been another story had you carried your wares to market yourself, for the booksellers have but an ill opinion of you at present. But there was no fear that any one of them would venture to say *me* nay, or waste words in cheapening what I chose to recommend. (*Impressively*) Mr. Newbery, your former publisher, has been pleased to purchase the work which you intrusted to me, and to send you a remuneration of sixty guineas.



DR. JOHNSON ANNOUNCES THE GOOD NEWS

GOLDSMITH. Sixty guineas! (*Sinks back on his chair in astonishment.*) Dick, lad, do you hear that? You shall have the finest jack-knife in all Cheapside, my boy, and Margery a new bonnet with flowered ribbons to it, for she was always sorry for me when pence were hard to come by. And I (*rising and strutting up and down*) shall be all the better myself for a little smartening. I'll have another look at that marvelous pretty plum-colored velvet I saw in Filby's shop last week. He'll be sure to trust me for it if I pay something on the old bill, and— (*Stops short, as Dr. Johnson raps violently on the floor with his stick.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*shaking his head solemnly*). Nay, sir, a spendthrift you were born, but an honest man I'll make you, if this money (*holding up a large leather purse*) will discharge your outstanding accounts. There shall be no plum-colored velvets, I promise you, until justice is done. But (*observing the downcast looks of the children*) you, my little mistress, shall not be deprived of your finery, nor the lad of his promised toy.

GOLDSMITH (*plucking up courage*). Then, Doctor, you'll not leave me without a penny, like Simple Si-

mon in the old rhyme? Sure, no tradesman will trust me with his wares, either.

DR. JOHNSON (*firmly*). And quite right too, sir. But to leave you four and forty pounds in your present state of mind would be sheer madness. Steady your wits, sir, by making a fair copy of your debts, to show me at five, when Miss Williams shall give you a slice of mutton in the Temple. On your solemn assurance that your creditors shall be satisfied without delay, the balance shall be yours, though it will be wasted on folly, I make no doubt. I have the honor to wish you good day, sir. (*Claps his hat on, seizes his stick, and marches out, stopping a moment to pat Margery's curls as she curtsies to him.*)

GOLDSMITH (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah, well! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Things looked black enough an hour since, and now, Margery, you'll be monstrous fine in a new bonnet, and Dick the cock of the court with his jack-knife. And I—I'll manage to get that plum-colored velvet—with a taffeta lining, too—or my name's not Oliver Goldsmith!

(*Children clap their hands in delight; Landlady shakes her head at Goldsmith disapprovingly.*)

THE END.



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From a colored engraving.

FAIRY TALES.—PAINTED BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS—
"UNCLE REMUS"

BROTHER to the colored folk who sat in their cabins over the fire and told quaint tales before the rising of the moon; brother to the little creatures of the wild, to the wind and the flowers and the wood-paths, and uncle to every child he ever came to know, and to untold thousands he never saw,—that was Joel Chandler Harris, teller of folk and fairy tales through many a happy year.

If you met him, you saw a man below medium height, stocky, with a stoop to his shoulders, stiff reddish hair, and a close-cut mustache of the same cheerful color. Besides that he had a twinkle. Indeed, the twinkle was the essential part of him, and it was n't till some one caught that important item with her camera that people who knew said, "Ha, here is a picture that really looks like Uncle Remus." Even the owner of the twinkle knew it, and saw that the photograph looked like him; for the twinkle was as much inside as out, and the inner twinkle was even more important and lively than the outer one.

When Mr. Harris thought of anything funny, and that was often, and started to tell it, he would begin by shaking with merriment. You would see him heaving away, chuckling at you, and presently out would come the story; and then you would begin to shake with merriment in your turn. He must have been the jolliest little boy in the world, and that even though things were what might have been called hard with him. For his father died while he was still only a baby, and his mother had precious little beside love and courage with which to bring him up. However, those two things are more powerful than many people dare believe, and Joel was safely brought up, even going to school at a time when schooling was not free as it is to-day. Then the Civil War came along. He was born December 8, 1848, so you see he was not far into his thirteenth year when that great struggle began.

Times grew a lot harder at once, and when the war was almost a year old, young Joel began to realize that he must do something to help bring food and clothes to the house. But no one seemed to want a little, red-headed boy for anything. One day, hanging about the post-office and general store of Eatonton, the little town in Georgia where he was born and had grown up, listening eagerly for war news items, the first copy of a

paper called "The Countryman" was laid on the counter. The lad picked it up, and almost the first thing he saw was an advertisement which read like this:

An active, intelligent boy, 14 or 15 years of age, is wanted at this office to learn the printing business. March 4th. 1862.

Mr. Harris goes on: "This was my opportunity, and I seized it with both hands," a characteristic with him all through life. The result was that he was accepted as printer's boy and type-setter by Mr. Joseph A. Turner, owner of the paper, which was a scholarly sort of sheet, something like "The Spectator" in London, though naturally on a much smaller scale. The office of this unusual paper was nine miles from a post-office, on a plantation, and a lonely place for a lad. But the young Joel loved it. Mr. Turner had a wonderful library, with many translations of the classics and books on all subjects. Joel found his two years and more on the plantation a liberal education, for his chief took pleasure in guiding his reading and in training the boy's alert, keen, inquiring mind. As his work was light, consisting mostly in setting a moderate amount of type during the day, he would hurry through it, and then browse in the library, or haunt the negro cabins with the little Turners, listening to the wonderful stories told by Uncle George Terrell, maker of delicious ginger-cakes and a delectable drink called persimmon beer. Another good teller of tales was Uncle Bob Capers, and there were more, not quite so distinguished. The Uncle Remus of days to come was a sort of composite of these old men.

Mr. Turner was a great lover of birds, and used to delight in making young Joel observe their habits with him, and in telling him about the various species and varieties to be discovered on the plantation; while Mrs. Turner was just as devoted to flowers, knowing as much of them as her husband knew of birds, and having the loveliest great garden, where she could be found at almost any hour of the day, fussing happily over her blooming beds and borders. Joel would join her there, listening to what she had to say in her soft Southern voice, glad to help her, and learning all the while to love nature and growing things with a deep affection and real knowledge.

But with the end of the war came changes, and

"The Countryman" ceased to be published. Joel must be off after his fortune. First he went to Macon, Georgia, joining the force on "The Telegraph" as a type-setter and writer. Mr. Turner had given him sincere praise and encouragement as a writer, having surprised scraps of prose and verse in his paper which he could not account for until Joel confessed he had "put 'em in," and written them too.



Photograph by Wesley Hirschberg.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"You 'll go far," said that good friend to him, though he probably little suspected how far.

From Macon, young Harris drifted to New Orleans, where he worked on the staff of "The Crescent," presently moving on to Savannah to become associate editor of "The News." Here he met a charming French-Canadian girl, Essie La Rose, a sea-captain's daughter, and the two were married on April 21, 1873. Harris continued to work on the paper, and with his wife's help translated a volume of Ortolí's folk stories from the French.

In 1876 he finally moved to Atlanta, which was to be his future home. So identified did the city become with him that once, at a dinner given in London by a number of distinguished Englishmen to some visiting Americans, when Atlanta was mentioned the English knew all about the place. "That 's where 'Uncle Remus' lives, of course," they said, and that was quite enough.

Mr. Harris became an editor of "The Atlanta

Constitution," with other men of mark, among them Evan P. Howell and Sam Small, known for his funny and entertaining "Old Si" stories, distinctly Southern yarns. An interruption coming in these, Howell said to Joel: "Why don't you try your hand at this sort of thing?" Harris thought he would. And so the first "Uncle Remus" story was written.

At once a great shout for more went up all over the country. Northern editors wanted all the stories he could write, and, in less time than you could believe, "Uncle Remus" was famous.

Harris was always amused at this fame, and seemed to regard it as a kind of humorous incident in his life, a sort of joke on other people. But he worked hard, writing steadily, and taking the work itself seriously. He loved his colored friends, and he tried with all his power clearly to interpret their quaint wisdom and homely fun to the rest of the world. He succeeded so well that he produced a matchless series of stories, full of true poetic feeling. The first collection, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," appeared in 1880, and after that each year or two would see a new volume. His wife relates that he himself preferred the story "Free Joe" to any other. But I think the rest of us will find it hard to pick any particular one as a special favorite; there are too many that crowd each other for that place, as soon as we begin to think them over.

Though grown-up people read and love Joel Chandler Harris, he liked best of all to please the children. His own children would play about the room where he was at work, and were his preferred critics. If they did n't like a story, it would have to be rewritten.

Mr. Harris was not alone a story-writer, however. He was a strong Southerner, and as editor of his paper from 1890 to 1901, he did a great deal to help the cause of the new South, both in urging his people to do the best for themselves, to develop their resources and set their ambition high, and in helping the North to understand Southern aims and Southern character. A year before his death, which occurred on July 3, 1908, he began the publication of a new magazine, "The Uncle Remus Magazine." It was established mainly with the idea of making North and South better acquainted, and Mr. Harris announced that its endeavor would be "to represent all that is good and true, all that is sane and sensible, and all that is reasonable and just," words that might stand very well as descriptive of the gentle author's own life ambition.

As money came in from his books, he was able to build for himself and his wife and the brood

of children a charming little house, which came to be called "Wren's Nest," partly because a pair of the audacious little birds built a nest in the mail-box at the gate, and partly because its cozy attractiveness somehow suggested the name. Most of our American men of letters came to stay at one time or another with Uncle Remus in this tree-bowered home, among them another great lover of children, James Whitcomb Riley, for these two, both so sweet and sound to the very core, were dear friends. Mr. Harris was, in truth, a perfect friend—he had a genius for the business. He seemed to know all about people's hearts, and he never had any trouble in loving, be it man or child or animal. His slow, drawling speech was golden with kindness, his outlook on life was happy, normal, and healthy. He liked above all things to hear laughter, and he often said that he wanted no other reward than to be told, "You have made some of us laugh, you have made some of us happy." That reward was his in no stinted measure—it goes on now, after he has passed beyond the reach of those who love him and laugh with him without ever having seen him, some of them beginning to do so who were not born when he died.

A great many persons say they love the simple life, and now and then, during vacation, they go out and live it. But Uncle Remus was the simple life itself, without thinking anything at all about it. Simple pleasures, straight and simple talk, simple surroundings, these were his natural choice. All children loved him instinctively, and he was quite as willing as his own hero, *Uncle Remus* himself, to stop whatever he was about and sit down to tell a story.

There is an interesting thing in regard to these stories that was brought out in a report of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and that is that the tales are from Indian sources, from our own red men, and not from far-away Africa. The slaves in older times had associated closely with several Indian tribes, such as the Cherokees, and had heard the stories of the rabbit who was so clever that no one could fool him, and of the many other little creatures of wood and field. For the Indians had a wealth of such tales, and used to tell them round their camp-fires to their own children, and to the little piccaninnies who came to play while their mam-mies worked. Gradually the colored folk adopted the stories for their own, altering them somewhat of course, putting in things better suited to plantation life and ways, and leaving out others that belonged more directly to the freer and wilder outlook of the Indian. But at bottom the tales are Indian.

However, it makes little difference where they come from, for it is Joel Chandler Harris's particular way of telling them that makes them so wonderful, so amusing, so fresh. If it had n't been for him, a whole world of stories would never have been known to us, and he has made the negro dialect as familiar to America as Walter Scott made the Scottish to England.

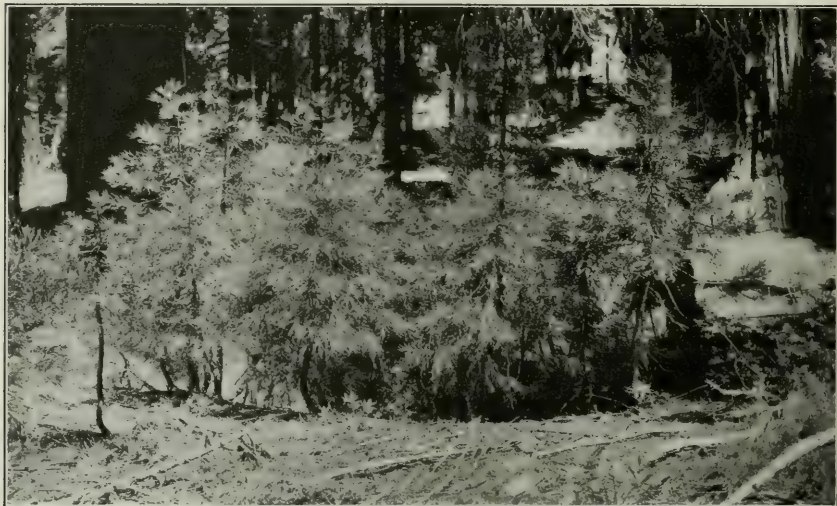
As for any of you, if you don't know and love him already, get one of the "Uncle Remus" books, or perhaps "Little Mister Thimblefinger and His Queer Country," or "On the Plantation," which tells a good deal about the author's own youth, and go off somewhere where you are n't likely to be disturbed, and have a perfectly glorious time.



"MR. RABBIT SQUALL OUT, 'COON DEAD!'"

(From "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," by Joel Chandler Harris.—ST. NICHOLAS, May, 1922.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A GROUP OF INFANT SEQUOIAS.

THE LIFE OF A SEQUOIA

It is always strange to think of things on our globe having been, before we were born, the same as we see them. It requires an effort to imagine the world of waving trees and running streams, breakfast-times and bedtimes, work and play, sunshine and rain, and all that makes up our lives, without *us*. I think most people who have visited the Sequoias, or Giant Trees of California, will have felt this especially there. As one takes in the immensity of their size, their huge solidity and majestic growth, one feels that men are but a sort of insect, very much like the gnats and dragon-flies hovering in the sunlit spaces among the slowly waving masses of foliage.

The set of pictures shown here represents the various stages in the life of these wonderful trees. The first shows a group of infant Sequoias, growing in one of their little natural nurseries under the protection of the parent tree. These seedlings are four or five feet high, and probably eight or ten years old. They are rather straggly youngsters, not so straight and trim as

the young of other cone-bearing trees usually are; but by the time they are twenty or thirty years old, and have grown, say, thirty feet high, they have straightened up and are as graceful and strong as young tree-gods. Every stem is as true and taper as a mast, every branch exact in curve and place, and the top leader is reaching up as though it knew its place was in the skies.

Now suppose that three hundred or four hundred years have passed, about as long as the time since Columbus, or the Pilgrim Fathers. Our young Sequoia has changed in shape and color, as well as in size (see second picture). It is now perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, and straight as a plumb-line; but, for half the height, the stem is bare of branches, a stately column of cinnamon-red, quite distinct from all other trees of the forest. The base has spread in a curve as graceful as the outline of some lovely vase, and the bark begins to form into ridges and channels which the nuthatches love to explore for insects. But let five or six more centuries pass by; that would take us, going backward, to about the time when Leif Ericson and his shaggy Norsemen

found, or lost, their way across the Atlantic. Our tree is now in middle age, a stalwart tower, twenty feet or more in thickness, that seems able to uphold the very sky, and that makes the tall, slender pines and firs look like mere pencils in comparison (picture No. 3). The stem is now charred and ragged near the ground, for fire has swept many times about the great trunk, though it has been defied by the deep-plated bark, a foot or more in thickness, and the tree is still in its prime. Year by year the snows fall and melt away, the birds come and depart, the cones ripen in the sunny air, the seeds drift down the wind; but the centuries make but little difference to our Sequoia. Now and then, in a storm, a great branch falls, or lightning shatters the head; but if you could come century by century, you would see no change.

But even the Sequoia comes at length to old age. The fourth picture shows one of the oldest of the trees now standing, the famous *Grizzly Giant* of the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. I once

Sequoias believe to be much more. It seems all but impossible that any earthly thing should live so long; yet it is beyond doubt that this tree and some others of the Sequoias are fully of the age mentioned. How long the old hero may yet live is a matter of doubt, for though he is plainly doomed, his dying may last for a century.

It is claimed that the great cypress at Santa Maria del Tule is older than this ancient tree of ours, but it is certainly true that the *Grizzly Giant* is one of the oldest living things on earth.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

ANTLERS

Few, if any, of the facts in nature are more startling, when first learned, than the knowledge that the antlers of all deer, the world over, fall off completely every spring, and that new ones grow again before the mating season in the fall. Yet this is literally true, and the keepers of all deer parks and zoölogical gardens will show you antlers they have found; sometimes they can



A SEQUOIA NO LONGER YOUNG
BUT APPROACHING MATURITY.



A SEQUOIA WHICH HAS REACHED
MIDDLE AGE.



ONE OF THE OLDEST SEQUOIAS.
THE *GRIZZLY GIANT*.

camped for some weeks in this grove, and my favorite sleeping-place was beside this solemn old patriarch. When you realize that the trees you see surrounding him in the picture are themselves firs and pines of splendid growth, you can better judge of his vast size than by reading that he is nearly one hundred feet around. But what makes the tree so wonderful is its enormous age, which cannot be less than three thousand years, and which some people who have studied the

even show you a deer still carrying one antler, the other having just dropped off. It is for the purpose of telling the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* the facts regarding this great phenomenon that I have had these pictures taken in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden, and that I am writing this story to accompany them.

Let us take the great elk, Conqueror, as a typical specimen of the deer family, and follow the growth of his enormous antlers from the first of

the year to the following fall. Conqueror, last New-Year's day, had as fine a pair of antlers as one could find in the country. They spread over five feet from tip to tip, and weighed over thirty-four pounds. They looked strong enough to last



THE GREAT ELK, CONQUEROR.

a lifetime. But in April, Conqueror began to get restless, began to rub his head against tree-trunks and to bang his antlers against the fence. Apparently they were itching severely. Finally, one morning, one of the antlers snapped off short at the junction with the skull, and left the wapiti, which is the proper name of the American elk, a very comical, lopsided sight. So heavy was the unbalanced antler that he had often to lay his head on the ground or lean the antler against a tree in order to rest his aching neck. In about three days the other antler snapped off, as the first had done, and Conqueror appeared relieved and delighted, tossing his head like a young calf. The antlers were picked up by the keeper and mounted. It may seem curious that discarded antlers are rarely found in the wilderness, but this is explained by the fact that they disintegrate rapidly when exposed to the weather, and are also food for certain small insects which quickly reduce them to powder.

About a week after Conqueror's antlers fell off, a nub made its appearance in each of the scars on his head, rapidly increasing in size until it was evident that these two nubs were the beginning of a new pair of antlers. The rapidity with which these new weapons grew was almost beyond belief. Every day seemed to show a difference in their size, and, by June, Conqueror had a fine pair of branching tines, as the prongs of the antler are called. Their appearance during development deserves some special mention. As you will see by the picture of the half-grown antlers, they have a furry look, and are said to be "in velvet." The velvet is a wonderful provision of nature for the protection of the growing antlers, and also a means for carrying the blood which supplies the materials for growth. It is fleshy in character, filled with minute blood-vessels pulsing with the pressure of the blood in them, and covered with short, thick, velvety fur, from which it gets its name. The whole mass of velvet is hot to the touch, and, if bruised, will bleed profusely. A smart blow on the tip, where the growth of the antler takes place, often permanently deforms the antler, so that Conqueror was exceedingly careful not to bump his ornaments until the velvet was all gone. By September, about five months after shedding the old antlers, the new pair had attained their full growth, and the velvet, being no longer necessary, dried up and scaled off in shreds, leaving the new tines hard and smooth, and ready for battle with any other



ELK WITH ANTLERS "IN VELVET."

elk which might wish to dispute with Conqueror the leadership of the herd.

Some idea of the age of any deer may be gained from the size of the antlers and the num-



CHILDREN VISITING CONQUEROR AT THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

ber of tines, but only a general idea, as considerable variety is noticed in deer of the same species and same age. It may be interesting to know the names of the tines. That nearest the base of the antler is called the brow tine, the next two the bez and trez tines, and the fourth, the royal. The others compose the surroyal, or crown, which may consist of several tines set closely together. A bump on the brow tine, when it is growing, may prove very dangerous to the animal, as it may be deformed to such an extent that it will turn downward, and some have been known to grow directly into the eye of the unfortunate owner. In any zoölogical garden this can be avoided by cutting it off, but in a wild state it would result in the death of the deer.

All members of the deer family, the world over, undergo this same wonderful change every spring, and the barasingha deer at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden has been known to shed his antlers twice in one year. Even the huge moose loses his enormous weapons, only to have a brand-new pair in five months. So rapid is the growth of these antlers that the owners often grow thin and weak from the amount of nourishment required in their development.

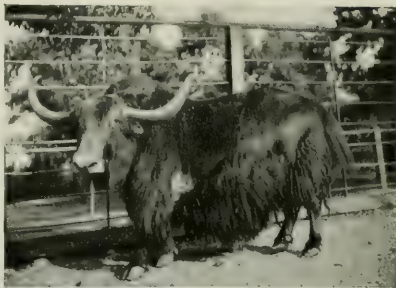
The other branch of head weapons, the horns, are quite different from the antlers. The latter are solid bone throughout, and are shed, as we



INDIAN ANTELOPE. AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE HORN.

have explained, every year. Horns, on the other hand, never drop off; they consist of a bony core over which is laid a horny covering, composed, not of bone, but of the same sort of material found in finger-nails and hoofs. Horns are carried by the buffalo, bison, goat, antelope, and many other ruminant animals.

One most curious connecting link between the two great divisions is found in the prongbuck antelope of the western plains. It has what appears to be a true horn, but it has been discovered that the horny shell is shed annually. This curious characteristic has made naturalists un-



YAK—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF TRUE HORN.



FIVE-YEAR-OLD-MOOSE, SHOWING VELVET SCALING OFF.

decided whether to call this animal a deer or an antelope, and the question is still unsettled.

Antlers are among the finest fighting weapons in the world, but even antlers sometimes get their owners into terrible difficulty. It is no uncommon thing for two bucks to begin fighting at the zoölogical gardens, and before long to get their antlers locked. Then keepers must come to their rescue and separate the entangled tines. When this happens in the woods, however, there are no keepers at hand, and the animals struggle until they sink to the ground exhausted. There they lie, unable to rise or to get anything to eat, and slowly they die of starvation. Hunters in the great forests have sometimes come upon open spaces all torn and trampled with a terrible struggle; in the midst of the space lie the scattered and whitening bones of the victims, cleaned

of flesh by the wolves, and in the midst of the bones are always to be found two skulls still surmounted by magnificent antlers locked hard and fast in the tangle which cost the owners their lives.

The great fact for the boys and girls of St. NICHOLAS to remember, therefore, is that all male members of the deer family shed their antlers every spring, and five months later each finds himself provided with new and larger weapons with which to fight the battles which seem part of the life of every buck in the world.



THAR GOAT FROM ASIA—HAVING HORNS, NOT ANTLEERS.

To my mind, this wonderful thing is equaled by no other single phenomenon in all the realm of nature.

W. P. WHITLOCK.

THUMBS OF APES

The gorilla and chimpanzee, which belong to the higher order of apes, have many points of resemblance to man, but, says the "Scientific American," there is one thing they cannot do—that is, twiddle their thumbs. In the gorilla, the thumb does not reach much beyond the bottom of the first joint of the forefinger. The animal can neither twiddle his thumbs nor turn them round so that the tips describe a circle. There are the same number of bones in the hand of the gorilla as in the hand of a man, but the thumbs of the monkey have no separate bending muscle. This is why a monkey always keeps the thumb on the same side as the fingers, and never bends it round any object that may be grasped.

SOME BOY GOLD-MINERS

It is not every boy that is fortunate enough to own a real gold-mine. Most boys' own gold-mines in their imagination, some have imitations in their back yards, and some, a very, very few, have the *real* thing.

Away up in Alaska are two boys, Lawrence and William McCarty, who are prosperous quartz prospectors of the Tanana valley, the newly found gold-fields. Lawrence is nine years of age and William is seven. The boys have lived with their parents in the district for more than five years, so that they arrived on the ground early, and are now seasoned miners. Not long ago, the boys, as a result of their observations in watching older prospectors, located two ledges of gold. One of these has a good width and a good character of ore.

Already the boys have taken out sufficient ore to justify a shipment to the stamp-mill near their home. This is an extremely good showing, as the boys find time for digging only after their school and chore hours are past. Mr. McCarty has rewarded his boys' perseverance by buying them special tools of a small size, so they have picks and shovels that will not tire them too quickly. The windlass over their shaft was built to meet their special needs, yet it is just like the windlasses the men miners have.

There is only one operation of mining that the father of the boys will not permit them to undertake. That is dynamiting, to loosen the earth. After the boys have driven holes for the charges to a sufficient depth, Mr. McCarty, or some of his workmen, inserts the explosives and sets them off.

Some day, these same little fellows may own and operate large and important mines. Certainly, if early training and industry mean anything, they will reach a high place in business life. The boys say it is finer fun to dig far down



into the earth and see what mysterious things are hidden there than it is to waste valuable time in idle play.

MONROE WOOLLEY.

TWO RARE WILD FLOWERS

EVERYBODY ought to be, and most people are, interested in wild flowers, those little soundless voices that whisper thoughts of beauty and tenderness up to us as we walk about this earth of ours. While some of them are bright and striking, many, lovely but lowly, are so modest as often to be overlooked. There is one, however, not often seen, that never fails to secure a cry of surprise and delight from the traveler when first it is met. It is the snow-plant of the Sierra Nevada (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), the only plant, so far as I know, that is entirely of one color, stem, leaves, and blossoms. Picture to yourself a flower much like the hyacinth in size and general appearance, but of a glowing ruby hue throughout. In the silence of the great pine and fir forests that cover the western slopes of the Sierra at from four thousand to nine thousand feet of altitude, soon after the snows have melted, and often within sight of some late remaining snowbank, this gayest of flowers pushes up through its covering of pine-needles, almost like a jet from the warm blood-current of the summer earth.

From its appearance, one would naturally suppose the plant to grow from a bulb. It belongs, however, to the heath family, and so is related to the heather of Scotland and to our own favorite

arbutus and rhododendron, though it seems from its manner of growth to be allied also to the fungi, for, like the mushrooms and toadstools, it

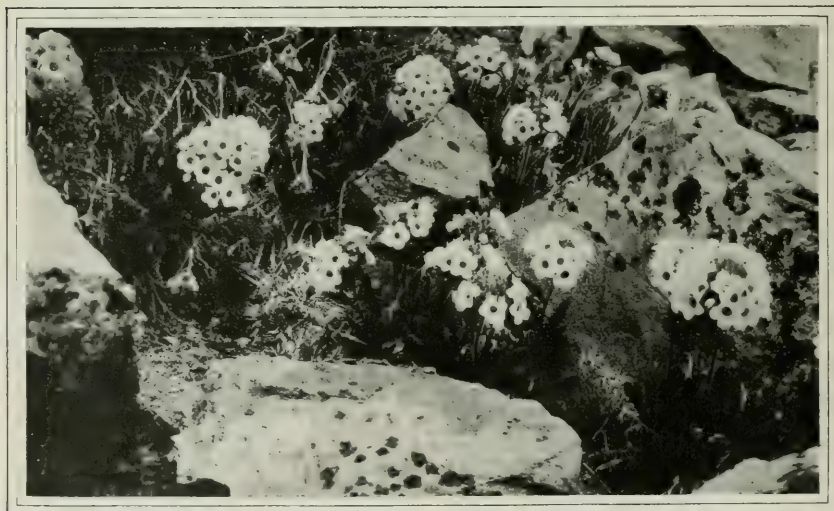


THE SNOW-PLANT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA -
IN FULL BLOOM, AND SEEDING.

appears to originate in some strange way from the decay of organic matter. Like them, too, when once above the ground it shoots up at an amazing rate, and the plant which to-day may be just visible will be a foot high and in full bloom within four or five days. Instead of leaves it has soft, fleshy growths that curl gracefully among the bell-shaped blossoms. In two or three

days it loses its brilliancy, and later you may see the plant, dry and faded, thickly covered with hard brown seeds, as shown in the second picture.

The last photograph represents another charming wild flower that comes as a happy surprise to the wayfarer in the Sierra. This is one of the polemoniums, which are relatives of the phloxes. There are several polemoniums, but this, the handsomest of them all, is found only at very high elevations, so that it is seen only by the chance explorer. It was at the very summit of Mount Dana, over thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, where, for fully eight months of every year, the scanty vegetation is covered deeply with snow, that I found this exquisite flower. Almost hidden among the shattered blocks of slate that strew the top of the mountain (one of the highest peaks of the great Californian range), my eyes fell upon masses of the delightful blue blossoms—that pure, soft, forget-me-not hue that is like the innocent eyes of a blue-eyed child. I shall never forget the deep pleasure of that sudden discovery: it, alone, was worth the climb, had there not been the superb view of mountain, lake, and forest that opened everywhere around me. In fact, I think that the two experiences enhanced one another by contrast—the solemn, almost overpowering sense of vastness and solitude



A GROUP OF BLUE POLEMONIUM, FOUND BLOOMING AT THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DANA,
OVER 13,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

in that high place, and then, close by, almost at my feet, the sweet and touching beauty of those friendly flower-eyes, smiling quietly up into mine.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this “Because We Want to Know” page, for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department cannot afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—EDITOR.

WILD PIGEONS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Edmund J. Sawyer's description of extinct birds in the November ST. NICHOLAS awakened in me vivid memories of my youth that may be of interest to the readers of his excellent article.

In 1853, my father, David M. Taber, a Vermont boy then fourteen years old, secured a place as flagman with the Government Survey, and was sent to Minnesota. Big game was plentiful and rifles were the common weapons, shot-guns being almost unknown.

The old chief of the Sioux settlement at the Red Wing trading post took a liking to the boy, and offered to teach him to shoot; so, procuring a rifle, he went with the chief a short distance up the river to a point that, for many years, was celebrated as the finest pigeon-pass in the West. It was here, and with the swift-winged wild pigeons for targets, that the Indian chief taught my father how to use a rifle.

My father was the best shot I ever knew, not even excepting Colonel Cody, for at one time I witnessed a friendly contest which they had with rifles.

Some twenty years later, my father took me to the old pigeon-pass. Father complained that the pigeons were not nearly so numerous as they had been when he was a boy; yet during the evening flight small flocks were constantly passing. Not long after, we went about ten miles into Pierce County, Wisconsin, to a pigeon-roost, which, as I recall it, was scattered over an area of more than a square mile. Greatly to Father's disgust, we found over a score of settlers' wagons scattered through the woods, the owners and their boys climbing the trees and robbing the nests of the half-grown squabs, killing with clubs many of the mother pigeons, who, in their anxiety to protect their young, would approach too near the pot-hunters. Many were there also armed with shot-guns, with which they slaughtered a multitude of these beautiful creatures, and the wagons were all loaded with loot.

Returning home, Father said to me: “I tried to reason with some of those robbers, but it was useless. I wish I might get a law passed to protect our game. The deer and everything else is being exterminated. Those louts have broken up that pigeon-roost, and I very much doubt if any of the birds return again next season.”

A few birds did return for a year or two thereafter, but I saw no pigeons after 1876, until the year 1910; and what I now have to tell will interest Mr. Sawyer and his readers.

In 1909, I went to southern Oregon and built a log-camp at 4000 feet elevation on the precipitous northerly slope of Green Mountain. We were about 1000 feet below the summit, located on a rocky spur, and between

the camp and the mountain proper there was a lower swale that made a perfect pass for birds. Geese frequently passed over it, and one morning in 1910 I beheld, to my amazed delight, a flock of about a hundred birds that I felt certain were the wild pigeons of my youth. We had sixteen men employed at the mining prospect, and with some difficulty I persuaded them not to shoot at the birds, which passed us regularly night and morning, and offered a considerable temptation.

The pigeons came again in somewhat greater numbers in the summer of 1911; and in 1912 a large flock settled in a grove about a mile from the little village of Glendale. I marked them down and went to the grove, remaining there and observing them closely for over half an hour without flushing them, and I satisfied myself fully that they really were the same wild pigeons of my early youth in Minnesota. Just then I would have traded my rifle very gladly for a kodak.

Probably the birds that used to nest in the upper Mississippi valley were so nearly exterminated in the 'seventies' that the remnant remaining decided on some other line of summer flight. I have heard it said by travelers that they were numerous some years ago in some parts of Brazil and Argentina. Could those survivors have crossed the Equator in their southern flight from Minnesota? It seems unlikely. Be that as it may, they certainly have returned in modest numbers to southern Oregon, where they nest without much molestation. Few, if any, shot-guns are in use there, it being essentially a deer country; and the hunters, who are not numerous, carry nothing but rifles. May the pigeons multiply in peace and eventually return to the Father of Waters, where now they may count on receiving adequate protection!

RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

Mr. Taber's notes on the passenger-pigeon are interesting, and evidently correct, so far as they relate to Minnesota. When, however, he speaks of the pigeon of southern Oregon, he is dealing with a very different species, the common band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*), a bird unknown east of the Rockies, just as the passenger-pigeon was unknown west of the Rockies.

Mr. Taber's references to the pigeons of Brazil and Argentina also obviously relate to one or more of the sixty-odd species of pigeons of South America. In other words, therefore, the statement published in your November number regarding the extinction of the passenger-pigeon is correct so far as any one knows.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Curator, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

THE “BLIND SPOT”

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there such a thing as a “blind spot” in one's eye? I read somewhere that this was so, and wondered whether the statement was true.

Your friend and most interested reader,

JAMES R. EMBREE.

Yes; it is at the point where the large optic nerve enters the eye. This round spot is not covered with the retina which receives external impressions.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

BEHOLD how far our poets went
In following their "Quest!"
What spoil they found or did invent!
What thoughts and dreams beneficent—
And in what beauty drest!
Prose-writers, quite as diligent,
From continent to continent,
Roamed far and wide, and all intent
To let no "Conqueror," eminent,
Escape them, East or West.
Ardent young artists used their bent
In trailing many "An Accident,"—
Or with deft skill to represent
"An Unexpected Guest."
While rival camera-wielders spent
Their energies, to such extent,
In "Taking Things"—with zeal well meant—
The editor, 't is evident,
Has only to suggest
A subject, scene, or incident,—
They scamper off, with glad assent,
And speed to its accomplishment!
We "press the button," well content,
And let them "do the rest"!

MORE than once we have called attention to the great

range and diversity of our young contestants' choice of characters and scenes to fit the themes assigned each month. As the foregoing jingle implies, there has seldom been a greater variety than in the present competition. For instance, with "The Conqueror,"—one young contributor chooses that great, mysterious monument in the sands of Egypt, the Sphinx, "Conqueror of Time Itself"; another tells a thrilling adventure story of how a shark was conquered by a coolie; a third prefers the very human and every-day incident of little "Joey," the street-waif, and how he conquered himself. Nor are all so serious-minded, for there is an amusing and clever account of a truly boy-like "scrap" between two schoolmates; and again we are transported to the middle of the Pacific Ocean by a contest "on the sly" to preserve some school initials in the crater of a Hawaiian volcano!

"The Quest" also led our young poets far afield. Only a few of their verses can be printed here, but among them you will find three truly beautiful lyrics from Honor Members.

The young artists and photographers have rather an advantage over their competitors because their contributions speak to the eye, and even a hasty glance will show what ingenious twists and turns their keen wits and skilful hands have given to their subjects.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 181

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Betty Penny** (age 14), Michigan.
Silver badges, **Lucile Talmage** (age 14), Utah; **E. Barrett Brady** (age 14), New York; **Glory Mavis Dwyer** (age 11), New York; **Page Williams** (age 14), Massachusetts.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Fred Morgan Davenport, Jr.** (age 14), New York.
Silver badges, **Marjorie Seligman** (age 14), England; **Ruth Gullette** (age 14), Minnesota.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Ruth S. Foster** (age 15), New York; **Evelyn Ringemann** (age 15), California; **Theodore Haupt** (age 12), Minnesota.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Eleanor F. Bye** (age 14), New Jersey; **Jean Southam** (age 10), Canada; **Lois Burnham** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Betty Barnes** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Althea Deitrich** (age 13), Virginia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Jesse Carmack** (age 15), Tennessee.
Silver badge, **Julius R. Pratt** (age 15), New Jersey.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Dorothy M. Anderson** (age 15), Ohio; **Mary Hankinson** (age 12), New York.
Silver badge, **Louise Barringer Cramer** (age 17), Georgia.



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14.



BY ROSETTA HAKPSTER, AGE 13.

"TAKING THINGS."

THE QUEST

BY MARJORIE DODGE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Across the fields, the bare brown fields, an autumn wind
is blowing,

An autumn glory gilds the trees, and sets the hills
afire;

Come, ride with me along the way where late the
flowers were growing,

And find again the dear lost trail, the road to heart's
desire.

Adown the years, the vanished years, a wandering
breeze is sighing;

Forgotten ways, forgotten days, are whispered by the
wind;

Come, follow through the misty lanes where fairies once
went spying,

Ride back to childhood's golden age, and leave the
world behind.

O'er all the fields, the empty fields, an autumn rain is
falling;

An autumn chill is in the air, the hills are bare and
gray.

But still through all the twilight gloom a dear-loved
voice is calling;

Come, let us learn again the path to childhood's
yesterday.

Oh, ride with me across the world, and find the van-
ished glory!

Along the road to fairy-land it lights the searcher
still;

Our guide shall be an elf from long-forgotten fairy
story,

And we will seek the fading gleam beyond the
farthest hill.

Then let us haste upon the quest to childhood's land
elysian;

Wind-led, we ride o'er all the world, to find the fairy
band.

Together we shall see at last the glory and the vision,
And live again, for evermore, in long-lost fairy-land!

THE CONQUEROR

BY BEFFY PENNY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

Out in the midst of the boundless desert it lies, half
sunken in the sand, silent, majestic, and alone. By day,
the burning Egyptian sun beats down upon it; by night,
it lies unsleeping under the deep, star-set vault of
heaven.

What hand carved that mighty form, that face, calm,
divine, in its infinite patience and benignity? What
does it mean, and why was it placed there, a monument
for all time? Questions that great men of all ages have
asked and guessed at, but which no one has answered.

What wondrous tales those massive lips could tell,
could they be unsealed! Tales of a dead people, and of
a bygone civilization far more wonderful than any that
the world has since seen.

A thousand years hence, the Sphinx will still lie
there, keeping its sleepless vigil over the land of its own
people, still gazing out over the desert, unchanged, un-
conquerable.

Surely this, the greatest enigma of all times, may
justly be called the conqueror, for it has conquered time.

THE CONQUEROR

BY T. BARRETT BRADY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN Hezekiah reigned over Jerusalem, Sennacherib,
King of Assyria, assembled his vast hosts and marched
down on the vine-clad hills and smiling valleys of Pales-
tine. With indomitable energy he captured forty-six of
its fortified cities, and carried away their inhabitants
into captivity. From a fertile, prosperous land, he
transformed Judea into a scorching desert.

Hezekiah, to save his capital, sent ambassadors to
Sennacherib saying that whatever ransom was imposed
upon him, that would he pay, if Jerusalem was spared.
The ransom appointed was three hundred talents of sil-
ver and thirty of gold. To pay this enormous sum,
Hezekiah was forced, after exhausting both the royal
and ecclesiastical treasuries, to strip the gold from the
door and pillars of the temple of Solomon.

Not content with this princely ransom, Sennacherib
also demanded that the Jews forsake their ally, Egypt.
This last condition Hezekiah bravely refused to accept.
Having now a sufficient excuse, Sennacherib besieged
Jerusalem. Hezekiah went into the temple of his God
and prayed that the city might be delivered from the
Assyrians. That night, the Lord sent His angel to smite
the besiegers, probably in the shape of some fearful
pestilence.

Hezekiah's prayer was answered, for the siege was
raised and Sennacherib was forced to retire into
Nineveh with a shattered army and an humbled pride.
The conqueror was conquered by a greater Conqueror
than himself.

THE CONQUEROR

BY LUCILLE TALMAGE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THERE he stands—the little conqueror. Don't you see
him? But if I say the little urchin, then do you see?
He is only a mite of a chap, called Joey, with ragged
clothing and a freckled face, who has been bred in the



"GATHERING THINGS" BY ELIZABETH BRYCE, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE)

slums and never known the true meaning of "home" or
"mother." He attended Sunday-school for the first time
on the previous Sabbath

But why is he called a conqueror? He has just fought the first real battle of his life.

A few minutes ago, a little paper-boy passed, and, while counting out change for a customer, he dropped a whole ten-cent piece, unknowing, on the ground. Joey quickly covered it with his foot, and when able to, unseen, he picked it up and ran joyfully toward a nearby bakery.

But at the door he halted, for the words of the Sunday-school teacher came to him forcibly. "Be honest,



"TAKING THINGS." BY JEAN SOUTHAM, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE)

boys," he had said. "Whatever you do, be honest!" Was this honest? No! Did he have to be honest? No! Was he going to be honest? Ah, that was the question. For a long time he stood there with clenched fists, the spicy odors from the bakery tempting him sadly. Nobody knows the thoughts that conflicted in his little mind, each struggling for supremacy; but the good won. Throwing aside his intense desire to buy some of those delicious-looking confections, Joey rushed away to await the passing of the paper-boy when he returned.

There he stands—the little conqueror. Can you see him now?

THE QUEST (OF THE POLE)

BY FRED MORGAN DAVENPORT, JR. (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1910)

The great explorer stood, and glanced

Abroad on snowy splendor;

The sunbeams o'er the broad waste danced,

The dogs, fast to their sledges, pranced,

Their life-warmth to engender.

"My men, there lies the north!" he said,

And pointed far away.

Adventure—in each heart it leapt—

A spirit bold that never slept—

A stranger to dismay.

Before them looms the yawning rift;

Direct behind, the crags;

But theirs is fiery Ardor's gift,

For them the clouds will ever lift:

Their courage never flags.

On, on, they speed, the goal attain,

A world-famed victory score;

And on earth's pinnacle obtain

The guerdon of their toil and pain—

Their long, hard quest is o'er.

THE QUEST

BY MARJORIE SELIGMAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

He hae searchet the lan' for a lassie sae fair,

A lassie o' high degree;

For he said, "The lass that I shall wed

Must ane o' the highest be."

He hae searchet the lan' thro' brake an' thorn,

But never a lassie found he;

An' he said, "It is strange how few maids there are

Who are high enow for me."

He hae searchet the lan' for many lang years,

But ne'er the lass found he;

And he said, "I am old and feeble now,

An' there's nae lass left for me."

THE CONQUEROR

BY AGNES NOLAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE splendid series, "More than Conquerors," in ST. NICHOLAS, has done much to change my ideal conqueror; but war has been a big factor in the history of humanity for many generations, and William the Norman has been given the title of the Conqueror.

Of course my sympathies are all with Harold, but I cannot help admiring the firmness of character and the strong characteristics which made William the Conqueror.

William had a thorough understanding of human nature. The people at that time were very superstitious. They believed thoroughly in signs and omens. When William first landed in England he fell down. This was supposed to be a bad omen, and every one was afraid.

But William, with ready wit, changed it from a bad omen to a good one by showing his hands full of mud and saying that he had already taken possession of English ground.

After the memorable battle of Hastings, William stamped out the remaining resistance with an iron heel. He set to work, with his shrewd executive ability, and organized a strong central government. He confiscated the land of all "traitors." He instituted a feudal system which, unlike the Continental feudal system, gave the king direct power over every citizen, and with sharp cunning he had the financial status of every man written in the Domesday Book, so that no one could



"A HEADING FOR MARCH."

BY RUTH S. FOSTER, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

get out of any of the "services" which he owed the king.

William is not a lovable character, but who will not admit that he is a strong character?



BY MARGARET I. DAVIDSON,
AGE 11



BY KATHERINE DAVIDSON,
AGE 11



BY JOSEPH W. HIGGINS,
AGE 14



BY MARGARET I. DAVIDSON,
AGE 11



BY MARGARET I. DAVIDSON, AGE 11



BY MARGARET I. DAVIDSON, AGE 11



BY MARGARET I. DAVIDSON, AGE 11

"FAKING THINGS"

THE CONQUERORS

BY KATHERINE I. LYMAN (AGE 16)

I AM only a pile of lava rock resting quietly on the floor of an extinct volcano, one thousand feet below the rim. I differ from the ordinary rocks about me in that I distinctly read: H. B. S. I was placed here by a jolly, rollicking band of athletic boys fresh from Hilo Boarding-school. These boys came tumbling and sliding down the steep banks of my crater home, and left me here in commemoration of their beloved school. But my most exciting adventure happened just a year ago.

Some boys and girls, less agile than my first visitors, descended the crater, came up to me, and most cruelly broke two of my limbs. The full significance of this did not strike me until long after they were gone. Then I discovered that H. H. S. loomed up to all observers from the rim in place of H. B. S. Now, H. H. S. means

Hilo High School. I knew that my school-boy friends were thirty miles away. Would they hear of my plight? Could they remedy it?

A week later, I beheld three beings cautiously descending the steep banks. Two of them wore skirts, and hence could not be my rollicking friends. Soon again I felt my rocks dragged about, and saw these mysterious persons dripping a white liquid about. I feared further treachery, for these beings moved cautiously. They worked rapidly; then, gathering up their belongings, climbed carefully out of the pit.

It was not until the sun shone brightly down on the black floor of the crater that I understood what had been done. Again I presented a distinct H. B. S., and beside me, in dazzling white, loomed a companion H. B. S.

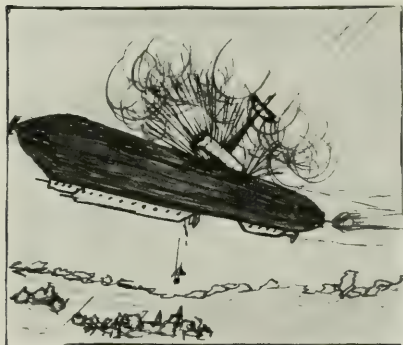
You, too, should you look down into "Kilauea Iki" on the island of Hawaii, would see the conquerors.

THE QUEST

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

The cradle of the oriole
 Hangs empty on the bough;
 One dead leaf sails upon the air,
 The wild wind guides its prow.
 But though the March wind roar his worst,
 And days be bleak and chill,
 I have a sapphire talisman
 I found below the hill.
 No gold of summer's brilliant sun,
 No blue of turquoise sky,
 Can rival these three lovely gems,
 Safe hidden, sweet, and shy.
 Long have I scanned the barren wood,
 Long have I searched the lea,
 But now my quest is not in vain—
 Behold my violets three!



"AN ACCIDENT." BY THEODORE HALPI, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE)

THE CONQUEROR

BY GLORY MAVIS DWYER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

We had at last arrived at Colombo. The sun came up over the horizon in a flood of gold and flaming red. It was wondrous beautiful.

Little Nell, my fellow-passenger, and I were leaning over the rail of the Peninsula and Oriental liner looking at the many things the natives had to sell. A small, black, ebony elephant that a coolie in one of the catamarans had for sale caught the little girl's eye.

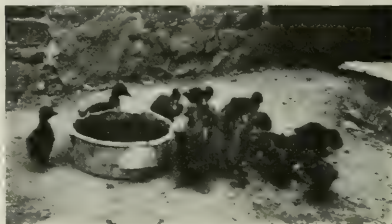
"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, and leaned out over the rail to obtain a better view. "I would like to have that."

Suddenly she overbalanced and fell into the yellow water. I screamed out in terror. It looked as if sure death awaited my dear little friend.

The boatswain dived from the deck, but as he swam toward Nellie we saw the black fin of a shark come up over the surface of the water. What could be done? The shark would surely reach the child before the swimmer.

A small coolie in one of the catamarans understood that the shark would reach Nellie before the boatswain, and he acted promptly. He leaped into the water, swim-

ming toward the oncoming monster. When near the brute, he dived and drove his knife deep into the belly of the shark. It was splendid! The big sea-scavenger lashed the water with his tail and turned upon the boy, but the coolie drove his knife again and again, and the shark, mortally wounded, sank slowly.



"TAKING THINGS." BY BETTY BARNES, AGE 16.
 (SILVER BADGE)

The boatswain rescued the child, but little Hadji, the brown boy, was taken up on the poop deck and praised as the hero of the incident. He had killed the monster of the sea.

Hadji, the conqueror, was rewarded by all the passengers, including Nellie's father.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

THE QUEST

BY HELENA MARSH (AGE 16)

IN early spring, so gently fragrant,
 When all the wood is turning green,
 I break into that silence deep
 To seek the arbutus' tender sheen—
 The tiny, trailing, coral vine,
 The first to wake from winter's sleep.



"TAKING THINGS." BY ALTHEA DEITSCH, AGE 13.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

And when the fragile little flowers

Their bell-like daintiness revealed,
 Peep out at me from 'neath the mold,
 The season's message is unsealed,
 Whisp'ring of spring's great loveliness,
 By the arbutus blossoms told.

THE QUEST

BY KATHARINE WARD (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

COME through the pale wet woods, ah, love of mine,
To where I wait you, that we two may go
Past the dark pools where slender rushes line
The pathway of the fast-retreating snow.
So shall we two hunt out the hidden Spring,
Crouched in his caverns, proud and unaware
Of his brave few, who praise the exiled king,
And call his name upon the startled air.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH" BY F. THEODORE NELSON, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

Yes, we shall find the heralds of his might,
The golden lilies open to the sun,
And the small weeds, with faces firm and bright,
And the frail violets, not to be outdone.
How shall the laggard Spring delay so long
When we have waved his banners to the fore?
How shall he loiter his dark caves among
When Winter's armies hold the woods no more?

Do we not know the slender, timid moon,
The spring-time moon, that glimmers in the sky?
Ah, yes, we know the varying signs, and soon
The season's vanguards shall be passing by.
Come through the pale wet woods—ah, love, be fleet,
For weary is the world of Winter's sway;
Perchance the lingering of your shining feet
Will chase the gloomy tyrant far away!

THE CONQUEROR

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"T is!"

"T ain't!"

"T is!"

"T ain't!"

"Step over the line and I'll lick yer."

Five brown toes stepped over the chalk-line.

"Dare you to!"

This was how it started. They fought till Jimmy had a black eye and Johnny a bloody nose. They rolled in the dust and clawed and kicked and bit until, by mutual consent, they paused.

"Guess I licked yer good and hard that time."

"Did n't lick me."

"Did!"

"Did n't!"

"Did!"

"Did n't!"—and they were at it again.

"Boys!"

The fighting stopped instantly. The teacher stood before them.

"What is this about?"

"Jimmy called me 'red head.'"

"Johnny called me 'snub nose.'"

"Did n't!"

"Did!"

"Did n't!"

The teacher's eyes gleamed with amusement.

"Stop your fussing and shake hands."

Two grimy paws met in a sullen clasp.

"Now go about your business."

"JOHNNY, have you been fighting again?" This from an indignant mother.

"Jimmy called me names and I licked him," was the brief reply.

"Looks like you been up to something, son," said father, as, weary and footsore, Jimmy entered the house.

"Johnny and I had a fight."

"Well?"

"Aw, I could lick Johnny with my little finger!" was the retort—and Jimmy's remaining eye flashed triumphantly.

THE CONQUEROR

BY VAIL MOTTER (AGE 13)

DANIEL WEBSTER said, "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington."

What a wonderful gift that was! It was Washington who triumphed over the immense difficulties which beset the path of his little army during the dark periods of the Revolution. It was through his excellent foresight and generalship that the Continental forces, the only hope of American independence, were saved time after time from capture or destruction.



"AN ACCIDENT" BY EVELYN KINGEMANN, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

Washington was beloved by all. Whenever he passed through a town, he was greeted with shouts and cheers. His men were devoted to him and trusted him completely. To many people he seemed austere, but on one occasion, on receiving some good tidings, he was seen jumping about like a boy.

He was a great conqueror, but his victories were not of arms alone. No general, since his time, has accomplished so much with so little. They were triumphs over fearful odds, which, had they not been surmounted by his genius, would probably have put the weak, struggling colonies of that time back under English sovereignty.

America and Europe vied in tributes paid to the memory of Washington. It has been beautifully said of him that, "Providence left him childless, that his coun-



"A HAIKING FOR MARCH," BY ADELAIDE WINTER, AGE 15.

try might call him Father." His country, now big and powerful, is proud that its father was one of the greatest men of all time.

The names of many eminent men of old, and names yet to come, will fade from history's pages; but the honored and loved name of Washington will be forever remembered and revered.

THE CONQUEROR

BY MARY GRACE ALEXANDER (AGE 13)

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was the conqueror of wounds and illness in the war that broke out in the Crimea between Russia and England. Even as a little child, her greatest delight was in nursing a dog back to health, and pretending her dolls had met with serious accidents so she could have the pleasure of binding their wounds.

When she grew older, she decided she would take nursing as her life-work. She went to London first, and learned all she could there; next she went to Paris to study, and also to Germany. The war came then between Russia and England, and Florence Nightingale decided that her place was at the front.

Before her time, very little care had been given to the sick and wounded lying on the battle-field. She got together some kind-hearted women, like herself, to help with the nursing.

Florence Nightingale was called by the soldiers "the cheering angel," because, if there was an operation to be performed, she was always there to cheer the poor suffering man. After the war was over, the name of Florence Nightingale became a household word. A man-of-war was sent to bring her home, and preparations were made for a triumphal entry into London. But she did not care for so much publicity, so she came home secretly and went to her father's house quietly. It was she who led to the establishment of the splendid Red Cross work that is doing so much good in this dreadful European war.

THE QUEST

BY RUTH GULLETTE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

As the cold, cold North Wind blows,
How I wonder what he knows.
He is murmur'ing in each tree;
He is moaning o'er the sea;
He is searching, ill content,
Always hunting, turbulent,
Seeking, ever,
Finding, never.

With his chilling, blighting hand
He plays havoc in the land
That so radiant, yesterday,
Bloomed with flowers bright and gay.
Still he searches, ill content,
Always hunting, turbulent,
Seeking, ever,
Finding, never.

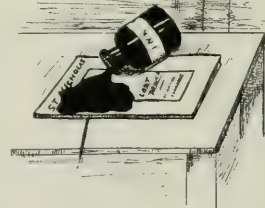
In quest he 's been of unknown things,
Wild and weird, of which he sings,
Since, while brave Ulysses slept,
From Æolus' bag he leapt.
So he searches, ill content,
Always hunting, turbulent,
Seeking, ever,
Finding, never.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		
John S. Holt	Alfred S. Valentine	Baldwin S. Maull
Fannie M. Bouton	Dorothy Levy	Mollie Greenfield
Alice Hubbard	Elisa Gjellenhammar	Martha Vandiver
	Vesta Tompkins	Elizabeth D. Gardner
	Caroline M. Adams	Isabelle B. Greason
		Philomene Moehring
		Elinor Hayes
		Virginia M. Allcock
		Henrietta M. Archer
		Harriet B. Pratt
		Elizabeth Gray



"AN ACCIDENT," BY JANE T. WEBBER, AGE 13.

PROSE, 2		
Esther I. Lowell	Mary Appel	Doris Purrington
Thora Gerald	Sarah W. McLean	Elizabeth T. Scott
L. Minerva Turnbull	Roszel C. Thomson	Kathryn P. Wilcox
Edna D. Proctor	Diana H. S. Wertheim	Ruth Packard
Hettie J. Pritchard	Hilda Barnard	Margaret Burkett
Marcella H. Foster	Natalie Budd	Margaret McCusker
Marion E. Dixon	Huanayra Cowie	Alice Hyde
Dorothy Towne	Catherine F. Urell	Mary Landrus
Minnie M. Gottlieb	Katharine Holste	Emily Sykes
Ruth H. Preston	Maudie O. Ross	Ruth Daniels
Vivian E. Hall	Margaret L. Williams	Elizabeth Law
Aulene Bordeaux	Elizabeth A. Weston	Isabel Torey
Roderick Young	Katherine C. Oldfield	Katherine Williams
Phyllis C. Cone	Felice Janecy	Blanch Laub
Frances D. Etheridge	Eliza A. Peterson	Margaret Law
		Mary Esterline
		Katharine Crom
		Frances Johnston
		Dora Markow
		Minnie Eisen
		Doris Dunning
		Stuart Chertock
		Eileen Hayes
		Mildred Stevens
		James Rafferty
		Elizabeth Skeele
		Clara A. Pierce
		Martha Rosenberg
		Elizabeth Nason
		Alice Woodard
		Edith E. Ebersold
		Gabrielle M. Cloutier
		Charlotte Henry
		Francis Lincoln

VERSE, 1

Edith Emmons
Dorothy Levy
Nell Adams
Margaret H. Laidlaw
Mildred V. Preston
Claire Roessch
Ann Hamilton
Mary G. Kenrick
Emma Jacobs
Max E. K. Neely
Eleanor M. Bell
Margaret L. Shields
Dorothy V. Smith
Verna Peacock
Frances Raeder
Louise Bateman
Marian Wightman
Eleanor Johnson
Lucy Newman
Edith Walton
Juliet H. Rogers
Frances Cavanah
Adele Noyes
Vida Williams
Gladys Livermore
Miriam Hussey
Eugenia Boross

VERSE, 2

Marie Mirvis
Jane B. Walden
Kathleen R. Knox
Sydney R. McLean
Ethelyn B. Crusel
Florence White
Francis J. Godey

DRAWINGS, 1

Harlan Hubbard
Jean E. Peacock
Katharine E. Smith
Miriam Eisenberg
P. Ernest Isbell
Henry Picken
Walter Jensen
Parker S. McAllister
Julia Heppner
E. Bisping
Edith M. Smith

DRAWINGS, 2

Grace E. Steger
Margaret Guthrie



"AN ACCIDENT" BY EVELYN EMERY,
AGE 16.

J. net Boyle
George Nichols, Jr.
Matilda Yeo
Margaret Phelps
Elberta L. Esty
Flora M. Rowlands
May R. Nathan
Pauline F. May
Louise S. May

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Clarissa Smythe
Patrina M. Collis
Elizabeth Harlow
Edith N. Evans
Stewart S. Kurtz
Martha B. Wollerton
Alice Bennett
Florence L. Flitz
Reba V. Simmons
Margery Andrews
Huston Murdoch
Esther R. Emery
Elizabeth Alchin
Louise Feely
Maudie I. Parlett
Georgia Kennedy
Phoebe Vorce
Anne Driscoll
Gretchen Mayher
Katherine Clark
Rebecca D. Buzgauer
Forsyth Patterson
Walter P. Stokes, Jr.
Edward Joyce
Margaret Warren
Dean Clark
Peggy Grant
Mildred Hughes



"A DREAM" BY ESTLIN,
AGE 10.

Annela Winter
Norma Dobbie
Virginia Gardiner
Claus Peterson
Helen A. Barnard
Inesher N. and
Lucas H. Holt

Mildred F. Williams
Irma M. Levi
Robert Mare
Elizabeth Thompson
Albert R. Perkins
Louis Burt
Louis S. Marchiony

PUZZLES, 1

Edith Pierpont
Sickney
Leonard L. Ernst
Dorothy Wilcox

Elizabeth Gelvin
J. McGee
Ruth A. White
Anne W. Johnston

Harriet C. Marble
Fannie C. Barnhart
Elizabeth Mitchell
Joe Earnest
Bernard Goldbaum
Donald A. Cook
Jack S. Carman
Katharine Spencer
Marguerite A. Harris
Mary Grace Nichols

Catherine Felton
Elizabeth Davidson
Norris Tuttle
Katherine A. Adams
Julian F. Mack
Arthur A. Cook
Helen Carmichael
Lewis Young
Laura S. Shaw
Pauline Carl

PUZZLES, 2

Richard Loewenstein
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Julia F. Peabody
Julian Wickham
Mabel Burton
David Goldberg
Charles Henderson
Mary L. Lewis

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 185

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 185 will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Rocket," or "The Flag."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Happiest 'Fourth,'" or "A Fourth-of-July Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Popular Subject."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Getting Ready," or a Heading for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Price, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Price, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Price, Class C*, a gold badge. *Price, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be a member of the League. The contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month, and one contribution must be one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE CAREER OF



THE COOKY-CAT

By CAROLYN WELLS

GRANDMAMA made a Cooky-Cat,
Brown and spicy, and round and fat.
She set it up on the pantry shelf,
Safe and sound, and said to herself:
"To-morrow morning, when Bobby comes,
I'll give him that Cat and some sugar-plums."
And Grandmama smiled, and felt very glad,
For Bobby was such a dear little lad.

So the Cooky-Cat sat on the shelf for a while,
And then Bridget spied it, and said, with a smile:
"Arrah! there 's a Cat the Missus has made,
I'll take it an' kape it for Mikey, indade!
'T will do the bye good, an' the Missus won't moind;
She 's such a shwate leddy, so ginerous an' koind."



"SHE SET IT UP ON THE PANTRY SHELF."

Bridget went to the kitchen, and, meaning no ill,
Set the Cooky-Cat down on the low window-sill.
And an hour or so later, a tramp, passing by,
On that beautiful Cooky-Cat fastened his eye.
He looked and he listened, and, hearing no sound,
He felt sure he was safe—there was no one around.
He stealthily reached to the sill where it sat,
And he wickedly stole that nice, brown Cooky-Cat!
Then away down the road he rapidly ran.
Oh, oh, what a bad, wicked, bold beggar-man!

Then he said to himself: "This cake, spiced and sweet,
Is not just the *kind* of food I wish to eat;
I'll stop at this baker's and ask him for bread,
And offer to give him the Cooky instead."



"HE STEALTHILY REACHED TO THE SILL WHERE IT SAT."



"OUR LITTLE FRIEND BOB AND HIS PARENTS DREW NEAR."

To the baker, of course, it all seemed very strange,
But he was quite willing to make the exchange.
For of bread he'd a-plenty, but never before
Was such a fine Cooky-Cat seen in his store.

In the window 't was placed, and a crowd gathered round,
To see the Cat-Cooky so spiced and so browned.
And all of the children who looked at the cat
At once began screaming, "Mama! buy me that!"

Now soon to the window—and this was quite queer—
Our little friend Bob and his parents drew near.
And his father exclaimed, as he noticed the toy:
"Why, Mother made such Cats when *I* was a boy!
I'll buy it for you, Bob. I'm quite certain *that*
Is a regular, old-fashioned, true Cooky-Cat!"

So they carried away their precious prize,
With its citron nose and its currant eyes;

And Bobby played with it all the day,
And at bedtime he put it securely away
In the nursery cupboard, and said: "Good night,
Dear Cooky-Cat, till the morning light."

But alas! when the house was dark and still,
The Cooky-Cat felt a sudden thrill;
For she heard the patter of tiny mice,
Attracted no doubt by her fragrant spice.
Nearer and nearer they slyly came,—
The Cooky-Cat trembled through all her frame.
They climbed to the shelf on which she sat,—
Alas! alas! for the Cooky-Cat!
She pleaded for mercy. The mice said, "Nay!
For 'turn about' is, you see, fair play.
A Cat will always eat mice, and that
Makes it fair for the mice to eat the Cat!"

So that was the Cooky-Cat's sad fate,
Those greedy mice just ate and ate.
And in the morning Bobby found
Only a few crumbs scattered round.
Then down in his little chair he sat,
And mourned for his beautiful Cooky-Cat.
But his father said: "Don't cry, my son,
Grandma will make you another one."



"AT BEDTIME HE PUT IT SECURELY AWAY."

THE LETTER-BOX

A CORRECTION

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the September instalment of "With Men Who Do Things," the statement was made that the lower chords of the big steel arch bridge crossing the East River at Ward's Island "will be so big that you could drive a loaded hay-wagon through them if they were cleared of web plates." This I have since found is somewhat of an exaggeration. The actual inside dimensions are 4 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 10 feet 6 inches, where the arch springs from the towers, tapering to 4 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 6 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the crown. A load of hay may vary greatly in size, but ordinarily it would pass through an opening nine or ten feet high. However, it would be quite impossible to squeeze a hay-wagon through an opening as narrow as 4 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and only 6 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height.

In the interest of accuracy, I desire this correction should be made, and that my young readers should be informed of the actual dimensions, which are given above.

Yours very truly,

A. RUSSELL BOND.

SALISBURY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly a year, and like you very much. Of course! Who does not?

I am a Canadian. My home is in Winnipeg, Manitoba. My father and brother belong to one of the Winnipeg regiments, and, after war was declared between England and Germany, they came over with the first Canadian contingent, and are at present on Salisbury Plain. My mother and I came over a little while after they did, and we are living in Salisbury, so that we can be near them. We visit the camp quite often, and enjoy it very much. When the war is over we will go back to Canada, I expect.

Wishing St. NICHOLAS a long reign as king of all magazines, I am,

Your interested reader,

MURIEL ANDERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you will remember, I wrote Miss Hawthorne, asking her about starting a reading club, last March. She gave me some fine suggestions, and a few of my girl friends and I started a club. Our first meeting was early in April, and we have enjoyed it a great deal ever since then.

Now we have nine members, and we have about seven present every meeting. We meet on alternate Friday afternoons after school, at the different girls' houses.

We only have time to read for about an hour or an hour and a quarter, which is too bad. But the girls can't come Saturdays, so we do the best we can anyhow.

We have simple "eats" at the meetings to make it more sociable and jolly.

We decided not to be too much organized, as it takes away the interest and uses up time. So we have president, librarian, and secretary.

We tried, as Miss Hawthorne suggested, to read Victorian writers, but they did not seem to work very well. They are rather cumbersome, when we can only read an hour every two weeks.

We read a lot of Poe's short stories, and one of Bret Harte's, and Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," and now we are reading Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

The girls seem to like this best of all. They are intensely interested in it.

We have called the club the "Jane Austen Reading Club," because she was a woman and the first one to write English novels that could be read with interest.

I thought I'd like to tell you how well the club came out, and to thank Miss Hawthorne for her kind suggestions.

Your faithful reader,

GRACE M. LINDEN.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a very queer thing which happened when I was on my way to California a few winters ago. About one day before we reached the Grand Cañon, I was on the observation-car, when I noticed a little girl of about my size reading "Little Women." We soon became great friends. Next morning, every one was very much excited, for the next stop was at the Grand Cañon. Every one thought the train was never going to stop, but at last it did. Virginia and I were about the first to see the cañon, as the others were anxious to get their breakfast.

One day, Virginia and I were out at the rim of the cañon, when a gust of wind came and blew off Virginia's hat. At first it caught in some bushes and we thought we could get it; but soon it was blown 'way down into the cañon. All the rest of the way Virginia had to wear her father's cap, as a summer hat was not suitable to wear in three feet of snow.

We enjoyed watching all the Indians make rugs and baskets, and we also enjoyed watching them dance.

I am sure every one who has ever been to the Grand Cañon hates as much as we did to leave it.

From your loving reader,

DOROTHY H. ROWE (age 11).

Bronxville, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love you. I do not know what I would do if I did not get you. I hope to take you all my life. My mother and uncle took you when they were little children; they have you yet, and I look at them all the time. I just love all your stories. I have a little kitty. She has six toes, and she can climb trees very well.

Your loving reader,

MOLLIE STRATTON (age 10).

PEAVINE P. O., ALBERTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a homestead one hundred miles from any town and fifty miles from the nearest railroad. When we wish to go to town we take a team and wagon, load the wagon with sheaves, "grub" for ourselves, and prepare for a hundred-mile drive. In the summer the roads are very rough and muddy; but in winter everything is frozen, and sometimes the snow is deep enough for sleighing.

When we first "hit the trail" for the homestead, we were forced to camp in an old deserted house with neither door nor windows. It was 30° below zero and a brisk wind blew in from the lake. All except me rolled up in blankets with their faces well covered, but I did not cover mine. In the morning I did not realize it, but afterward I found that my nose had frozen.

I have read you since 1909, and always enjoy you. In my estimation, "The Refugee" was the best story I

have read, but "The Runaway" was surely fine. I also liked "The Lucky Stone."

Thanking you for all the pleasure you afford me, I am,

Your interested reader,
FRANK L. WAY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been receiving your magazine for nearly a year now; a friend of mine gave me a subscription as a birthday present. And I must confess I really love it.

The other day my teacher asked me if I could recite anything in school. I hunted high and low for a poem, but could not find one. Mother suggested looking in the ST. NICHOLAS for one, and I found a poem bearing the name of "The Temper Tinker," and brought it to school. The teacher thought it was very pretty, and asked me to recite it. I did so at the Thanksgiving entertainment, and they all complimented me on it. I really owe all my thanks to you.

Lovingly,
RUTH GOLDSTEIN (age 11).

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen only one letter in your Letter-box from here, so I thought I would write to you and thank you for the many pleasures you have given me. I have taken you for two years, and I would like to take you a third. I like the League very much, although I am not a member. We had to write a letter in school this morning, and I wrote to The Century Co asking for you for one year. Every month I intend to read only one story a day, but I sometimes find that I have read three or four.

Father is a doctor, and he has a case of scarlet fever now. He goes to see the child that has it pretty often, and he always takes an old ST. NICHOLAS with him. The poor child can hardly wait until he comes.

I liked "The Runaway" and "The Lucky Stone" very much, and could hardly wait until the next number came so that I could read them. I like "Tommy and the Wishing-stone" almost as well.

Your friend,
DOROTHEA SMITH (age 11).

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month since I have taken you, and that is four years, I always read the Letter-box after the serials. It always seems so wonderful to think that children all over the world are reading you.

I think the ST. NICHOLAS is like a beautiful river which, as one looks at it, seems made for you alone, but thousands of people feel the same.

Mother once said that her only ambition when a child was to take you. Now we read you together. I read a great deal, yet I find the stories I love the best are in your pages.

I think "The Lost Prince" is going to be the best ever.

At present I am working for a badge of some sort in the League, and some day I hope—but that is a long way off.

The other day, as I was reading in the library, a half-dozen shelves of neatly bound books drew my attention. It was ST. NICHOLAS, dating far back to when my mother took the magazine.

Has n't ST. NICHOLAS grown? It keeps a foot ahead of the world in literature, and, from all appearances, in everything.

Through all the happy years of its future it will always be a great wonder and delight to its readers.

Sincerely yours,
MARJORIE MCCREARY (age 15).

CHEVY CHASE, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father took you when he was a boy. Now my sister Helen and I take you, and shall until we grow up.

The other day, we went to the aviation school at College Park. We saw a pilot loop the loop, climb, and dive. Then I went up in a Wright biplane. When I



got in the seat somebody said, "Oh, look who is going up!" and everybody laughed. My legs were not long enough to reach the foot-rest, so I put them on a cross-bar, and the pilot put a strap about me and the back of the seat. The engine was started by a man turning the propellers. It made lots of noise but soon got going well, and we started off over the ground. Then we began to fly, right over the grass, over a little pond, and the trees and some houses. The trees looked like bushes. The people looked very small, and they all had their faces turned up. Then we flew along the railroad track, over the hangars, and made some turns and ups and downs. The downs made me feel ticklish. The engine made so much noise all the time that I could not hear or say a word. Then the pilot slowed the engine and made a long glide down to the field.

It was just fine, and I hope to fly again. All the pilots said I was the smallest boy they knew who had gone up in an aeroplane. Here is my picture with the pilot, Mr. Gray.

Faithfully,
BRADFORD COOK.

CARTHAGE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister, five years old, says such funny things. One day she wanted the doughnuts, and she said, "Please pass the holes."

Your friend,
MAURICE SCHOOLER (age 7).

LANGLOIS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much I just had to write. I am very much interested in you. We have been taking you for two years now. I am very glad "Peg o' the Ring" has started. I am sure it will be fine.

My two little brothers—Edgar is seven and Dick is three—enjoy listening to you very much, especially the stories "For Very Little Folks." They do not get rest-

less on rainy days, because we have the St. NICHOLAS. It is surely the most charming book we take.

I was born on George Washington's birthday in 1902. I live on a large dairy ranch near Cape Blanco, the most westerly point in the United States.

Your loving friend,
JEANETTE THIRIFT (age 12).

FORT SAN PEDRO, ILOILO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is our second tour of service in the Philippine Islands. The first time we were stationed at Batangas, on the island of Luzon. This time we are stationed near the city of Iloilo, Panay, which is the third largest city in the islands.

From our back porch we look straight out to the Sulu Sea. And every morning, except when there is a typhoon, small native sailing-boats go back and forth between the islands of Guimaras and Panay.

Since being here, we have seen pink and blue chickens. They are really white, but the natives dye them, and sometimes a puppy is dyed, and they all look very funny.

When we were in Manila we went to see all the old churches; they were very interesting. Some of them have very beautiful altars with silver trimmings.

We visited a church at Oton (a very small town near here), and it has the altar in the middle of the church.

In Manila we went to see the old wall and the old forts, and where the moat used to be, there is green grass. Inside these fortified walls is the "Walled City." In some of the entrances you can see where the drawbridge used to be, and the pulleys which they used to draw up the bridge at night or in war-time.

I wait anxiously every month for St. NICHOLAS, because I enjoy it so much.

Sincerely yours,
CATHERINE ANNA HAMILTON (age 11).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your magazine for more than two years, and I think it is time for me to write and tell you how much I appreciate it. I am not the only one in the family who likes to read your magazine, for Mother likes to read the poems and stories written by children.

There is also another person in our house who enjoys your magazine very much. This person is an old man who works for us; he cannot write, and can read very little. Often when I go into the kitchen I find him bending over the latest St. NICHOLAS trying to read it, and he thinks that he never saw nicer pictures than those in your magazine.

Does n't it give you a nice feeling to know so many enjoy you?

Lovingly,
PEGGY FAY (age 11).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for only one short year, but during that time you have become one of my dearest friends. To us, the coming of St. NICHOLAS is indeed considered a "red-letter day." Although I am very interested in your serial stories, you have published some short stories that I shall not soon forget. Among my favorites are "Larry Goes to the Ant," "Black on Blue," and "The Freshman Freak."

I am especially grateful to you for the play entitled "Everygirl," which you published in the issue of October, 1913. We girls played it at school for our literary

club, and it proved a wondrous success—and why not? For is it not a St. NICHOLAS play? Shortly after our first performance, our principal requested that we present it at our graduation exercises. Then of course we held a grand council concerning costumes, and we decided to have them exactly in accordance with those illustrating the play. There were about a thousand persons present at graduation, and the play was a most brilliant success. One and all declared that a more suitable play could not have been found. There is a certain quality in "Everygirl" that appeals to the heart as well as the brain.

I want to mention one more thing before I close, that is, how much I admire the clever contributors to the League, especially Miss Lucille Fitch, many of whose poems I have memorized.

Your loving reader,
FANNIE I. MARX.

HYATTSVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take you and right many other magazines; but I like you the best.

Mother read you when she was a little girl. She said her aunts took St. NICHOLAS. Mother said she remembers hearing "Donald and Dorothy," the "Peterkin Stories," Frank R. Stockton's "Fairy Tales," and lots of other stories. But she says she thinks it is just as nice now as then, and still enjoys reading it. I remain,
Your loving reader,

VIRGINIA BREWER (age 10).

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a member of the League for five years, but I am unable to contribute, as we get you a month after the date.

I am an Argentine, but my parents are North Americans, and I think the United States is a lovely country. I go to high school, so I know how to write Spanish better than English.

So many people are mistaken about Buenos Aires; they think it is a small pueblo (town); it is a big city of about 1,600,000 inhabitants.

I have traveled over a part of the country, and in the small villages you still find the old Spanish customs that have disappeared in the big cities. We have banana-trees here, but they never give fruit, as the climate is too cold. The winters are very severe, though it never snows, but rains for weeks at a time, until the streets are flooded.

Thanking you for all the pleasure you give me, I am,
Your devoted and loving reader,
ROSE PURCELL HUNTINGTON (age 13).

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This will be the second year that I have taken you. I am sure that there is no book or magazine that I like better. At present, my favorite stories are "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Boarded-up House."

Quite a while ago there was a letter published from a girl in Erie who told all about the Perry Centennial. I would be very glad to have her know that Commodore Perry was my great-great-uncle, and that I was in Erie at the time of the celebration. It certainly was wonderful. I probably saw her in the parade.

I am a Camp-fire girl. We have awfully good times, and we have a perfectly lovely guardian.

Your enthusiastic reader,
DOROTHY PERRY (age 12).

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Lincoln Cross-words: 1. Lighten 2. Migrate 3. Hanging 4. Concave 5. Discord 6. Kennels 7. Million

RHOMBUS. Across: 1. Grape 2. Alert 3. Error 4. Toled 5. Redan Downward: 1. G 2. Rareki 3. Ale 4. Pert 5. Error 6. Toled 7. Red 8. Dairel 9. N

CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL BOOKS. From 1 to 2, Horeb; 1 to 6, Hupel; 6 to 7, Hage; 7 to 8, Butte; 2 to 3, Brest; 3 to 8, Tampa; 7 to 8, Eora; 4 to 5, Natal; 4 to 6, Niger; 5 to 10, Lyons; 9 to 10, Reims; 6 to 11, Haiti; 11 to 12, India; 7 to 12, Edina; 8 to 13, Andes; 12 to 13, Atlas.

ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Dogwood 2. Dogberry 3. Dog-biscuit 4. Dog-rose 5. Dog-collar 6. Dog-days 7. Dogfish 8. Dog-house 9. Dogma 10. Dog-star 11. Dog-watch 12. Dog-tooth 13. Dog-head.

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Denmark Cross-words: 1. Cardiff 2. Alberta 3. Trinity 4. Wyoming 5. Wasatch 6. Everest 7. Jackson.

SHOWERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of 110 CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Dorothy M. Anderson—Lothrop Bartlett—Florence Noble—Isabel Shaw—Louise Barringer—Carter—Mary Hankinson—Max Stolz—Arthur Posner, Jr.—Lucy M. Furgan—Clare A. Hepler—Edmund Burke—Evelyn Hillman—J. B. Cooley—Mary L. Ingles—“Chums”—Helen A. Moulton—“Everson Symposium.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Margaret S. Anderson—“Two Pals”—Francine A. Lampher—Janet B. Fine—Victor F. W. Bird—Elizabeth P. Lewis—Eloise M. Peckham—Harry C. Bailey—Joseph Kirschner—H. Harnett B. Kilgore—F. Kingsland Smith—F. and F. Carson—Phyllis Young—Dorothy Fuller—Katharine H. Ward—Helen H. Allen—H. Freeman Ireland—Margaret S. Guthrie—Eloise C. Aldrich—Helen K. Weddinger—Jean F. Munde—George P. Howell, Jr.—Leonard Ernst—Gladys Chamberlin—Cynthia Cates—Lorna C. Heintz—Edith C. McCullough—Robert Pilkington.

LETTER PUZZLE

1. A pronoun. 2. A verb. 3. An article. 4. A measure of length. Each of these may be answered by a single letter, and the four letters will spell some famous mountains.

ROSE LEWIS (age 14), League Member.

A REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

17	34	42	39
49	4	10	30
38	28	40	6
10	51	23	48
1	11	—	36
50	3	31	26
21	54	8	—
12	43	7	—
20	41	35	16
—	52	25	46
22	19	2	9
13	45	15	55
47	5	18	29
53	37	56	27
14	24	32	—
—	44	33	—

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will

spell the name of a very famous American diplomat. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 will

NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND WORD-SQUARE. “Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.” Whig, hare, iron, gent.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. S. 2. Rut 3. Sumac 4. Tan 5. C. II. 1. Carat 2. Amuse 3. Kuche 4. Ashen 5. Teens. III. 1. Niter. 2. Image. 3. Tahrs. 4. Egret 5. Rests IV. 1. H. 2. Jet. 3. Hepar. 4. Tar. 5. R. V. 1. L. 2. Set 3. Lethe 4. Thy. 5. E. VI. 1. Rabbi. 2. Arias. 3. Biers. 4. Barge 5. Inset. VII. 1. Knout. 2. Nurse. 3. Organ. 4. Usage. 5. Tenet VIII. 1. 2. Tot. 3. Towel 4. Ten 5. 1.

DOUBLE REHEADING AND TRIPLE CRYPTICUS. Abraham Lincoln. 1. He-Ad-a-che. 2. Em-bit-ter. 3. Stray-ir. 4. Mo-ham-med. 5. Mo-ham-med. 6. Plank-ton. 7. Po-mat-ins. 8. Al-low-ing. 9. Wr-ink-les. 10. De-not-ing. 11. De-can-ter. 12. Bl-out-ers. 13. Pi-lot-ing. 14. Re-now-ned.

DOUBLE WORDS. 1. Cent, sent. 2. Haul, hall. 3. Rite, right. 4. Idol, idyl. 5. Seine, sane. 6. Tale, tail. 7. Mien, mean. 8. Abel, able. 9. Site, sight. 10. Seems, seams. 11. Plum, plumb. 12. Deign, Dane.

spell the name of a British general; from 9 to 14, a southern leader; from 15 to 21, a Prussian who proved a fine drill-master; from 22 to 30, a staunch friend to Washington; from 31 to 43, a decisive battle in the South; from 44 to 56, a naval hero.

JULIUS R. PRATT (AGE 15).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Scranton, but not in Lansdale;
My second in Lansdale, but not in Scranton;
My third is in Lackawaxen, but not in Sheffield;
My fourth is in Sheffield, but not in Lackawaxen;
My fifth is in Milford, but not in Johnstown;
My sixth is in Johnstown, but not in Milford;
My seventh is in Gettysburg, but not in Mercer.
My whole is a city of Pennsylvania.

CITIZENS I. GENUEL (AGE 13), League Member

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a great poet; another row of letters will spell the name of a great natural philosopher.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Belonging to me. 2. A river of Austria. 3. Ground covered with grass carefully kept. 4. To carry. 5. Aroma. 6. Not any.

HERRIS NEAVE (AGE 13), League Member



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

EACH of the eleven little pictures may be described by a single word. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born in Hartford in 1758. He had a great deal to do with letters.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle contains many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Tennessee. 2. The woolly surface of cloth. 3. Black. 4. A celebrated Roman naturalist. 5. To follow. 6. A river of Alaska. 7. Pertaining to the god of the winds. 8. A nest. 9. A dwarf plant. 10. Silica. 11. The post of a staircase. 12. A small Mediterranean vessel. 13. A nocturnal mammal allied to the monkeys. 14. A Hebrew measure of length. 15. Part of an umbrella. 16. In Tennessee.

ANITA L. GRANNIS (age 14), *League Member*.

BIOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL of the surnames that appear in this puzzle contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a famous battle of the Revolution.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous man associated with Concord. 2. "The Pathfinder." 3. An American general. 4. A British general of the Revolution. 5. A famous orator. 6. A President of the United States. 7. Another President of the United States.

MARGARET BLAKE (age 13), *League Member*.

WORD-ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: To a pronoun add a circle, and make a fish. Answer, her-ring.

1. To raced add a bag, and make to plunder. 2. To a kind of meat add to ridicule, and make a swinging couch. 3. To abroad add to throw, and make a vagabond. 4. To a familiar abbreviation add a string, and make to refuse. 5. To a feature add a snug retreat, and make serious. 6. To sick add nurtured, and make vulgar. 7. To a body of water add a harbor, and make a

maritime city. 8. To constellation add a number, and make resembling the king of beasts. 9. To a branch add a cavity, and make an aperture in a coat. 10. To novel add a period of time, and make a holiday. 11. To a retreat add a German coin, and make a European country.

All the words are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell one of the United States.

RUTH BROWNE (age 13), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

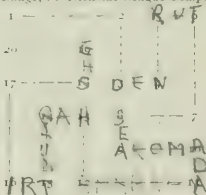
My primals and my finals each name a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A city of Russia. 2. A character in "Twelfth Night." 3. A line with short, sharp turns. 4. A female warrior. 5. A gorge. 6. To meddle.

MARGUERITE T. ARNOLD (age 15), *League Member*.

SWASTIKA

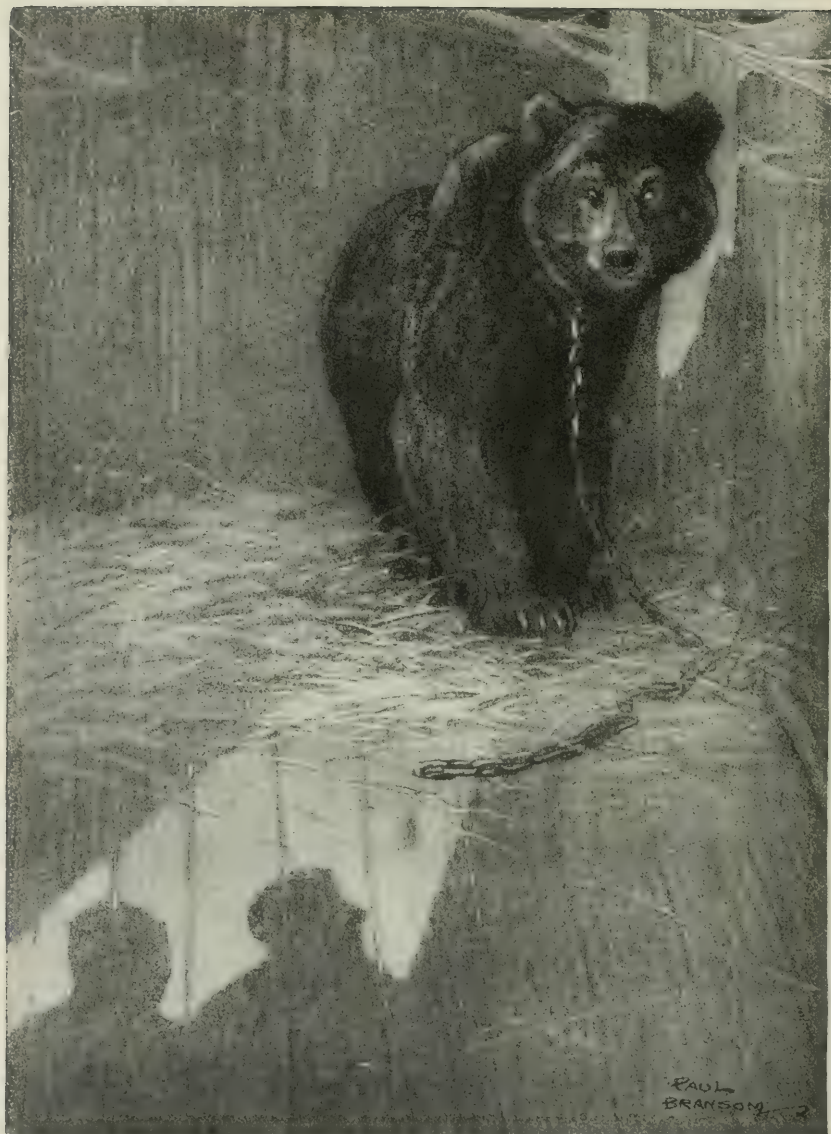
(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



FROM 1 to 2, always on the dinner-table; 2 to 3, a strip; 3 to 4, hair; 4 to 5, at no time; 5 to 6, a deep track; 6 to 7, winding; 7 to 8, units of weight; 8 to 9, a large body of water; 9 to 10, fragrance; 10 to 11, a feminine name; 11 to 12, one of the United States; 12 to 13, monkeylike; 13 to 14, an ugly old woman; 14 to 15, lean; 15 to 16, a prefix meaning "three"; 16 to 17, to embrace; 17 to 18, a South American parrot; 18 to 19, a pronoun; 19 to 20, made of oak; 20 to 1, a person devoted to a religious life.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 20 may be arranged so as to form the names of three famous Presidents of the United States.

JESSE CARMACK (age 15).



"GINGER! AIN'T HE GROWN TO BE A WHOPPER?" (SEE PAGE 490.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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TIMOTHY

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

I

TIMOTHY was a very small black bear. He was born in a dark place in the heart of the Adirondack forest, yet not so far from the haunt of the man-bear but that his mother would growl when there came to her ears the far, faint clang of a hammer and anvil where the Raquette River bends at the Indian Carry.

The den where Timothy was born was formed by a jamming overhead of great lumps of rock. Through the jagged roof shone bits of light, the sun by day, the moon or the stars by night. The entrance to the den was hidden by a tangle of bushes.

Timothy's first joy—as it was the beginning of his sorrows—was when, a fat, woolly ball, he toddled through the bushes and discovered the world outside. He blinked in the brilliant light. But when he became used to it, he marveled at the strangeness of everything—the great ranks of trees, with millions of leaves all whispering at the same time, the towering ridges, the vast, mossy rocks, and the drab carpet of last year's leaves.

The sun was warm, and stirred something that must have been born in Timothy. He stretched his little body with the instinctive desire to help himself grow. He stretched one chubby hind leg, then the other. Presently, as if he felt very much improved, he jumped, all four paws leaving the ground at the same time. He was surprised when he landed, not as he had expected, but on his back.

He regained his poise and spent some time pursuing a dry leaf which had stuck to the fur of his back, just out of reach of his snout. Then, for some reason which was probably no reason at all, he attempted to stand on his head. This time he turned a complete somersault, which astonished him. For the next half-hour he tried to understand why it was that he could stand on his legs but immediately fell over when he tried to stand on his head.

Timothy was still experimenting when a deep growl sounded. He looked up, and saw his mother standing on a great rock high up on the ridge. She was looking down at Timothy, her back hunched, her head low. Next moment she was descending rapidly from the rock, scrambling down the side of the ridge, apparently in a great hurry and very much displeased.

Growling fiercely, she seized little Timothy by the scruff of his neck and carried him in her teeth into the den. There she gave him a shake and tossed him half-way across the cavern. Then the mother-bear gave Timothy the worst scolding he ever received; at least it hurt most, for he did not understand what his mother meant about the men-bears that walked upright and killed all other animals by just pointing at them.

It did impress him slightly, however, when he learned that his father, who had been twelve times as big as Timothy, had dropped dead when he was pointed at. It frightened him almost, his mother's description of how, after the killing, when she had witnessed from a thicket, some men-bears had tied his father's feet together and

carried him out of the wood upside down on a pole. That was why Timothy's mother grew so restless when she heard the far, faint clanging of the hammer and anvil at the bend of the river.

Still, Timothy had tasted life, smelled the woods and felt the warmth of the noonday sun. Seeing this, and being afraid for what might happen, his mother decided to escort him on a little ramble abroad, rather than have him play truant. The day he left the den with her was the day he did not return to it, and the beginning of the real story of Timothy.

As they started down the little valley in which Timothy had lived up till now, he frisked and tumbled at his mother's heels in sheer delight. It was his first trip from home. His mother reprimanded him, for the leaves were dry and Timothy made a great noise. Thereafter he tried to imitate her soft slow tread, and managed to copy in a comical sort of way her silent swaying gait, setting down his little paws as if to make sure that the finest twig would bend but not snap under them.

But he soon grew tired of this solemn caution. It was a relief when his mother paused by a rock and gave him a first lesson on how to select the tenderer shoots of moss for eating. Then she took him to the blackberry and raspberry bushes, and warned him against ever eating the green berries. She shook the bushes gently and Timothy grubbed around, capturing the juicy black or pink berries that fell from above.

He noticed that his mother occasionally stood up on her hind legs as she worked. Timothy tried it, and was quite annoyed when again he tumbled over on his back. The mother-bear growled; but then she spent nearly an hour teaching the little bear how to stand up without falling backward.

The afternoon was getting on when the mother-bear started to amble off in a definite direction. She knew a place where there was a hive of wild bees. The bees made honey, and bears are very fond of honey.

The way lay down the valley, through which tumbled a mountain stream. It was the first time Timothy had seen water, and it puzzled him very much. The water seemed such a frisky, sociable thing. It laughed and made funny noises. It leaped and played around rocks, coming back to meet itself, then dodging under a rotten log with a gurgle of mirth.

It fascinated Timothy, who observed that the water seemed bound for some particular place farther on. He felt that he would like to find where and what that place was.

His mother still ambled ahead, but now Timothy had only one eye for her. The other was

following that brook. Once he stopped and put a small forepaw in the water. Instantly a little speckled trout shot from under a rock and struck a feather-like snout against the instantly withdrawn but tickled paw. Timothy would have investigated this amusing thing, but his mother uttered an irritable growl; so he toddled after her, deciding, however, that some day he would come back and get his paw tickled again.

Presently they came to a great boulder. Beyond it a ridge rose abruptly and the one valley split into two. The mother-bear took one side of the boulder. Timothy, out of sheer contrariness, took the other side on which the stream ran. Two minutes later he discovered that his mother and he were separated by the ridge.

Of course it was her mistake. They had been following the brook and—here was the brook. Timothy thought he was right and his mother was wrong; he hoped she would not lose her way!

Anyway, here was the brook, and now he could find out where it went and why it seemed so anxious to get there. The banks of the stream were now steeper, and the confined waters were babbling louder and rushing faster. The brook seemed terribly excited, and the excitement crept into Timothy's blood. Presently he found himself trying to keep pace with the tearing waters; he was actually running in his eagerness not to be left behind.

The shadows began to gather, and Timothy's little limbs were growing weary. Perhaps, after all, he had better look for his mother. But the ridge still continued to the right, and he supposed he would meet her at the other end. So he went on with the stream.

Presently he came out on clearer and more level ground. Here the stream became quiet and spread itself into a deep, broad pool. But what interested and astonished Timothy was the presence of two strange animals. Their fur was of many colors, and they wore strange things on their heads. Timothy decided that they must be men-bears, although they were not half the size of his mother. Perhaps they were little men-bears. One of them suddenly jumped up and shouted: "Oh! I've caught another one!"

The little man-bear jerked a stick that he gripped in his right forepaw. Something leaped out of the water, dangled in the air for a moment, and then fell wriggling on the bank.

Timothy gave a grunt of delight, whereat the other little man-bear looked up, uttered a yell, dropped his stick, and started to run.

"Run, Cliff!" he cried. "A bear! A bear!"

The other, who unhooked the trout and dropped it into a basket, looked up and saw Timothy. For

a moment he was stricken with fear. Then he grinned with delight and called his frightened companion back.

"It's only a little cub," said he. "Let's catch it and take it home."

"No—thank—you!" said the frightened lad.

Adirondack hunter who lived on the Indian Carry between the Raquette River and the Upper Saranac Lake. The old Carry road passed within a hundred feet of the house where Jim Dickert lived with his wife and children, when he was not in the woods guiding hunters from the city.



"TIMOTHY WAS STILL EXPERIMENTING WHEN A DEEP GROWL SOUNDED."

"Supposing the big mother-bear's around? Let's go home."

"I'll take a chance!" said the pluckier one.

He advanced toward Timothy, who, to the boy's surprise and delight, came half-way to meet him, tumbling and frisking. Timothy had known that there must be fun at the end of this brook. Here it was!

In another moment Cliff had the cub in his arms. The other boy had come back and seized the fish-basket.

"Now let's get out of the woods," said Cliff. "The big one'll be on the track, sure as to-morrow's Tuesday!"

II

TIMOTHY now belonged to Cliff. The other lad was a son of the blacksmith by the river bend, and he was presently envious of Cliff's possession.

Cliff Dickert was the ten-year-old son of an

When Cliff marched triumphantly into the kitchen with Timothy in his arms, his mother dropped a dish and cried:

"For the land's sakes!"

"By ginger!" said the hunter, who was smoking his pipe. "Ef it ain't a leetle b'ar!"

"A bear!" cried Mrs. Dickert. "Cliff, you put it down this minnit, d' y' hear me?"

Cliff obediently set Timothy on the floor. The little bear promptly stretched his legs and, thinking that the frolic was about to be resumed, stood on his head and rolled over, as usual, on his back.

The hunter guffawed. Cliff shrieked with delight. Even Mrs. Dickert was amused.

"Well, of all the foolishness!" said she.

Her baby, about a year old, was crawling on hands and knees under the kitchen table. The baby attracted Timothy's attention by uttering a little crow of pleasure.

Timothy studied this baby and was interested. Here was a little man-bear about the same size

as himself. He promptly frisked forward and collided with the baby. Both of them rolled over in a confused heap. Next moment the baby, gurgling with delight, was hugging Timothy with both arms, while the little black bear was doing his best to bite the baby's ear. This was his way of playing. He did not know any other way. Also, he gave funny little growls. It was his way of echoing the baby's delighted gurgles.

But Mrs. Dickert did not understand this. With a cry she struck Timothy away and snatched the baby to her bosom. Timothy rolled over and over, then got up, blinking.

"Now why did she do that?" was the question in his bewildered little intelligence.

"Chut!" said the hunter. "The cub 's too young to hurt a fly."

"Don't you tell me, Jim Dickert!" said his wife. "Say what you like, but that 's a *bear*! I won't have any such creature around my children. Take it out of here!"

"A-all ri-ight!" drawled Jim. "But we ain't going to let it go. It 'll make a fine watch-dog if we chain it out in the front yard. Besides, it 'll be amusin' to watch it grow."

With one big hand he picked up Timothy by the scruff of his neck and, followed by Cliff, went out into the yard between the house and the road.

"Watch you don't hurt it, Dad," said Cliff, noticing that Timothy had a choked look.

"Aw, a bear don't have no feelin's like that," said the hunter, who was less unkind than thoughtless. "Now you play with it while I get things fixed up."

Cliff tumbled about on the ground with Timothy, who was still anxious for that deferred frolic. He pawed and snarled in his feeble way at Cliff, who tossed him back every time the little woolly cub charged him.

His father, in the meantime, had procured from the barn a length of chain and a dog-collar. In the middle of the front yard there was an old iron axle stuck upright in the ground. It was to this that Dickert used to chain one of the dogs at night. So deeply sunk was the post that it would have taken an elephant to budge it.

To this the hunter attached the chain, and to the chain he hooked the dog-collar. Then he tried to fit the collar around Timothy's neck. Alas, the little bear's neck was not big enough for that collar. In fact, Timothy could have walked right through it.

It was only when the hunter drew the collar in to the last notch and fitted it around the cub's body that Timothy was effectively secured.

"There!" said Jim Dickert. "I guess he won't

get away from that. Best come on in, Cliff, and have supper."

It was now almost dark. A sudden loneliness fell upon little Timothy as the door of the kitchen slammed after the man-bear and the little man-bear. Was n't anybody going to play with him?

Timothy waited. The lights in the windows of the house interested him. So did the little lights up in the sky. He had never been out at night before, and he wondered what kind of animals they could be that popped their twinkling eyes out all over the blue roof of this immense cave.

Perhaps, after all, he ought to be going back to his own cave. His mother would probably be very angry, and show her teeth, and snarl, and bounce him with her paws; but—well, he had had a great adventure. He would n't mind an extra scolding for this once.

He started in the direction where he thought home lay. If he could find that brook he would be all right, even if it was very dark. But he had toddled only a few yards before he was stopped with a jerk and thrown violently on his back.

It hurt. He tried to find out what tripped him every time he started for home. When he did understand the workings of that post, chain, and collar, he sat down on his little haunches.

"Now I wonder why they did that?" said he to himself in bear-talk, which is really only a thinking language.

After supper Cliff and his father came out with a lantern to have another look at the little black bear. Timothy thought that now they were either going to play with him or let him go home. Much relieved, he executed a frisk (rather clumsily, because the chain got in his way) and toddled toward the little man-bear. Again the chain brought him up with a painful jerk and threw him on his back.

He sat up in despair after that, blinking in the light of the lantern and waiting for some suggestion as to what they expected him to do.

"What you going to call him?" asked Dickert. "Timothy," said the boy, promptly. He had been thinking over this important point.

It was the first time the little black bear knew that his name *was* Timothy.

III

PRESENTLY, when Cliff Dickert had had enough of his prize to last over till morning, the man-bear took the little man-bear into the house.

Later, the lights in the windows went out and the house became dark and very still.

Timothy was utterly despondent now. He was also very hungry. He wondered if the men-bears ever ate anything.

Still, he tried to be cheerful. It was a great adventure and it would all come out right in the

stretched his neck in the direction of the field and the wood beyond the road, and sniffed the air.

"Mother 's coming!" said he to himself.

He knew it by instinct long before he saw her emerge from the edge of the wood and come, a black, shambling blot, across the field.

The she-bear came on unerringly, found a break in the fence, and stopped in the middle of the road. After sniffing the air, she advanced straight upon Timothy.

The little black bear toddled forward, forgetful of the chain, and turned a somersault almost at his mother's feet.

The she-bear ran her snout over Timothy, found the encircling collar, then nosed along the chain. A snarl of rage burst from her throat. Furiously she pawed and bit at the chain, but every link was of steel. She next investigated the post, but all her great bulk and strength could not budge it.

Then she returned to Timothy, and with her teeth bit at the dog-collar. She shook it, but only succeeded in lifting her cub in the air and shaking him, too.

Next she laid Timothy upon the ground, placed a heavy paw upon his little body, and attempted to tear away the encircling band. But the pressure of her paw against the pull of her jaws nearly squeezed the life out of Timothy, who uttered a little whine of pain.

At that the mother-bear gave up. She withdrew a

little way from her cub. Presently, under the moon, the great hulking beast was swaying its head and body back and forth, as if in grief. For a long time the she-bear kept this up, while Timothy sat on his little haunches blinking and marveling at his mother's behavior.

At last the mother-bear ceased her peculiar swaying motion. She returned to Timothy and began to lick him all over. After that, she lay down with her nose between her paws and her



"SERIOUSLY SHE PAWED AND BIT AT THE CHAIN."

morning. Then his mother would be proud of him, and say he was certainly a great bear.

The little bright eyes in the sky still interested him, but presently he became terrified. Over the hills came a great, round yellow animal without body or legs. Instinctively he was afraid of this big flaming head, not knowing that it was just the moon. He sat for hours watching and hoping that it would n't notice him.

All at once his fears changed to joy. He

eyes fixed upon the captive cub, while the moon rose higher and glinted upon the windows behind which Jim Dickert and his family slept.

All night long the she-bear lay by her cub in the yard. But when the moon went down and the dawn-light began to pale the stars, she arose and silently ambled away from the yard, crossed the road and the field, and disappeared into the still black woods.

Timothy, who had been drowsing, satisfied that, as he could n't go with his mother, she had come to stay with him, woke up and discovered her absence.

"Now I wonder why she went away?" was his sleepy question to the dawn.

IV

LATER that morning, Timothy found himself an object of great interest. The children from all around the Carry settlement—yes, and the adults too—came to see Cliff Dickert's captive. Cliff, himself, was the hero of the hour, much to the disgust of the blacksmith's boy.

"It would have been mine," he boasted, "if Cliff had n't grabbed it first."

Timothy had no longer to complain of hunger. The first thing that morning, Cliff had brought him a basin of meal gruel, well sweetened with sugar. It tickled Timothy's palate very nicely. Then the other children brought nuts, and apples, and sugar-lumps, until Timothy simply could n't eat any more.

Cliff allowed certain favored young friends to pat the little bear, but jealously reserved for himself the privilege of playing with Timothy. Thus the cub grew to realize that Cliff was his particular friend. He also grew to dislike the blacksmith's boy, who vented his chagrin on Timothy himself, teasing him and throwing him stones instead of sugar-lumps when Cliff was not around to see.

The interest of the men who came to look at Timothy was divided. They looked the cub over, of course, but first and last they were hunters.

Timothy noticed that the man-bear was a little excited, and that he got all the other men-bears together and continually pointed to the ground. Presently half a dozen of the men-bears went away, only to meet again at the same place, each carrying a long object over his shoulder. Timothy decided that these must be the things they pointed with when they wished to kill other animals.

The men-bears crossed the field and entered the wood at the very point where Timothy's mother had disappeared just before dawn. They

were gone all day, and came back in a very bad temper. One of the men stopped before Timothy and shook his fist at him.

"You little beggar," said he; "wait till I meet your ma and see what happens to her."

Of course, Timothy did not understand a word of it. If he had, he might have wondered what Ma had ever done to the man-bear to make him snarl so fiercely.

"Maybe we 'd better have a watch near the cub to-night," said another of the hunters.

"What 's the use?" asked Jim Dickert. "We 've driven her too far, even if she 'd risk coming back right away. She won't come to-night."

Nor did she. Timothy watched half the night. His mother did not appear. He wondered why.

Many nights passed, and still she did not come. On the sixth night of his captivity, Timothy was awakened by a hot breath playing over him and the push of a great snout.

It was his mother again. She licked him all over, bit again at the steel chain, and snarled as she found that the dog-collar was cutting into him. Plenty of food and natural growth were the cause. Two days later, however, Cliff found out why Timothy was irritable, and let the collar out a couple of notches. After that, Timothy's guardian was careful to mark the growth of the cub and adjust the collar.

But all that sixth night the she-bear lay beside her cub in Dickert's yard, and again at the first streak of day she stole back into the wood.

Next day there was again a gathering of the men-bears. But Jim Dickert was opposed to hunting the great she-bear.

"Leave her alone and she 'll come to us," said he. "In fact, two of us 'll stay on watch for a few nights, right here in the yard."

That night Jim Dickert sat on the darkest side of the house, while another hunter crouched by the barn-door. Their eyes, like little Timothy's, were straining in the direction of the field and the edge of wood beyond the Indian Carry road.

It was in the middle of the night when the lumbering body of the she-bear appeared. She came half-way across the field, stopped, came on again, then came to another standstill. After that her progress toward Timothy was slow and halting.

Presently she lifted her snout and sniffed the air. To her senses came the knowledge of danger ahead and the presence of the man-bear. She abruptly turned and made for the wood.

From the barn-door came a spit of fire and a deafening report. Another flash came from the house end where Dickert was hidden. But Timothy's mother escaped in the darkness, unharmed.

Timothy did not know this, of course. He was

too terrified by the flashes of fire and the loud noises to wonder even why his mother came so near to him and went away so hurriedly.

In the morning all the hunters came to Dickert's.

"She 's gone for good this time," said the chief man-bear; "leastways, since she smelled powder she won't come back here. We 've got to go after her again."

That evening the hunters did not return empty-handed. Timothy was having a good-natured fight with Cliff when there came a shout from up the road. Presently Jim Dickert and the rest of the hunters appeared, carrying a long pole on their shoulders.

Hanging upside down from the middle of it was an immense black bear. They laid it down in the yard and one of the hunters, catching sight of the cub on the chain, cried:

"Hullo, Timmie! Here 's your ma."

Timothy did not understand the words. But he knew that this dead bear was his mother. His senses sniffed her in the air. Yet what had happened to her? Why did she lie so still on the ground? Why did she not come and push him with her snout and lick his furry head?

He did not understand that she was dead. Only something happened within him. Instinct told him at last that the man-bear was his enemy, as he had been the enemy of his mother and his father. Up to that moment he had been willing, eager even, to be friends with him. But the man-bear had done something to him through his mother, something that hurt and aroused he hardly knew what.

One of the hunters put out his foot for Timothy to paw and chew, as had been the 'cub's playful way.

Instantly the little black bear raised himself on his hind legs, his hair bristled along the ridge of his back, his jaws fell open, and from his throat came a vicious snarl.

Little Timothy was no longer an innocent bear-cub. He was a wild beast in captivity, and none knew it better than Timothy himself.

v

At first the change in Timothy was hardly noticed. After that one outburst he seemed to become his amiable self again. It was only that deep in his narrow brain there had been sown a seed that would bear good or bad fruit as he himself was treated kindly or otherwise.

With Cliff he was ever the same, willing at all times to fight with him in play. Cliff would box his ears. Timothy would snarl, stand up, and

try to strike back with his paws. But always his claws were sheathed, for Cliff was his friend.

He had grown rapidly in the two months that had passed since his mother was killed. The dog-collar was now around his neck, and every day or two Cliff found it necessary to let out another notch. Presently, when Timothy stood erect, he was as big as the ten-year-old son of Jim Dickert. And now Cliff had to be wary, for the bear's paw-sweeps, while meant in play, were astonishingly powerful. The boy learned this one day when, in the course of a friendly boxing-match, Timothy knocked him flat. After that, Cliff became more careful in his play with the bear.

Timothy, noticing this, believed that his one friend had turned against him. It did not alter his liking for Cliff, but it made him sad, and his sadness was mistaken for sulkiness.

"Be careful of that b'ar, Cliff," the hunter warned his boy.

Dickert himself did not venture near Timothy, who never saw the hunter but he snarled; and it was not the same kind of snarl that greeted Cliff's coming.

As the cold weather approached it was necessary to put Timothy in shelter somewhere. Had they let the bear loose then, its instincts would have taken it straight to some cave in the ravines. But the men-bears put Timothy in the barn, where he ate a hearty meal and promptly fell asleep. They locked the barn-door and left him in the dark. This suited Timothy perfectly, because, like all bears, he wanted to sleep for four or five months. This he did, waking up only now and then to eat a little.

One morning, about the end of March, Timothy grew uneasy in his sleep. In his waking dreams he seemed to smell the fresh earth breathing of new life, to catch the whispering of trees resurrected from their winter deadness, and to hear the first hopeful twittering of birds.

Timothy awoke and suddenly disliked the darkness that he had loved all those months. He got up and moved about, his chain clanking as he walked. He was puzzled to find that the barn did not seem as big as when he had been put into it. Where there had been room for about eight steps from wall to wall, it was now only a short five. He was quite unaware that while he slept he had developed enormously. Timothy was now almost a full-grown bear.

Cliff, passing outside, heard the clanking of the chain.

"Hullo, Tim!" he cried through the barn-door. "Oomph!" said Timothy.

"Do you want to come out, old sleepyhead?" "Oomph!" said Timothy.

Later, Jim Dickert and a neighbor opened the barn-door, and, as spring had come, prepared to lead the bear to his open-air captivity.

"Ginger!" said the hunter. "Ain't he grown to be a whopper?"

It took both men pulling on the chain to drag Timothy out. After months of darkness the light hurt his eyes. But in a few minutes his vision cleared and he slowly surveyed the two men. At sight of Jim Dickert Timothy's lips drew back from his teeth.

He snarled, and suddenly stood up on his hind legs. With forepaws extended, he rushed toward Dickert. Like a flash, the two men dropped the chain and ran for safety.

But Timothy was free! Somehow he realized this, despite the chain that trailed behind him. He ambled into the front yard. There, catching sight of the field and the edge of the wood that he had studied so much—some time—long, long ago, it seemed—instinct took possession of him.

He was across the road and half-way to the edge of the wood before he was halted by a voice that stirred some last strain of friendliness in him.

"Timothy! Oh, Timmie! Timothy!"

At the same time he felt a slight drag on the chain. He turned at bay, again rising erect. There was Cliff holding on to the chain.

The boy spoke to him quietly. The bear stood irresolute. Five months is a long time for a bear to remember anything, but Timothy fancied he knew this little man-bear. Anyway, he liked him.

"Come, Timothy," said Cliff, drawing gently on the chain.

Timothy, poor Timothy, the victim of one last lingering feeling of gratitude, followed like an obedient dog. Five minutes later he was again chained to the stake in the front yard.

VI

It appeared to Timothy's slow wit, a few minutes after the swivel-hook had been snapped on the stake ring, that he had been tricked.

As Cliff walked away, the bear would have continued to follow, and attempted to do so, only the chain brought him up short. It did not, as in other days, throw him off his feet, but checked him into a stiff, straining attitude.

Then the fiery nature of the wild beast broke loose in him. Perhaps Timothy considered that his love for, and obedience to, Cliff had been meanly betrayed. He, who was but a moment ago free and half-way to the deep forest, was again—and through his own abused good-nature—chained to a stake.

With his head down and his body straining forward upon the tightened chain, he stood there quivering with rage and snarling fearfully. Suddenly he drew back; then he sprang forward, throwing all his great weight and strength upon the chain. Again and again he did this, his fury increasing as the collar, chain, and stake defied his efforts.

Cliff stood off with a very white face, trying with kind words to soothe the bear; but Timothy did not hear, or, if he did, was not Cliff the betrayer? Despite Cliff's kindness, was it not he who had taken him, a little cub, from his mother? Was it not Cliff who had played upon his affection to recapture him for the cruel chain and stake?

And Cliff's father stood in the doorway of the house with a gun in his hands, ready to shoot if he broke that chain!

At last even the bear's great strength and fury abated. He backed slowly toward the stake, the chain trailing after like a doubling serpent. For the moment Timothy seemed blinded. He crouched against the stake, his eyes shut, his head down, and his ears flat. Then he stretched his neck and lifted his head so that his snout pointed toward the distant wood. His jaws fell open, as if he yawned, and from his throat came a peculiar sound, half-roar, half-whine.

Perhaps that was when Timothy's spirit was broken, for ever afterward he was just a sullen, living, shaggy animal that walked restlessly around the stake from morning till night; a beast that none would approach, not even Cliff; for Timothy was considered mad. Cliff came as near as he dared and threw the bear's food into the circle that Timothy had outlined on the ground around the stake.

Day in and day out it was the same monotonous, shambling tread at the extreme end of the chain. That steel chain seemed to indicate that Timothy had in some way offended against the man-bear and been doomed by the man-bear's laws to wear himself out trying to find the end of a perfect circle.

Nobody can say what was in Timothy's mind about it all. Probably he hardly knew himself. Only, when exhaustion halted his vain circling and he lay down in his track to sleep, strange dreams came to him. They made him happy only, it seemed, that he might be the more unhappy when he awoke and resumed his monotonous round.

In his dreams he would find himself among great aisles of trees where millions of leaves all whispered at the same time. He would find himself treading softly over the drab carpet of the



"In his dreams he would find himself among great aisles of trees where millions of leaves all whispered at the same time"

wood, climbing great ridges and mighty boulders. He would find himself hunting the bee for its honey, shaking the bushes for their berries, and eating the tender shoots of moss from the rocks in the valley.

Then he would awake, sniff the air, utter that yawning half-roar, half-whine, and resume his shambling walk around and around and around.

The summer ripened. The wood and streams called even to the men-bears, who ignored Timothy's greater yearnings. Sometimes hunters, coming and going across the Indian Carry, would stop and study the bear. Most of them spoke to Timothy, but their notice was patronizing, like that of a king for a jester. Some preferred to poke fun and sticks at the captive. Timothy paid no attention, save when any one approached too near that circle. Then a snarl warned the playful that the little world within that round path was Timothy's, and he would at least guard against man's trespass there.

One day a party of gentlemen from the city came along. They were amateur hunters on an outing. They laughed and joked about Timothy. One of the party, who had been thoughtfully studying the bear, suddenly said:

"Do you know, I think that is a downright shame."

The others laughed.

"Why don't you go in and hug the bear, Jack?" was suggested.

"I would," said Jack, "if I thought he would understand."

"He 'd tear you to bits!"

"Of course he would," said Jack, "and I should n't blame him in the least!"

The hunting season was now at its height. Timothy would sometimes stop in his pacing as a gunshot echoed among the wooded valleys. And ever he would snarl at the sound, as his mother had done at the clang of the anvil by the river bend.

Day after day the hunters brought in trophies of the chase, sometimes a bear, but most often deer. And while the game hung in the barn of the hunter's house, Timothy's conduct would attract fearful attention. He ambled at a half-run around his circular track, his jaws dripping and fierce sounds coming from his deep throat.

"What are you going to do with that bear when the snow flies?" a neighbor asked Jim Dickert. "You can't leave him out to freeze to death."

"I dunno," said the hunter, who had been thinking over the same problem. "Yet I don't see how we're to get him into the barn. Not a soul can go near him."

"Guess you 'd better shoot him."

Jim Dickert said nothing. Rough man as he was, he somehow felt that it was hardly fair to shoot Timothy for what was not Timothy's fault. But what was he to do with this bear that had grown beyond handling? If they got Timothy into the barn, it would be a perilous success, for in the spring it would be humanely necessary to bring him out again. Jim Dickert had not forgotten that last "taking out," and Timothy had been a lamb then compared with the savage beast that he now was.

"We'll see," said the hunter, uneasily.

Two weeks later, just at the close of the hunting season, the matter came to a head.

Of all the human beings that Timothy detested, the blacksmith's boy came first. This boy—his name was Bert—hated the bear because it had added to the importance of Cliff Dickert. He had taken out his vengeance on Timothy, and the boys had fought over the matter on several occasions. Once friends, they were now unspeaking enemies.

None knew so well as Timothy how cruelly the blacksmith's boy had teased him. The memory of a stone that had struck him on his one tender spot, the snout, rankled in Timothy's sense-memory.

Oddly enough, he never snarled when his worst enemy approached, but plodded around his circle with apparent unconcern. The bear's little eyes, however, were ever alert.

Bert's habit was to get as close to the circular track as possible, and, as the bear went by, make a pass at Timothy with his hand. Timothy, of course, had not another inch of chain to spare, so he just had to suffer this baiting. The blacksmith's boy would keep up this cruel game until he grew tired of Timothy's apparent unconcern. There was no fun when the bear refused to snarl.

He became bolder, actually slapping the bear as it passed, and then leaping quickly backward. His boldness was his undoing. As he leaned over a bent knee in order to be ready for the bear, his foot suddenly slipped inward and under him. He threw forward an arm to save himself, and that arm fell on Timothy's beaten path.

The arm was instantly withdrawn, but not before Timothy, with a roar of triumph and rage, had struck it with distended claws.

Next moment the boy was running toward the blacksmith's, holding his left arm tightly, and shrieking. Five minutes later, Jim Dickert saw the blacksmith coming down the road at a furious pace. He had a gun under his arm.

"Look here, you, Jim Dickert," said the smith, white with rage, "are you going to shoot that b'ar right now, or will I?"

Then he told how his boy had come home with his sleeve torn and his arm badly clawed.

"Serves him right for teasing the poor brute!" said Jim, who might have accused himself of worse.

"But keep cool," he added; "I reckon we 'll have to kill old Timothy. I was hoping maybe we would n't have to, but—suppose we do it in the morning. Maybe the boys would like to see it. Anyway, I 'd much rather you did the shooting. Smithy. I—I—somehow."

"I 'll do it, quick enough!" said the blacksmith.

So Timothy was doomed. He was to be shot next morning at nine o'clock. Jim Dickert was satisfied that it was the only way; yet somewhere inside the man's slow brain there was a sense of something wrong—something unfair about the whole matter.

When the news was broken to Cliff, the boy wept bitterly. Then the little man in him arose in protest.

"Nobody 's going to shoot Timothy!" he cried through his tears. "Timothy 's my bear. Did n't I find him? Wish now I had n't—the poor, little, toddling thing." Again he burst into tears; but presently his temper rose again.

"Did n't he get away this spring, and was n't it I brought him back? He 'd have chewed up anybody else. Ain't he my bear, then? Wish—I 'd —let him—go," he sobbed. "But, Dad, you won't let them shoot Timothy! Take the hook off his collar and let him go."

The boy was pleading earnestly for the life of his savage friend.

"Cliff," said his father, uncomfortably, "I 'd do it if it could be done. But there ain't a man as can go near that b'ar. He 'd be tore to bits. It 's the only way, Cliff."

"I 'll take the hook off!" cried Cliff. "I ain't afraid of Timothy."

"I know you ain't, boy," said the father, with a touch of pride and affection; "but I 'd rather lose Tim than lose you. I won't allow you to risk it; so there 's no more to be said. Go away for a walk in the morning. It 'll be all over when you come back."

Cliff said no more. All evening he was very silent, and he went to bed early. Later, the lights went out in Jim Dickert's house.

Outside, the bear continued its restless tread around the circle, the long chain taut between it and the iron stake. The big yellow moon that had frightened the woolly cub of a year before arose in exactly the same place. But Timothy paid no attention. He had ceased to wonder at anything, except as all things in his world spelled an eternal "why?"

Presently a slight figure stole from the kitchen door and came near the bear's circle.

"Timothy!" came a whisper.

The bear snarled and kept on.

"Timmie!" came the whisper again.

The bear stopped on the farther side from Cliff. Timothy was puzzled in a dull way. Nobody had ever whispered to him before. It was a new sound, and there was some association about the "Timmie."

Cliff stepped into the dangerous circle. The bear snarled.

"Timmie," the boy repeated, softly.

The bear slowly left the track and cut straight across the circle toward Cliff. The boy's heart beat fast and thickly, but he stood his ground, speaking softly to the great, shaggy animal.

"Oomph!" said Timothy, as Cliff's hand fell upon his head and stroked it gently.

"Guess they ain't going to get a chance to shoot you, Timmie," whispered the boy, while with a deft hand he slipped the swivel-hook from the collar.

"Go now, Timmie," was Cliff's parting advice, and he sped back to his deserted bed.

VII

In the morning, Cliff's surprise was no less than his father's, but for a very different reason.

The hunter at once discovered that the bear was loose, but the more astonishing thing was that Timothy was still shuffling around his circular track!

The collar was on him, but he was apparently quite unaware that the chain was lying loose near the stake and he was free to go wherever he chose.

Jim Dickert knew at once that this was Cliff's work. The hunter's face softened, then hardened. He wished now most heartily that Timothy had seized his opportunity, but habit had become too strongly ingrained in the bear's mind.

Now action had to be taken quickly. It was still early. No one was in sight. The moment a man appeared, however, Timothy would press upon his chain and find no resistance. The sight of an enemy would arouse his savagery, and he would attack at once.

For a moment, Jim Dickert was of a mind to call the boy and have him drive the bear from the circle. This might break the spell, for apparently Timothy had never thought to cross the circle after Cliff released him. He evidently thought that he could not cross it. But the hunter shivered to think of the risk the boy had taken in the night. He could not allow him to repeat it.

Telling his wife what had happened and bidding her allow no one to leave the house, the hunter stole out by a back door, made a detour, and reached the blacksmith's.

When Jim Dickert told him that the bear was loose, the smith turned white, but he regained some assurance from the peculiarity of the situation. A man who was coming down the road to witness the shooting was stopped and sent on a roundabout way that would bring him out on the road *below* Dickert's. His instructions were to stop all would-be onlookers, explain what had happened, and not allow them to advance until the blacksmith's party appeared coming down the road.

This resulted in keeping Timothy still on his aimless plodding around the circle.

In a little while the two parties saw one another coming toward the main point. They approached very cautiously, pausing about one hundred yards from the bear.

Then the blacksmith strolled casually along the open space of road between the two groups, his rifle in the hollow of his left arm.

Opposite the bear he paused and took deliberate aim. Timothy, perhaps suspicious of the pecu-

liar conduct of the men-bears, stopped and faced the enemy.

He pressed forward, as was his habit, and found that he was free!

At the realization, a roar came from his suddenly opened jaws. He rose to his full height and left the circle, advancing upon the blacksmith.

The man fired. Perhaps the sight of that hairy vengeance unnerved him momentarily. He missed.

When the smoke cleared, Timothy was almost down upon him.

That was too much for the blacksmith. With a yell he dropped his rifle and bolted. Those who had come to see Timothy killed bolted, too. At the same time, a shrill boy-voice cried from a window of the house:

"Run, Timothy!—Run!"

Timothy ran—over the road, across the field, into the forest. There he paused, raised his snout, and sniffed the cool, woodsy air. Ah! it was good to be alive—and free!

The great silent forest, the tangled ravines, the rock caves, the berry brakes, and the tender mossy places were all his to enjoy at last.

MY FATHER, GOD

BY ALMA DURANT NICOLSON

My Father, God, doth guide on high
The soft white clouds across the sky;
He lifts the bird on eager wing,
And teaches him a song to sing.

My Father, God, doth call the flowers
With sunlight warm and April showers;
He tends to every blade of grass
That greens the meadow where I pass.

My Father, God, doth move the trees
With every wandering, whispering breeze
Until they clap their hands for joy,
And greet each passing girl and boy.

And when a bird sings sweet and clear,
It means that God is very near;
And when a cloud sails in the sky,
It shows that God is there on high.

While all the lovely flowers I pass,
And all the tufts of soft green grass,
Tell me they really want to grow
Because God seems to love them so.

If God doth come so very near
To fill the earth with love each year,
And makes dear flowers for me to see,
I'm sure that He must care for me.

When every day I take a walk,
The flowers and I have time to talk;
We talk to God, who is so near
We are quite sure that He can hear.



AN APRIL GIRL—DRAWN BY GEORGE T. FORB



The hyacinths

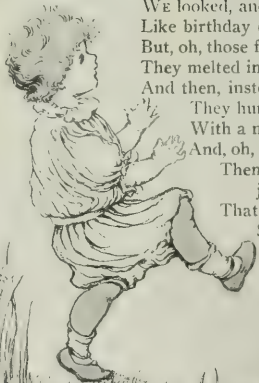
We looked, and saw them poking up their little green-capped heads,
Like birthday candles all burnt down to chocolate-frosting beds.
But, oh, those funny candles! The first thing that we knew,
They melted in the sunshine,—and came apart,—and grew.
And then, instead of just one flame—one little bud of light—

They hung out lovely flowers, all pink, and blue, and white,
With a nicer scent than candles, and just as gay and bright.
And, oh, so quick it happened!—why, it seemed just over-night!

Then we all danced and clapped our hands, 't was such a
jolly thing,

That great big birthday-cake surprise, all ready for the
Spring.

Edith S. Petter.



THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XIV

MARCO DOES NOT ANSWER

By the time he turned the corner of the stairs, the beautiful lady had risen from her seat in the back room and walked into the dining-room at the front. A heavily-built, dark-bearded man was standing inside the door as if waiting for her.

"I could do nothing with him," she said at once, in her soft voice, speaking quite prettily and gently, as if what she said was the most natural thing in the world. "I managed the little trick of the sprained foot really well, and got him into the house. He is an amiable boy with perfect manners, and I thought it might be easy to surprise him into saying more than he knew he was saying. You can generally do that with children and young things. But he either knows nothing or has been trained to hold his tongue. He's not stupid, and he's of a high spirit. I made a pathetic little scene about Samavia, because I saw he could be worked up. It did work him up. I tried him with the Lost Prince rumor; but, if there is truth in it, he does not or will not know. I tried to make him lose his temper and betray something in defending his father, whom he thinks a god, by the way. But I made a mistake. I saw that. It's a pity. Boys can sometimes be made to tell anything." She spoke very quickly under her breath. The man spoke quickly too.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"I sent him up to the drawing-room to look for a book. He will look for a few minutes. Listen. He's an innocent boy. He sees me only as a gentle angel. Nothing will *shake* him so much as to hear me tell him the truth suddenly. It will be such a shock to him that perhaps you can do something with him then. He may lose his hold on himself. He's only a boy."

"You're right," said the bearded man. "And when he finds out he is not free to go, it may alarm him and we may get something worth while."

"If we could find out what is true, or what Loristan thinks is true, we should have a clue to work from," she said.

"We have not much time," the man whispered. "We are ordered to Bosnia at once. Before midnight we must be on the way."

"Let us go into the other room. He is coming."

When Marco entered the room, the heavily-built man with the pointed dark beard was standing by the easy-chair.

"I am sorry I could not find the book," he apologized. "I looked on all the tables."

"I shall be obliged to go and search for it myself," said the Lovely Person.

She rose from her chair and stood up smiling. And at her first movement Marco saw that she was not disabled in the least.

"Your foot!" he exclaimed. "It's better?"

"It was not hurt," she answered, in her softly pretty voice and with her softly pretty smile. "I only made you think so."

It was part of her plan to spare him nothing of shock in her sudden transformation. Marco felt his breath leave him for a moment.

"I made you believe I was hurt because I wanted you to come into the house with me," she added. "I wished to find out certain things I am sure you know."

"They were things about Samavia," said the man. "Your father knows them, and you must know something of them at least. It is necessary that we should hear what you can tell us. We shall not allow you to leave the house until you have answered certain questions I shall ask you."

Then Marco began to understand. He had heard his father speak of political spies, men and women who were paid to trace the people that certain governments or political parties desired to have followed and observed. He knew it was their work to search out secrets, to disguise themselves and live among innocent people as if they were merely ordinary neighbors.

They must be spies who were paid to follow his father because he was a Samavian and a patriot. He did not know that they had taken the house two months before, and had accomplished several things during their apparently innocent stay in it. They had discovered Loristan and had learned to know his outgoings and incomings, and also the outgoings and incomings of Lazarus, Marco, and The Rat. But they meant, if possible, to learn other things. If the boy could be startled and terrified into unconscious revelations, it might prove well worth their while to have played this bit of melodrama before they locked the front

door behind them and hastily crossed the Channel, leaving their landlord to discover for himself that the house had been vacated.

In Marco's mind strange things were happening. They were spies! But that was not all. The Lovely Person had been right when she said that he would receive a shock. His strong young chest swelled. In all his life, he had never come face to face with black treachery before. He could not grasp it. This gentle and friendly being with the grateful soft voice and grateful soft eyes had betrayed—*betrayed* him! It seemed impossible to believe it, and yet the smile on her curved mouth told him that it was true. When he had sprung to help her, she had been playing a trick! When he had been sorry for her pain and had winced at the sound of her low exclamation, she had been deliberately laying a trap to harm him. For a few seconds he was stunned—perhaps, if he had not been his father's son, he might have been stunned only. But he was more. When the first seconds had passed, there arose slowly within him a sense of something like high, remote disdain. It grew in his deep boy's eyes as he gazed directly into the pupils of the long soft dark ones. His body felt as if it were growing taller.

"You are very clever," he said slowly. Then, after a second's pause, he added, "I was too young to know that there was any one so—clever—in the world."

The Lovely Person laughed, but she did not laugh easily. She spoke to her companion.

"*A grand seigneur!*" she said. "As one looks at him, one half believes it is true."

The man with the beard was looking very angry. His eyes were savage and his dark skin reddened. Marco thought that he looked at him as if he hated him, and was made fierce by the mere sight of him, for some mysterious reason.

"Two days before you left Moscow," he said, "three men came to see your father. They looked like peasants. They talked to him for more than an hour. They brought with them a roll of parchment. Is that not true?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"Before you went to Moscow, you were in Budapest. You went there from Vienna. You were there for three months, and your father saw many people. Some of them came in the middle of the night."

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You have spent your life in traveling from one country to another," persisted the man. "You know the European languages as if you were a courier, or the *portier* in a Viennese hotel. Do you not?" insultingly.

Marco did not answer.

The Lovely Person began to speak to the man rapidly in Russian.

"A spy and an adventurer Stefano Loristan has always been and always will be," she said, as if in sudden indignation. "We know what he is. The police in every capital in Europe know him as a sharper and a vagabond, as well as a spy. And yet, with all his cleverness, he does not seem to have money. What did he do with the bribe the Maranovitch gave him for betraying what he knew of the old fortress? The boy does n't even suspect him. Perhaps it's true that he knows nothing. Or perhaps it is true that he has been so ill-treated and flogged from his babyhood that he dare not speak. There is a cowed look in his eyes in spite of his childish swagger. He's been both starved and beaten."

The outburst was well done. She did not look at Marco as she poured forth her words. She spoke with the abruptness and impetuosity of a person whose feelings had got the better of her. If Marco was sensitive about his father, she felt sure that his youth would make his face reveal something if his tongue did not—if he understood Russian, which was one of the things it would be useful to find out, because it was a fact which would verify many other things.

Marco's face disappointed her. No change took place in it, and the blood did not rise to the surface of his skin. He listened with an uninterested air, blank and cold and polite. Let them say what they chose.

The man twisted his pointed beard and shrugged his shoulders.

"We have a good little black wine-cellar downstairs," he said. "You are going down into it, and you will probably stay there for some time if you do not make up your mind to answer my questions. You think that nothing can happen to you in a house in a London street where policemen walk up and down. But you are mistaken. If you yelled now, even if any one chanced to hear you, they would only think you were a lad getting a thrashing he deserved. You can yell as much as you like in the black little wine-cellar, and no one will hear at all. We only took this house for three months, and we shall leave it to-night without mentioning the fact to any one. If we choose to leave you in the wine-cellar, you will wait there until somebody begins to notice that no one goes in and out, and chances to mention it to the landlord—which few people would take the trouble to do. Did you come here from Moscow?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You might remain in the good little black

cellar an unpleasantly long time before you were found," the man went on, quite coolly. "Do you remember the peasants who came to see your father two nights before you left?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"By the time it was discovered that the house was empty and people came in to make sure, you might be too weak to call out and attract their attention. Did you go to Budapest from Vienna, and were you there for three months?" asked the inquisitor.

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You are too good for the little black cellar," put in the Lovely Person. "I like you. Don't go into it!"

"I know nothing," Marco answered, but the eyes which were like Loristan's gave her just such a look as Loristan would have given her, and she felt it. It made her uncomfortable.

"I don't believe you were ever ill-treated or beaten," she said. "I tell you, the little black cellar will be a hard thing. Don't go there!"

And this time Marco said nothing, but looked at her still as if he were some great young noble who was very proud.

He knew that every word the bearded man had spoken was true. To cry out would be of no use. If they went away and left him behind them, there was no knowing how many days would pass before the people of the neighborhood would begin to suspect that the place had been deserted, or how long it would be before it occurred to some one to give warning to the owner. And in the meantime, neither his father nor Lazarus nor The Rat would have the faintest reason for guessing where he was. And he would be sitting alone in the dark in the wine-cellar. He did not know in the least what to do about this thing. He only knew that silence was still the order.

"It is a jet-black little hole," the man said. "You might crack your throat in it, and no one would hear. Did men come to talk with your father in the middle of the night when you were in Vienna?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"He won't tell," said the Lovely Person. "I am sorry for this boy."

"He may tell after he has sat in the good little black wine-cellar for a few hours," said the man with the pointed beard. "Come with me!"

He put his powerful hand on Marco's shoulder and pushed him before him. Marco made no struggle. He remembered what his father had said about the game not being a game. It was n't a game now, but somehow he had a strong haughty feeling of not being afraid.

He was taken through the hallway, toward the rear, and down the commonplace flagged steps which led to the basement. Then he was marched through a narrow, ill-lighted, flagged passage to a door in the wall. The door was not locked and stood a trifle ajar. His companion pushed it farther open and showed part of a wine-cellar which was so dark that it was only the shelves nearest the door that Marco could faintly see. His captor pushed him in and shut the door. It was as black a hole as he had described. Marco stood still in the midst of darkness like black velvet. His guard turned the key.

"The peasants who came to your father in Moscow spoke Samavian and were big men. Do you remember them?" he asked from outside.

"I know nothing," answered Marco.

"You are a young fool," the voice replied. "And I believe you know even more than we thought. Your father will be greatly troubled when you do not come home. I will come back to see you in a few hours, if it is possible. I will tell you, however, that I have had disturbing news which might make it necessary for us to leave the house in a hurry. I might not have time to come down here again before leaving."

Marco stood with his back against a bit of wall and remained silent.

There was stillness for a few minutes, and then there was to be heard the sound of footsteps marching away.

When the last distant echo died all was quite silent, and Marco drew a long breath. Unbelievable as it may appear, it was in one sense almost a breath of relief. In the rush of strange feeling which had swept over him when he found himself facing the astounding situation up-stairs, it had not been easy to realize what his thoughts really were; there were so many of them and they came so fast. How could he quite believe the evidence of his eyes and ears? A few minutes, only a few minutes, had changed his prettily grateful and kindly acquaintance into a subtle and cunning creature whose love for Samavia had been part of a plot to harm it and to harm his father.

What did she and her companion want to do—what could they do if they knew the things they were trying to force him to tell?

Marco braced his back against the wall stoutly.

"What will it be best to think about first?"

This he said because one of the most absorbingly fascinating things he and his father talked about together was the power of the thoughts which human beings allow to pass through their minds—the strange strength of them. When they talked of this, Marco felt as if he were

listening to some marvelous Eastern story of magic which was true. In Loristan's travels, he had visited the far Oriental countries, and he had seen and learned many things which seemed marvels, and they had taught him deep thinking. He had known, and reasoned through days with, men who believed that when they desired a thing, clear and exalted thought would bring it to them. He had discovered why they believed this, and had learned to understand their profound arguments.

What he himself believed, he had taught Marco quite simply from his childhood. It was this: he himself—Marco, with the strong boy-body, the thick mat of black hair, and the patched clothes—was the magician. He held and waved his wand himself—and his wand was his own Thought. When special privation or anxiety beset them, it was their rule to say, "What will it be best to think about first?" which was Marco's reason for saying it to himself now as he stood in the darkness which was like black velvet.

He waited a few minutes for the right thing to come to him.

"I will think of the very old hermit who lived on the ledge of the mountains in India and who let my father talk to him through all one night," he said at last. This had been a wonderful story and one of his favorites. Loristan had traveled far to see this ancient Buddhist, and what he had seen and heard during that one night had made changes in his life. The part of the story which came back to Marco now was these words:

"Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart, seeing first that it can injure no man and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw near to thee. This is the law of That which Creates."

"I am not afraid," Marco said aloud. "I shall not be afraid. In some way I shall get out."

This was the image he wanted most to keep steadily in his mind—that nothing could make him afraid, and that in some way he would get out of the wine-cellar.

He thought of this for some minutes, and said the words over several times. He felt more like himself when he had done it.

"When my eyes are accustomed to the darkness, I shall see if there is any little glimmer of light anywhere," he said next.

He waited with patience, and it seemed for some time that he saw no glimmer at all. He put out his hands on either side of him, and found that, on the side of the wall against which

he stood, there seemed to be no shelves. Perhaps the cellar had been used for other purposes than the storing of wine, and, if that was true, there might be somewhere some opening for ventilation. The air was not bad, but then the door had not been shut tightly when the man opened it.

"I am not afraid," he repeated. "I shall not be afraid. In some way I shall get out."

He would not allow himself to stop and think about his father waiting for his return. He knew that would only rouse his emotions and weaken his courage. He began to feel his way carefully along the wall. It reached farther than he had thought it would. The cellar was not so very small. He crept round it gradually, and, when he had crept round it, he made his way across it, keeping his hands extended before him and setting down each foot cautiously. Then he sat down on the stone floor and thought again, and what he thought was of the things the old Buddhist had told his father, and that there was a way out of this place for him, and he should somehow find it, and, before too long a time had passed, be walking in the street again.

It was while he was thinking in this way that he felt a startling thing. It seemed almost as if something touched him. It made him jump, though the touch was so light and soft that it was scarcely a touch at all, in fact he could not be sure that he had not imagined it. He stood up and leaned against the wall again. Perhaps the suddenness of his movement placed him at some angle he had not reached before, or perhaps his eyes had become more completely accustomed to the darkness, for, as he turned his head to listen, he made a discovery: above the door there was a place where the velvet blackness was not so dense. There was something like a slit in the wall, though, as it did not open upon daylight but upon the dark passage, it was not light it admitted so much as a lesser shade of darkness. But even that was better than nothing, and Marco drew another long breath.

"That is only the beginning. I shall find a way out," he said. "I shall."

He remembered reading a story of a man who, being shut by accident in a safe vault, passed through such terrors before his release that he believed he had spent two days and nights in the place when he had been there only a few hours.

"His thoughts did that. I must remember. I will sit down again and begin thinking of all the pictures in the cabinet rooms of the Art History Museum in Vienna. It will take some time, and then there are the others," he said.

It was a good plan. While he could keep his mind upon the game which had helped him to

pass so many dull hours, he could think of nothing else, as it required close attention—and perhaps, as the day went on, his captors would begin to feel that it was not safe to run the risk of doing a thing as desperate as this would be. They

the cabinet rooms and was turning mentally into a fourth, when he found himself starting again quite violently. This time it was not at a touch but at a sound. Surely it was a sound. And it was in the cellar with him. But it was the tiniest



"HE PUT HIS FOWERFUL HAND ON MARGOT'S SHOULDER AND
PUSHED HIM BEFORE HIM

might think better of it before they left the house at least. In any case, he had learned enough from Loristan to realize that only harm could come from letting one's mind run wild.

"A mind is either an engine with broken and flying gear, or a giant power under control," was the thing they knew.

He had walked in imagination through three of

possible noise, a ghost of a squeak and a suggestion of a movement. It came from the opposite side of the cellar, the side where the shelves were. He looked across in the darkness, and in the darkness saw a light which there could be no mistake about. It was a light, two lights indeed, two round phosphorescent greenish balls. They were two eyes staring at him. And then he heard another sound. Not a squeak this time, but something so homely and comfortable that he actually burst out laughing. It was a cat purring, a nice warm cat! And she was curled up on one of the lower shelves purring to some new-born kittens. He knew there were kittens because it was plain now what the tiny squeak had been, and it was made plainer by the fact that he heard another much more distinct one and then another. They had all been asleep when he had come into the cellar. If the mother had been awake, she had probably been very much afraid. Afterward she had perhaps come down from her shelf to investigate, and had passed close to him. The feeling of relief which came upon him at this queer and simple discovery was wonderful. It was so natural and comfortable an every-day thing that it seemed to make spies and criminals unreal, and only

natural things possible. With a mother cat purring away among her kittens, even a dark wine-cellar was not so black. He got up and knelt by the shelf. The greenish eyes did not shine in an unfriendly way. He could feel that the owner of them was a nice big cat, and he counted four round little balls of kittens. It was a curious delight to stroke the soft fur and talk to the mother

cat. She answered with purring, as if she liked the sense of friendly human nearness. Marco laughed to himself.

"It's queer what a difference it makes!" he said. "It is almost like finding a window."

The mere presence of these harmless living things was companionship. He sat down close to the low shelf and listened to the motherly purring, now and then speaking and putting out his hand to touch the warm fur. The phosphorescent light in the green eyes was a comfort in itself.

"We shall get out of this—both of us," he said. "We shall not be here very long, Puss-cat."

He was not troubled by the fear of being really hungry for some time. He was so used to eating scantily from necessity, and to passing long hours without food during his journeys, that he had proved to himself that fasting is not, after all, such a desperate ordeal as most people imagine. If you begin by expecting to feel famished and by counting the hours between your meals, you will begin to be ravenous. But he knew better.

The time passed slowly; but he had known it would pass slowly, and he had made up his mind not to watch it nor ask himself questions about it. He was not a restless boy, but, like his father, could stand or sit or lie still. Now and then he could hear distant rumblings of carts and vans passing in the street. There was a certain degree of companionship in these also. He kept his place near the cat and his hand where he could occasionally touch her. He could lift his eyes now and then to the place where the dim glimmer of something like light showed itself.

Perhaps the stillness, perhaps the darkness, perhaps the purring of the mother cat, probably all three, caused his thoughts to begin to travel through his mind slowly and more slowly. At last they ceased and he fell asleep. The mother cat purred for some time, and then fell asleep herself.

CHAPTER XV

A SOUND IN A DREAM

MARCO slept peacefully for several hours. There was nothing to awaken him during that time. But at the end of it, his sleep was penetrated by a definite sound. He had dreamed of hearing a voice at a distance, and, as he tried in his dream to hear what it said, a brief metallic ringing sound awakened him outright. It was over by the time he was fully conscious, and at once he realized that the voice of his dream had been a real one, and was speaking still. It was the Lovely Person's voice, and she was speaking rapidly, as if she was in the greatest haste. She was speaking through the door.

"You will have to search for it," was all he heard. "I have not a moment!" And, as he heard her hurriedly departing feet, there came to him with their hastening echoes the words, "You are too good for the cellar. I like you!"

He sprang to the door and tried it, but it was still locked. The feet ran up the cellar steps and through the upper hall, and the front door closed with a bang. The two people had gone away, as they had threatened. The voice had been excited as well as hurried. Something had happened to frighten them, and they had left the house in great haste.

Marco turned and stood with his back against the door. The cat had awakened and was gazing at him with her green eyes. She began to purr encouragingly. She really helped Marco to think. He was thinking with all his might and trying to remember.

"What did she come for? She came for something," he said to himself. "What did she say? I only heard part of it, because I was asleep. The voice in the dream was part of it. The part I heard was, 'You will have to search for it. I have not a moment.' And as she ran down the passage, she called back, 'You are too good for the cellar. I like you.' He said the words over and over again and tried to recall exactly how they had sounded, and also to recall the voice which had seemed to be part of a dream but had been a real thing. Then he began to try his favorite experiment. As he often tried the experiment of commanding his mind to go to sleep, so he frequently experimented on commanding it to work for him—to help him to remember, to understand, and to agree about things clearly.

"Reason this out for me," he said to it now, quite naturally and calmly. "Show me what it means."

What did she come for? It was certain that she was in too great a hurry to be able, without a reason, to spare the time to come. What was the reason? She had said she liked him. Then she came because she liked him. If she liked him, she came to do something which was not unfriendly. The only good thing she could do for him was something which would help him to get out of the cellar. She had said twice that he was too good for the cellar. If he had been awake, he would have heard all she said and have understood what she wanted him to do or meant to do for him. He must not stop even to think of that. The first words he had heard—what had they been? They had been less clear to him than her last because he had heard them only as he was awakening. But he thought he was sure that they had been, "You will have to search for it."

Search for it. For what? He thought and thought. What must he search for?

He sat down on the floor of the cellar and held his head in his hands, pressing his eyes so hard that curious lights floated before them.

"Tell me! Tell me!" he said to that part of his being which the Buddhist anchorite had said held all knowledge and could tell a man everything if he called upon it in the right spirit.

And in a few minutes, he recalled something which seemed so much a part of his sleep that he had not been sure that he had not dreamed it. The ringing sound! He sprang up on his feet with a little gasping shout. The ringing sound! It had been the ring of metal, striking as it fell. Anything made of metal might have sounded like that. She had thrown something made of metal into the cellar. She had thrown it through the slit in the bricks near the door. She liked him, and said he was too good for his prison. She had thrown to him the only thing which could set him free. She had thrown him the *key* of the cellar!

For a few minutes the feelings which surged through him were so full of strong excitement that they set his brain in a whirl. He knew what his father would say—that would not do. If he was to think, he must hold himself still and not let even joy overcome him. The key was in the black little cellar, and he must find it in the dark. Even the woman who liked him enough to give him a chance of freedom knew that she must not open the door and let him out. There must be a delay. He would have to find the key himself, and it would be sure to take time. The chances were that they would be at a safe enough distance before he could get out.

"I will kneel down and crawl on my hands and knees," he said. "I will crawl back and forth and go over every inch of the floor with my hands until I find it. If I go over every inch, I shall find it."

So he kneeled down and began to crawl, and the cat watched him and purred.

"We shall get out, Puss-cat," he said to her. "I told you we should."

He crawled from the door to the wall at the side of the shelves, and then he crawled back again. The key might be quite a small one, and it was necessary that he should pass his hands over every inch, as he had said. The difficulty was to be sure, in the darkness, that he did not miss an inch. Sometimes he was not sure enough, and then he went over the ground again. He crawled backward and forward, and he crawled forward and backward. He crawled crosswise and lengthwise, he crawled diagonally, and he crawled round and round. But he did not find

the key. If he had had only a little light, but he had none. He was so absorbed in his search that he did not know he had been engaged in it for several hours, and that it was the middle of the night. But at last he realized that he must stop for a rest, because his knees were beginning to feel bruised, and the skin of his hands was sore as a result of the rubbing on the flags. The cat and her kittens had gone to sleep and awakened again two or three times.

"But it is somewhere!" he said obstinately. "It is inside the cellar. I heard something fall which was made of metal. That was the ringing sound which awakened me."

When he stood up, he found his body ached and he was very tired. He stretched himself and exercised his arms and legs.

"I wonder how long I have been crawling about," he thought. "But the key is in the cellar. It is in the cellar."

He sat down near the cat and her family, and, laying his arm on the shelf above her, rested his head on it. He began to think of another experiment.

"I am so tired, I believe I shall go to sleep again. 'Thought which Knows All'!"—he was quoting something the hermit had said to Loristan in their midnight talk—"Thought which Knows All! Show me this little thing. Lead me to it when I awake."

And he did fall asleep, sound and fast.

He did not know that he slept all the rest of the night. But he did. When he awakened, it was daylight in the streets, and the milk-carts were beginning to jingle about, and the early postmen were knocking big double-knocks at front doors. The cat may have heard the milk-carts, but the actual fact was that she herself was hungry and wanted to go in search of food. Just as Marco lifted his head from his arm and sat up, she jumped down from her shelf and went to the door. She had expected to find it ajar as it had been before. When she found it shut, she scratched at it and was disturbed to find this of no use. Because she knew Marco was in the cellar, she felt she had a friend who would assist her, and she miaued appealingly.

This reminded Marco of the key.

"I will when I have found it," he said. "It is inside the cellar."

The cat miaued again, this time very anxiously indeed. The kittens heard her and began to squirm and squeak piteously.

"Lead me to this little thing," said Marco, as if speaking to Something in the darkness about him, and he got up.

He put his hand out toward the kittens, and it touched something lying not far from them. It must have been lying near his elbow all night while he slept.

It was the key! It had fallen upon the shelf, and not on the floor at all.

Marco picked it up and then stood still a moment. He made the sign of the cross.

Then he found his way to the door and fumbled until he found the keyhole and got the key into it. Then he turned it and pushed the door open—and the cat ran out into the passage before him.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RAT TO THE RESCUE

MARCO walked through the passage and into the kitchen part of the basement. The doors were all locked, and they were solid doors. He ran up the flagged steps and found the door at the top shut and bolted also, and that too was a solid door. His jailers had plainly made sure that it should take time enough for him to make his way into the world, even after he got out of the wine-cellar. The cat had run away to some part of the place where mice were plentiful. He was by this time rather gnawingly hungry himself. If he could get into the kitchen, he might find some fragments of food left in a cupboard; but there was no moving the locked door. He tried the outlet into the area, but that was immovable. Then he saw near it a smaller door. It was evidently the entrance to the coal-cellar under the pavement. This was proved by the fact that trodden coal-dust marked the flagstones, and near it stood a scuttle with coal in it.

This coal-scuttle was the thing which might help him! Above the area door was a small window which was supposed to light the entry. He could not reach it, and, if he reached it, he could not open it. He could throw pieces of coal at the glass and break it, and then he could shout for help when people passed by. They might not notice or understand where the shouts came from at first, but, if he kept them up, some one's attention would be attracted in the end.

He picked a large-sized solid piece of coal out of the heap in the scuttle, and threw it with all his force against the grimy glass. It smashed through and left a big hole. He threw another, and the entire pane was splintered and fell outside into the area. Then he saw it was broad daylight, and guessed that he had been shut up a good many hours. There was plenty of coal in the scuttle, and he had a strong arm and a good aim. He smashed pane after pane, until only the framework remained. When he shouted, there would

be nothing between his voice and the street. No one could see him, but if he could do something which would make people slacken their pace to listen, then he could call out that he was in the basement of the house with the broken window.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

But vehicles were passing in the street, and the passers-by were absorbed in their own business. If they heard a sound, they did not stop to inquire into it.

"Hallo! Hallo! I am locked in!" yelled Marco, at the topmost power of his lungs. "Hallo! Hallo!"

After half an hour's shouting, he began to think that he was wasting his strength.

"They only think it is a boy shouting," he said. "Some one will notice in time. At night, when the streets are quiet, I might make a policeman hear. But my father does not know where I am. He will be trying to find me—so will Lazarus—so will The Rat. One of them might pass through this very street, as I did. What can I do!"

A new idea flashed light upon him.

"I will begin to sing a Samavian song, and I will sing it very loud. People nearly always stop a moment to listen to music and find out where it comes from. And if any of my own people came near, they would stop at once—and now and then I will shout for help."

Once when they had stopped to rest on Hampstead Heath, he had sung a valiant Samavian song for The Rat. The Rat had wanted to hear how he would sing when they went on their secret journey. He wanted him to sing for the Squad some day, to make the thing seem real. The Rat had been greatly excited, and had begged for the song often. It was a stirring martial thing with a sort of trumpet call of a chorus. Thousands of Samavians had sung it together on their way to the battle-field, hundreds of years ago.

He drew back a step or so, and, putting his hands on his hips, began to sing, throwing his voice upward that it might pass through the broken window. He had a splendid and vibrant young voice, though he knew nothing of its fine quality. Just now he wanted only to make it loud.

In the street outside very few people were passing. An irritable old gentleman who was taking an invalid walk quite jumped with annoyance when the song suddenly trumpeted forth. Boys had no right to yell in that manner. He hurried his step to get away from the sound. Two or three other people glanced over their shoulders, but had not time to loiter. A few others listened with pleasure as they drew near and passed on.

"There's a boy with a fine voice," said one.



"THE RAT SWUNG HIMSELF INTO THE GROUP "WHERE IS HE! WHERE IS HE!" HE CRIED

"What 's he singing?" said his companion "It sounds foreign."

"Don't know," was the reply as they went by. But at last a young man who was a music-teacher,

going to give a lesson, hesitated and looked about him. The song was very loud and spirited just at this moment. The music-teacher could not understand where it came from, and paused to find

out. The fact that he stopped attracted the attention of the next comer, who also paused.

"Who 's singing?" he asked. "Where is he singing?"

"I can't make out," the music-teacher laughed. "Sounds as if it came out of the ground."

And, because it was queer that a song should seem to be coming out of the ground, a costermonger stopped, and then a little boy, and then a working-woman, and then a lady.

There was quite a little group when another person turned the corner of the street. He was a shabby boy on crutches, and he had a frantic look on his face.

And Marco actually heard, as he drew near to the group, the tap—tap—tap of crutches.

"It might be," he thought. "It might be!"

And he sang the trumpet-call of the chorus as if it were meant to reach the skies, and he sang it again and again. And at the end of it shouted, "Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

The Rat swung himself into the group and looked as if he had gone crazy. He hurled himself against the people.

"Where is he! Where is he!" he cried, and he poured out some breathless words; it was almost as if he sobbed them out.

"We 've been looking for him all night!" he shouted. "Where is he! Marco! Marco! No one else sings it but him. Marco! Marco!" And out of the area, as it seemed, came a shout of answer.

"Rat! Rat! I 'm here in the cellar—locked in. I 'm here!" and a big piece of coal came hurtling through the broken window and fell crashing on the area flags. The Rat got down the steps into the area as if he had not been on crutches but on legs, and banged on the door, shouting back:

"Marco! Marco! Here I am! Who locked you in? How can I get the door open?"

Marco was close against the door inside. It was The Rat! It was The Rat! And he would be in the street again in a few minutes.

"Call a policeman!" he shouted through the keyhole. "The people locked me in on purpose and took away the keys.

Then the group of lookers-on began to get excited and press against the area railings and ask questions. They could not understand what had happened to cause the boy with the crutches to look as if he were crazy with terror and relief at the same time. And the little boy ran delightedly to fetch a policeman, and found one in the next street, and, with some difficulty, persuaded him that it was his business to come and get a door open in an empty house where a boy who was a street singer had got locked up in a cellar.

CHAPTER XVII

"IT IS A VERY BAD SIGN"

THE policeman was not so much excited as out of temper. He did not know what Marco knew or what The Rat knew. Some common lad had got himself locked up in a house, and some one would have to go to the landlord and get a key from him. He had no intention of laying himself open to the law by breaking into a private house with his truncheon, as The Rat expected him to do.

"He got himself in through some of his larks, and he 'll have to wait till he 's got out without smashing locks," he growled, shaking the area door. "How did you get in there?" he shouted.

It was not easy for Marco to explain through a keyhole that he had come in to help a lady who had met with an accident. The policeman thought this mere boy's talk. As to the rest of the story, Marco knew that it could not be related at all without saying things which could not be explained to any one but his father. He quickly made up his mind that he must let it be believed that he had been locked in by some queer accident. It must be supposed that the people had not remembered, in their haste, that he had not yet left the house.

When the young clerk from the house agency came with the keys, he was much disturbed and bewildered after he got inside.

"They 've made a bolt of it," he said. "That happens now and then, but there 's something queer about this. What did they lock these doors in the basement for, and the one on the stairs? What did they say to you?" he asked Marco, staring at him suspiciously.

"They said they were obliged to go suddenly," Marco answered.

"What were you doing in the basement?"

"The man took me down."

"And left you there and bolted? He must have been in a hurry."

"The lady said they had not a moment's time."

"Her ankle must have got well in short order," said the young man.

"I knew nothing about them," answered Marco. "I had never seen them before."

"The police were after them," the young man said. "That 's what I should say. They paid three months' rent in advance, and they have only been here two. Some of these foreign spies lurking about London; that 's what they were."

THE RAT had not waited until the keys arrived. He had swung himself at his swiftest pace back through the streets to No. 7 Philibert Place.

People turned and stared at his wild pale face as he almost shot past them.

He could have left himself barely breath enough to speak with when he reached the house and banged on the door with his crutch to save time.

Both Loristan and Lazarus came to answer.

The Rat leaned against the door gasping.

"He 's found! He 's all right!" he panted. "Some one had locked him in a house and left him. They 've sent for the keys. I 'm going back. Brandon Terrace, No. 10."

Loristan and Lazarus exchanged glances. Both of them were at the moment as pale as The Rat.

"Help him into the house," said Loristan to Lazarus. "He must stay here and rest. We will go." The Rat knew it was an order. He did not like it, but he obeyed.

"This is a bad sign, Master," said Lazarus, as they went out together.

"It is a very bad one," answered Loristan.

"God of the Right, defend us!" Lazarus groaned.

"Amen!" said Loristan. "Amen!"

The group had become a small crowd by the time they reached Brandon Terrace. Marco had not found it easy to leave the place because he was being questioned. Neither the policeman nor the agent's clerk seemed willing to relinquish the idea that he could give them some information about the absconding pair.

The entrance of Loristan produced its usual effect. The agent's clerk lifted his hat, and the policeman stood straight and made salute. Neither of them realized that the tall man's clothes were worn and threadbare. They felt only that a personage was before them, and that it was not possible to question his air of absolute and serene authority. He laid his hand on Marco's shoulder and held it there as he spoke. When Marco looked up at him and felt the closeness of his touch, it seemed as if it were an embrace—as if he had caught him to his breast.

"My boy knew nothing of these people," he said. "That I can guarantee. He had seen neither of them before. His entering the house was the result of no boyish trick. He has been shut up in this place for nearly twenty-four hours and has had no food. I must take him home. This is my address." He handed the young man a card.

Then they went home together, and all the way to Philibert Place Loristan's firm hand held closely to his boy's shoulder as if he could not endure to let him go. But on the way they said very little.

"Father," Marco said, rather hoarsely, when they first got away from the house in the terrace,

"I can't talk well in the street. For one thing, I am so glad to be with you again. It seemed as if —it might turn out badly."

"Beloved one," Loristan said the words in their own Samavian, "until you are fed and at rest, you shall not talk at all."

Afterward, when he was himself again and was allowed to tell his strange story, Marco found that both his father and Lazarus had at once had suspicions when he had not returned. They knew no ordinary event could have kept him. They were sure that he must have been detained against his will, and they were also sure that, if he had been so detained, it could only have been for reasons they could guess at.

"This was the card that she gave me," Marco said, and he handed it to Loristan. "She said you would remember the name." Loristan looked at the lettering with an ironic half-smile.

"I never heard it before," he replied. "She would not send me a name I knew. Probably I have never seen either of them. But I know the work they do. They are spies of the Maranovitch, and suspect that I know something of the Lost Prince. They believed they could terrify you into saying things which would be a clue. Men and women of their class will use desperate means to gain their end."

"Might they—have left me as they threatened?" Marco asked him.

"They would scarcely have dared, I think. Too great a hue and cry would have been raised by the discovery of such a crime. Too many detectives would have been set at work to track them."

But the look in his father's eyes as he spoke, and the pressure of the hand he stretched out to touch him, made Marco's heart thrill. He had won a new love and trust from his father. When they sat together and talked that night, they were closer to each other's souls than they had ever been before.

They sat in the firelight, Marco upon the worn hearth-rug, and they talked about Samavia—about the war and its heart-rending struggles, and about how they might end.

"Do you think that some time we might be exiles no longer?" the boy said wistfully. "Do you think we might go there together—and see it—you and I, Father?"

There was a silence for a while. Loristan looked into the sinking bed of red coal.

"For years—for years I have made for my soul that image," he said slowly. "When I think of my friend on the side of the Himalayan Mountains, I say, 'The Thought which Thought the World may give us that also!'"

GOSSIP: AN ENDLESS CHAIN

BY JOSEPHINE STORY

SUZANNE slipped out of her fuzzy sport-coat, and we settled down for our firelit hour of confidences, I in the big easy-chair, she on the low stool with her head resting against my knees.

"Aunt Jo," she began, "do you think when one promises not to tell a thing one should ever repeat it?"

"Most decidedly not, Suzanne. If you promise not to tell, stick to it, even if the news almost chokes you. For a day or two you will feel irresistibly impelled to disclose the secret which keeps forcing itself to the tip of your tongue; but, if you keep tight hold of your resolution, the temptation will pass, and the next time silence will be easier. Every time one sticks to a determination 't is a battle won toward final conquest."

"Jessica Dole says that, when she promises, she always makes a mental reservation in favor of her mother."

"That is a safe rule to follow—*only*, the girl who is about to make the confidence must be told before she discloses her secret; otherwise, Jessica would be receiving goods under false pretenses."

"Aunt Jo, were you born with views? You always seem so sure."

"That is one of the compensations of traveling westward, Suzanne," I laughed. "What is experience for, if it does not develop convictions? On this subject I *am* in earnest, because I have seen incalculable harm develop from one of those promise-not-to-tell incidents. A young girl whom I knew overheard a confidential talk between two persons; she, under pledge of 'cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die' secrecy, told another girl; the other girl—well—the story traveled, growing bigger and more malignant at every telling, till it almost caused a tragedy."

"Could one girl start all that?" questioned Suzanne, in an awed voice.

"Yes, indeed! A story, once told, is the beginning of an endless chain which grows and stretches until it reaches and influences minds even in remote places. In spite of all the death-dealing tools and inventions which science has provided, the tongue continues to be the most destructive weapon to life and happiness which the world affords."

Suzanne gazed thoughtfully into the fire. "I think, Aunt Jo, that I shall break the chain which was passed on to me a while ago."

"Break it off short! Snap it! Then you will be sure that no harm can come from you, dear.

Who knows what a critical link you might be. Human happiness and misery are so often at the mercy of the spoken word. A voice should have a conscience, as well as a mind, behind it."

"Sometimes, when we girls get together, it makes a tempting clearing-house for criticism of an absent member; but I do try to remember what you have told me: 'If you have anything to say, just imagine that the person about whom you are to say it is present.' That thought has closed my lips so quickly, sometimes, that I have almost bitten my tongue through," confided Suzanne.

With a bound Goldilocks, the yellow Persian kitten who had taken refuge under the couch when Suzanne had entered, landed on the arm of my chair and reached out a dainty paw toward the shining head resting against my knee. Then she gazed up at me out of inscrutable eyes.

"Much as I love you, I shall have to say it, Goldilocks," I began, but I gave the yellow kitten an apologetic hug before I continued: "Don't be a cat-girl, Suzanne. One who purrs to the face, and scratches deeply if she feels at all annoyed."

She twisted around and leaned her arms on my lap. "I know exactly what you mean, Aunt Jo," she began eagerly; "there is a girl in our set upon whom I fairly dread to turn my back. The moment a girl leaves a group of which she is one, she raps the departed good and hard. Oh, I hope that nobody fears to leave *me* behind her!"

"No danger of you, my honey! You never hear petty criticism and pin-sticking—that 's what I call those miserable little digs—at home. Your mother and father are too busy finding the best in life for you, the boys, and themselves to indulge in that sort of thing. You will find that this girl of whom you speak has grown up in an atmosphere of fretful, insistent fault-finding with people and things."

"Aunt Jo, it 's so easy to be good with you—you always commend one's efforts."

"Ah, Suzanne! you begin to realize what appreciation means. Now, dear, never be afraid of commending the good in others. If Billy and Jack do well, praise them heartily. Growing boys are tremendously proud of commendation from a big sister, in spite of their seeming indifference. A bit of honest approbation will oftentimes flood a doubting, faltering soul with courage to push on."

"I 'm so afraid that I may be thought insincere or a flatterer," confessed Suzanne.

"Nonsense! Any intelligent person can discriminate between appreciation and soft-soap. Even the latter has its uses," I added with a laugh. "Remember two things, Suzanne: first, break the chain when it is a hateful, gossipy, or disagreeable one. Never pass it on with 'I think that you should know what So-and-so said about you.' Peter Standish says that the person who passes on an unkind thought is worse than the originator. And he is right."

"That sounds like Peter. Now what is the second thing I am to remember?"

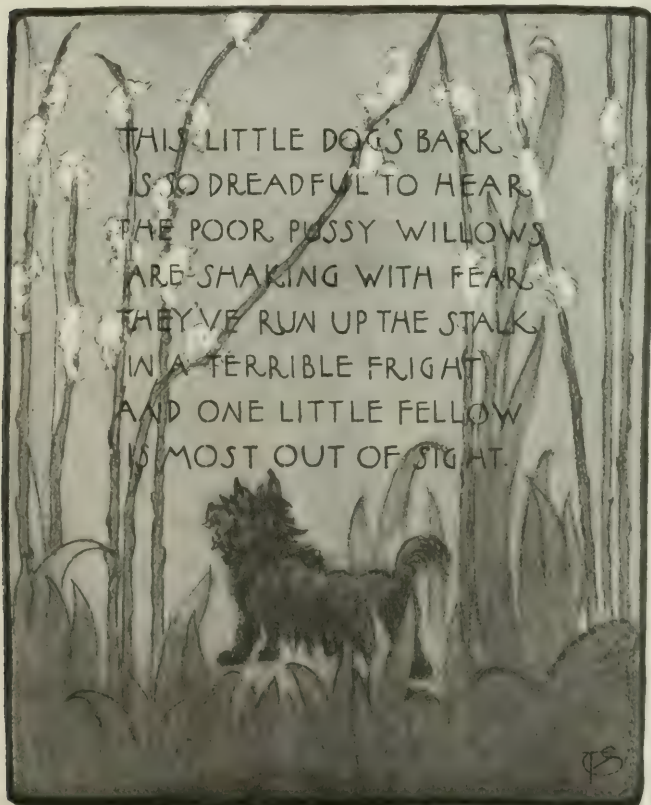
"Pass on the good, cheery, inspiring thoughts!"

"I will!" Suzanne sprang to her feet. "And this is an eminently fitting time to begin. Aunt Jo, Peter says that you are the second most wonderful person in his world! What do you think of that?"

"Did he at the same time happen to mention who the *most* wonderful one is, Suzanne?"

I turned on the light in time to catch the glow which my words brought to the girl's eyes. My act roused the green parrot, who shook his feathers, cocked his head on one side, and chanted sleepily:

"Oh, there 's only one girl in the world for me!"



THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

CHAPTER VII

GOLIATH MAKES ANOTHER DISCOVERY

"Oh, Cynthia!" gasped Joy at length, "is n't it too comical! We're just as far from it all as ever!" And they both fell to chuckling again.

They were certainly no nearer the solution of their problem. For, facing the room once more, the mysterious picture looked forth—the portrait of *two babies!* They were plump, placid babies, aged probably about two or three years, and they appeared precisely alike. It took no great stretch of imagination to conjecture what they were—twins—and evidently brother and sister, for one youngster's dress, being a trifle severe in style, indicated that it was doubtless a boy. These two cherubic infants had both big brown eyes, fat red cheeks, and adorable, fluffy golden curls. They were pictured as sitting, hand in hand, on a green bank under a huge spreading tree and gazing solemnly toward a distant church steeple.

"The poor little things!" cried Cynthia. "Think of them having been turned to the wall all these years! Now what was the sense of it,—two innocent babies like that!" But Joyce had not been listening. All at once she put down her candle on the table and faced her companion.

"I've got it!" she announced. "It came to me all of a sudden. Of course those babies are twins, brother and sister. Any one can tell that! Well, don't you see, one of them—the girl—was our Lovely Lady. The other was her twin brother. It's all as clear as day! The twin brother did something she did n't like, and she turned his picture to the wall. Hers happened to be in the same frame too, but she evidently did n't care about that. Now what have you to say, Cynthia Sprague?"

"You must be right," admitted Cynthia. "I thought we were 'stumped' again when I first saw that picture, but it's been of some use, after all. Do you suppose the miniature was a copy of the same thing?"

"It may have been, or perhaps it was just the brother alone when he was older. We can't tell about that." All this while Cynthia had been standing, candle in one hand and dust-cloth in the other. At that point she put the candlestick on the table and stood gazing intently at the dust-cloth. Presently she spoke:

"Joyce, do you think there would be any harm in my doing something I've longed to do ever since we first entered this house?"

"What in the world is that?" queried Joyce.

"Why, I want to *dust* this place, and clear out of the way some of the dirt and cobwebs! They worry me terribly. And, besides, I'd like to see what this lovely furniture looks like without such quantities of dust all over it."

"Good scheme, Cyn!" cried Joyce, instantly delighted with the new idea. "I'll tell you what! We'll come in here this afternoon with old clothes on, and have a regular *house-cleaning!* It can't hurt anything, I'm sure, for we won't disturb things at all. I'll bring a dust-cloth, too, and an old broom. But let's go and finish our studying now, and get that out of the way. Hurrah for house-cleaning, this afternoon!"

Filled with fresh enthusiasm, the two girls rushed out to hurry through the necessary studies before the anticipated picnic of the afternoon. If their respective mothers had requested them to perform as arduous a task as this at home, they would, without doubt, have been instantly plunged into deep despair. But because they were to execute the work in an old deserted mansion saturated with mystery, no pleasure they could think of was to be compared with it. This thought, however, did not enter the heads of the enthusiastic pair.

SMUGGLING the house-cleaning paraphernalia into the cellar window, unobserved, that afternoon, proved no easy task, for Cynthia had added a whisk-broom and dust-pan to the outfit. Joyce came to the fray with an old broom and a dust-cloth, which latter she thought she had carefully concealed under her sweater. But a long end soon worked out and trailed behind her unnoticed, till Goliath, basking on the veranda steps, spied it. The lure proved too much for him, and he came sporting after it, as friskily as a young kitten, much to Cynthia's delight when she caught sight of him.

"Oh, let him come along!" she urged. "I do love to see him about that old house. He makes it sort of cozier. And, besides, he seems to belong to it, anyway. You know he discovered it first!" And so Goliath followed into the Boarded-up House.

They began on the drawing-room. Before they had been at work very long, they found that they had "let themselves in" for a bigger task than they had dreamed. Added to that, performing it by dim candle-light did not lessen its difficulties, but rather increased them tenfold. First they took turns sweeping, as best they could, with a very ancient and frowsy broom, the thick, moth-eaten carpet. When they had gone over it once, and taken up what seemed like a small cart-load of dust, they found that, after all, there remained almost as much as ever on the floor. Cynthia was for going over it again.

"Oh, never mind it!" sighed Joyce. "My arms ache and so do yours. We'll do it again another time. Now let's dust the furniture and pictures." And they fell to work with whisk-broom and dust-cloths. Half an hour later, exhausted and grimy, they dropped into chairs and surveyed the results. It was, of course, as but a drop in the bucket, in comparison with all the scrubbing and cleaning that was needed. Yet, little as it was, it had already made a vast difference in the aspect of the room. Surface dust at least had been removed, and the fine old furniture gave a hint of its real elegance and polish. Joyce glanced at the big hanging candelabrum and sighed with weariness. Then she suddenly remarked:

"Cynthia, we have the *dimnest* light here with only those two candles! Why not have some more burning?"

"We've only three left," commented Cynthia, practical as ever. "And my pocket-money is getting low again, and you have n't any left, as usual. So we'd better economize till allowance day!"

"Tell you what!" cried Joyce, freshly inspired. "I've the loveliest idea! Don't you just long to know what this room would look like with that big candelabrum going? I do. They say illumination by candle-light is the prettiest in the world. Sometime I'm going to buy enough wax candles to fill that whole chandelier—or candelabrum rather—and we'll light it just once and see how it makes things look. What do you say?"

"It'll cost you a good deal more than a dollar," remarked Cynthia, after an interval spent in calculation. "Of course I'd like to see it too, so I'll go halves with you on the expense. And I don't believe we can get nice *wax* candles, only penny tallow ones. But they'll have to do. I wonder, though, if people could see the light from the street, through any chinks in the boarding?"

"Of course not," said Joyce. "Don't you see how all the inside shutters are closed and the velvet curtains drawn? It is n't possible. Then

we'll have the illumination for a treat, sometime, and I'll begin to save up for it. And I hope before that time we'll have puzzled out this mystery. I'm afraid we are n't very good detectives, or we'd have done it long before this. Sherlock Holmes would have it!"

"But remember," suggested Cynthia, "that those Sherlock Holmes mysteries were usually solved very soon after the thing happened. This took place years and years ago. I reckon we're doing pretty nearly as well as Sherlock, when you come to think of it."

"Perhaps that's so," admitted Joyce, thoughtfully. "It's not so easy after goodness knows how many years! But I'm rested now. Come and see what we can do with the library. I'm wild to look at the Lovely Lady again. I really think I *love* that picture!" And so, in the adjoining room, they stood a while with elevated candles, gazing fascinated at the portrait of the beautiful woman.

"She's lovely, lovely, lovely!" sighed Joyce. "Oh, would n't I like to have known her! And do you notice, Cynthia, she has the same big brown eyes of the girl-baby in the parlor. There is n't a doubt but what that baby was she."

They tore themselves away from the portrait after a time, and commenced digging at the dust and cobwebs of the library. But they were thoroughly tired after their heroic struggles with the drawing-room, and made, on the whole, but little progress. Added to this, their enthusiasm for cleaning-up had waned considerably.

"I guess we'll have to leave this for another day," groaned Joyce at last. "I'm just dog-tired!"

"All right," assented Cynthia, in muffled tones, her head being under a great desk in the corner. "But wait till I finish sweeping out under here. *Mercy!* what's that? I just touched something soft!" On the instant, Joyce was at her side with the candle.

"Why, it's Goliath, as usual!" they both cried, peering in. "Is n't he the greatest for getting into odd corners!" Far at the back sat Goliath, curled into a comfortable ball, his front paws tucked under, and purring loudly.

"He's sitting on an old newspaper, I think," said Joyce. "He always does that if he can find one, because they're warm." Suddenly she snatched at the paper so violently that Goliath went tobogganing off with a protesting "meouw."

"Look, look, Cynthia!" she exclaimed, brushing off a cloud of dust with the whisk-broom, and pointing to the top of the sheet. "Here's one of the biggest discoveries yet!" And Cynthia, following her index-finger, read aloud:

"Tuesday, April 16, 1861."

"Which proves," added Joyce, "that whatever happened here did n't take place much *earlier* than this date, or the paper would n't be here. What we want to do now is hunt around and see if there are any newspapers of a *later* date. Let 's do it this minute!"

Forgetting all their weariness, they seized their candles and scurried through the house, finding an occasional paper tucked away in some odd corner. But upon examination these all proved to be of earlier date than that of their first discovery. And when it was clear that there were no more to be found, Joyce announced:

"Well, I 'm convinced that the Boarded-up House mystery happened not earlier than April 16, 1861, and probably not much later. That 's over forty years ago, for this is 1905! Just think, Cynthia, of this place standing shut up and untouched and lonely all that time! It 's wonderful!" But Cynthia had turned and snatched up Goliath.

"You precious cat!" she crooned to him as he struggled unappreciatively in her embrace. "You 're the best detective of us all! We ought to change your name to 'Sherlock Holmes'!"

CHAPTER VIII

CYNTHIA HAS AN IDEA

"It 's no use, Cynthia. We 've come to the end of our rope!" Joyce sat back on her heels (she had been rummaging through a box of old trash in the kitchen of the Boarded-up House) and wiped her grimy hands on the dust-cloth. Cynthia, perched gingerly on the edge of a rickety chair, nodded a vigorous assent.

"I gave it up long ago. It seemed so hopeless! But you *would* continue to hunt, so I 've trotted around after you and said nothing."

More than three weeks had elapsed since the finding of the old newspaper and the definite settling of the date. Filled with new hope over this find, the girls had continued to search diligently through the neglected old mansion, strong in the belief that they would eventually discover, if not the missing key, at least a trail of clues that would lead to the unraveling of the mystery. The mystery, however, refused to be unraveled. They made no further discoveries, and to-day even Joyce expressed herself as completely discouraged.

"There 's just one thing that seems to me thoroughly foolish," Cynthia continued. "It 's your still insisting that we keep from mentioning the Boarded-up House to outsiders. Good gracious! do you think they 're all going to suspect that

we 're inside here every other day, just because you happen to speak of the place? If you do, it 's your guilty conscience troubling you!" Cynthia had never spoken quite so sharply before. Joyce looked up, a little hurt.

"Why, Cynthia, what 's the matter with you? One would think I 'd been doing something *wrong*, the way you speak!"

"Oh, I did n't mean it that way," explained Cynthia, contritely. "But you don't know how this remembering *not* to speak of it has got on my nerves! I catch myself a dozen times a day just going to make some innocent remark about the B. U. H., generally at the table, and then I stutter and blush, and they all ask what 's the matter, and I don't know what in the world to answer! Now I have an idea. Perhaps it is n't worth anything; mine generally are n't! But it 's this: why would n't it be a good scheme to get the older folks to talk about this house, without letting them know you have any special interest in it—just start the subject, somehow? I notice folks are liable to talk quite a long while on most any subject that 's started. And they might have something to say that would interest us, and we *might* get some new clues. And I don't see any reason why they should connect us with it, specially."

Joyce considered the subject in thoughtful silence.

"I believe you 're right," she said at last. "It is silly to continue keeping so 'mum' about it, and we might get some good new points. Anyhow, in the detective stories Sherlock Holmes did n't keep everything so quiet, but talked to lots of outside people, and got ideas that way, too. Why did n't I think of it before! Good old Cynthia! You had the right notion that time. Come, let 's go home now. I 'm tired and sick of this dusty grubbing, and we 're not going to do any more of it!"

NEXT morning, Joyce came flying over to Cynthia's house half an hour before it was time to start for high school. She seemed rather excited.

"Come on! Do hurry, Cyn! I 've something important to tell you."

"But it is n't time to start yet," objected Cynthia, "and I 'm only half through breakfast. Tell me here!" Joyce gave her a warning glance before turning away.

"Oh, later will do," she remarked casually, and strolled into the sitting-room to chat with Mrs. Sprague. This was sufficient to hasten Cynthia, who usually loved to linger cozily over her morning meal. She had her hat and coat on and her

books under her arm inside of seven minutes, and the two girls hurried away together. They were no sooner down the steps than Joyce began:

"Last night an idea came to me, just through some remark that Father happened to make. It's queer we never thought of it before. There's a real-estate agent over the other side of town—Mr. Wade—and he ought to know everything about all the property here. That's his business. Let's go to his office and ask him about the old house. He does n't know us, and won't suspect anything. We'll go this afternoon, right after school!"

"But there's a meeting of the Sigma Sigma Society this afternoon," Cynthia remonstrated, "and they're going to give that little play. I'm crazy to see it!"

"I don't care!" cried Joyce, recklessly. "What's the meeting of an old literary society compared to an important thing like this?"

"But we could do it just as well to-morrow."

"I can't wait till to-morrow, Cynthia Sprague!" And that settled the matter. They started on their expedition that very afternoon.

It was a bleak, raw day, and they found Mr. Wade huddled over a red-hot stove in his little office. He stared at them in some surprise as they entered.

"Pardon me," began Joyce, always the spokesman, "but I'd like to ask a question or two about the old boarded-up house on Orchard Avenue."

Now the agent was apparently not in the best of spirits that day. Business had been very dull, he had two children at home sick with measles, and he himself was in the first stage of a cold.

"I don't know anything about it!" he mumbled crossly. "It ain't in the market—never was!"

"Oh, we don't want to *buy* it or *rent* it!" explained Joyce, politely. "We only wanted to know if you knew the owners, where they live and what their names are."

"No, I don't!" he reiterated. "Tried to find out once. It's some estate. Business all transacted through lawyers in New York, and they won't open their heads about it. Plain as told me it was none of my affairs!"

"Then perhaps you could tell us—" Joyce was



DO YOU KNOW ANY REAL ESTATE AGENT, FATHER? (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

persisting, when the agent suddenly interrupted, turning on her suspiciously:

"Say, what do you want to know all this for? What's the old place to you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" protested Joyce, alarmed lest their precious secret was about to be discovered. "We only asked out of curiosity. Good day, sir!" And the two girls fled precipitately from the office.

"I was going to ask him the name of the lawyers," Joyce explained as they hurried away. "But it would n't do any good, I guess, if we knew. We could n't go and question *them*, for it's plain from what the agent said that they don't want to talk about it. My, but that man was cranky, was n't he!"

"I think he was sick," said Cynthia. "He looked it. Well, I suppose we will have to give it all up! We've tried just about everything." Suddenly she stopped and stood perfectly still, staring blankly at nothing.

"Come on!" urged Joyce. "Whatever is the matter with you, standing here like that?"

"I was just thinking—seems to me I remember something about the first day we got into the B. U. H. Did n't you tell me that you knew the house was left furnished, that somebody had told your father so?"

"Why, *of course*!" cried Joyce, excited at once. "I certainly did, and what a stupid I am not to have thought of it since!" And she herself stopped short and stood thinking.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Cynthia, impatiently. "Who's stopping and staring now?"

"The trouble is," said Joyce, slowly, "that the whole thing's not very clear in my mind. It was several years ago that I heard Father mention it. Somebody was visiting us when we first moved here, and asked him at the table about the old house next door. And Father said, I think, that he did n't know anything much about it only that it was a queer old place, and once he had met an elderly lady who happened to mention to him that she knew the house was left furnished, just as it was, and she did n't think the owners would ever live in it again. I don't know why I happened to remember this. It must have made quite an impression on me, because I was a good deal younger and did n't generally listen much to what they were saying at table."

"Well," announced Cynthia, still standing where she had stopped, and speaking with great positiveness, "there's only one thing to do now, and that is, find out who the old lady is and hunt her up!"

"I suppose I can find out her name from Father—if he remembers it—but what then? I can't go and scrape up an acquaintance with a perfectly strange person, and she may live in Timbuctoo!" objected Joyce.

"It's the only thing left, the 'last resort' as they say in stories," said Cynthia. "But, of course, you can do as you like. You're engineering this business!"

"Well, I will," conceded Joyce, not very hopefully, however. "I'll lead Father round to talk-

ing of her this evening, if I can, and see what comes of it."

Joyce was as good as her word. That evening when she and her father were seated cozily in the library, she studying, her father smoking and reading his paper, while her mother was temporarily out of the room, she began diplomatically:

"Do you know any real elderly people, Father?" He looked up with a quizzical expression.

"Well, a few. Most people do, don't they? What do you inquire for, Duckie? Thinking of founding an old people's home?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, no! But who are they, Father? Do you mind telling me?"

"Mercy, Joyce! I can't think just now of all of them!" He was deep in a prelection article in his paper, and wanted to return to it.

"But can't you think of just a *few*?" she implored.

"Well, you are the queerest child! There's Grandfather Lambert, and your Great-aunt Lucia, and old Mr. Selby, and—oh, I can't think, Joyce! What's all this foolishness, anyway?" Joyce saw at once that she was getting at nothing very definite along this line, and determined on a bold move.

"Well, who is the old lady that you spoke of once, who, you said, knew something about that queer old boarded-up house next door?"

"Now why in the world did n't you say so at once, without first making me go through the whole list of my elderly acquaintances?" he laughed. "That was your Great-aunt Lucia."

"*What!*" Joyce almost shouted in her astonishment.

"Why, certainly! What's queer about that? She used to live in New York City, and knew all the best families for miles around. When we first moved here, next to that ramshackle old place, I remember her telling me she'd known the people who used to live there."

"Who were they?" demanded Joyce, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't remember their name! I don't know that she ever mentioned it. She only said she knew them, and they'd gone away rather suddenly and left their house all furnished and never came back. Now *do* let me finish my paper in peace, Duckie dear!"

Joyce said no more, and turned again to her studies; but her brain was in a whirl, and she could not concentrate her thoughts on her work. *Great-aunt Lucia!*—of all people! And here she had been wondering how she could ever get to know some stranger well enough to put her questions. But, for that matter, there were difficulties in the way of even questioning Great-aunt Lucia.

She was a very old lady, a confirmed invalid, who lived in Poughkeepsie. For many years she had not left her home, and the family seldom saw her; but her father paid a visit to the old lady once in a while when he was in that vicinity.

Joyce then fell to planning how she could get into communication with this Great-aunt Lucia. She could n't write her inquiries,—that certainly would never do! If she could only visit her and get her to talk about it! But Joyce had never visited this relative in her life, had never particularly wanted to, and it would appear strange to seem suddenly so anxious to see the old lady. This, however, was obviously the only solution, and she began to wonder how it could be arranged. Very prudently, she waited till her father had finished his pipe and laid aside his paper. Then she commenced afresh, but casually, as though the idea had just entered her mind:

"Great-aunt Lucia must be a very interesting old lady, Father!"

"She is, she certainly is! I was always very fond of her. My! how she can talk, and the stories she can tell about old times!" said Mr. Kenway, waxing enthusiastic.

"Oh, I wish I could visit her!" exclaimed Joyce.

"Well, you certainly may, if you really want to. I've always wanted her to see you since you've grown so, and I've proposed a number of times that you go with me on the trip. But you've always refused to be separated from your precious Cynthia, and I could n't think of inflicting two youngsters on her." Joyce remembered

now, with a good deal of self-reproach, how many times she had begged off from accompanying her father. It had not seemed very interesting then, and, as he had said, she did not want to leave Cynthia, even for two or three days. She realized now that she had not only been a little selfish about it, but had plainly missed a golden opportunity.

"Oh, Father," she cried in real contrition, "I was mean to refuse you! I did n't realize that you wanted me to go. I thought you only did it to give me a good time, and, somehow, it did n't seem like a good time—then! When are you going again? And won't you take me?"

"I have n't been there in two years," he mused. "I ought to go again soon. The old lady may not live very long, she's so feeble. Let's see! Suppose we make it the week-end before election. I'll write to her to-morrow that we're all coming, you and Mother and I."

"Oh, but, Father!" exclaimed Joyce. "Could n't we go sooner? That's nearly a month off!"

"Best I can do, Duckie dear! I simply can't get away before. What's your hurry, anyway? First you won't be hired to go and see her, then you want to rush off and do it at once! What a funny little daughter it is!" He kissed her laughingly, as she bade him good night.

But Joyce slept little that night. She was wild for morning to come so that she could tell Cynthia, and wilder with impatience to think of the long dragging month ahead before the visit to Great-aunt Lucia, and the solution of the mystery.

THE BOARDED UP HOUSE



SCOTT'S MAX. CO. IN THE PARKS



THE CONQUEST OF THE PACIFIC.—PAINTED BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

TITANIA'S PLAYGROUND

A GLIMPSE OF THE PANAMA EXPOSITION

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

ONCE upon a time, when the world was younger by six centuries than it is to-day, there lived a troubadour in old Provence who sang of Huonet of Bordeaux, a tiny babe carried away to Fairyland and kept there through seven times seven moons. Then Titania, queen of all the fays, took pity on the childless parents back in mortal-land and wafted them to her realm, where they regained their daughter. "Then the magic gates closed forever," the singer continues, "and never again shall human eyes behold Titania's Playground."

But that old-time bard was mistaken, for thousands of people to-day are seeing Titania's Playground. On the California coast it is to be found, where a golden arm of shore-line reaches down to meet the Golden Gate; and men speak of it as the Panama-Pacific Exposition. But they did n't name it aright. I know, for I have seen it myself.

I have seen it in the blazing light of noon, when the sun hung a sheening yellow globe in a turquoise sky, painting with magical splendor the burnt orange and terra-cotta and soft sienna brown of roof and dome, while out beyond the Marina the sea gleamed green as jade. And I have seen it by night, with the three billion candle-power scintillator enveloping palace and fountain and spire in an aurora borealis, making the Tower of Jewels flash and sparkle as did those of the magic realm seen long ago by Aladdin.

Imagine a sweep of sea-girt land almost three miles long by one half mile in width, with a Tower of Jewels rising grandly in the center and looking down on an Avenue of Palms. Old ivory this building is tint, as are all those within the

grounds, and its pedestal is crowned by a magnificent sculptured piece, "The Winning of the West," in which priest, soldier, philosopher, and adventurer unite. Each is portrayed with hope in his eyes, and courage and purpose in his face, as had those men who braved desert and mountain and sea and made a blooming region out of a wild sand-dune. Along cornice and terrace, and up and down the slender pillars that make this structure one of wondrous grace, are specially cut prisms, a hundred and five thousand in all, each mounted in its own setting, and hanging pendant to swing with the wind. Every breeze sweeping in from the Pacific, every gust that vibrates the palm-leaves, sways these jewels to catch the rays of light, whether they be of the sun by day, or of scintillator, stars, and moon by night, and they flash and gleam and sparkle, a rainbow dance on a base of ivory.

Beyond the tower on either side and behind it, in the background, are the exhibit buildings, in style of architecture embodying old-world types and new. The visitor from the Ottoman land can look at them and imagine his Bosphorus not far away, while the stranger from France, Spain, and Italy will find much to remind him of home. Even Pericles, and Cæsar, and the rest of those old Greeks and Romans, could they stroll along the Avenue of Palms, would recognize pedestals and domes much used in their day, while folk of the Renaissance period would smile to see familiar vaulted roofs. Yet all is harmonious. Each style of architecture has been modified to attune to some other style, and, although representatives of different climes and different ages, they meet like



THE TOWER OF JEWELS REFLECTED IN ONE OF THE POOLS IN THE SOUTH GARDEN



THE ARCH OF THE RISING SUN IN THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.



THE ARCH OF THE SETTING SUN IN THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.



PALACE OF EDUCATION, ACROSS THE LAGOON FROM THE PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.



PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS FROM THE LAGOON.

men from far quarters of the globe, in a spirit of brotherhood.

East of the Tower of Jewels is the Manufacturers' Palace, where the progress of the world in manufacturing is to be seen in more than four thousand exhibits. Are you interested in knowing just how our soft velvet carpets grew out of the grass-weaving of the tribes of long ago, or how the heating systems of to-day evolved from the camp-fires of centuries past? You can find out in the Manufacturers' Palace. Or do clocks and watches fascinate you—those of all sizes and kinds, from the first crude ones known, to such as you see to-day; and do you still love toys because of the good old times when you sat on the nursery floor and built whole cities out of blocks? Then the place for you is in the Palace of Varied Industries. If you happen to be a girl, and pretty clothes delight you, you will want to revel among the laces, hats, furs, and silks, to see just how Marie Antoinette knotted her fichu in the Trianon days, to examine the kinds of bodices worn by Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Russia.

like Fairyland? It is Fairyland, too, with its blossoms of many colors, its fountains and statues, and all the things fairies are said to love. Lions guard the entrance, and beyond is the fountain of "Beauty and the Beast," while flower-girls stand in niches, and a fairy looks down on them from the Italian Tower. Here, too, is a fine equestrian statue, "The Pioneer," which represents a dream-eyed adventurer leaving the Atlantic for the then unknown Pacific coast. A brave figure he is, and he has many companions among the sculptured pieces at the Exposition. For the spirit of this great fair, the basic idea that breathes from every statue and mural painting, is of mighty achievement, the conquest of the Pacific, the uniting of two oceans by an effort of man, a city rising triumphant out of her devastation, rebuilding gloriously upon her ashes instead of brooding like a bird with drooping wings over a ruined nest.

Still further east is the Machinery Palace, and behind it to the south are the Mines and Metallurgy Palace and the Transportation Building.

Did you ever play miner, you boys? Did you



GROUP OF JAPANESE, PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF "JAPAN THE BEAUTIFUL." THE CHILDREN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE FAMOUS DANCERS

These, too, you will find in the Palace of Varied Industries, and to reach this wonderful array you go just east of the Manufacturers' Palace across the Court of Flowers.

The Court of Flowers! Does n't that sound

ever make believe that you worked down deep, deep, deep in the earth, almost as far as China, with a pick to dig out the ore, and a little lamp on a little cap to break the gloom and blackness of the underground? If so, you ought to see the



THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE AVENUE OF PALMS.

model mines in the Mines and Metallurgy Building. I almost shouted with delight when I came upon them, and I was never a boy. You can watch the gold-seeker taking out the precious metal, the coal-worker getting fuel for your winter fire, or the copper- and iron-miner robbing Mother Earth of metals that are to enrich and develop the world's manufacturing. Some very famous mines are reproduced here, and wonderfully interesting they are. And there is one thing you'll find out if you did n't know it before. Miners don't work with a mule and pick and candle in these days. Electricity has done away with that, so much so, that if jolly Peter, in Bechstein's old story of "The Miner and his Gold" could step among these twentieth-century workers, he would n't recognize a single one of his brethren. There is a wonderful steel exhibit here, also, one that shows every step in steel-working from the time the ore comes from the ground until it becomes a railroad-tie or a knife-blade or a piece of furniture. And, if you girls think steel and iron are just dry uninteresting things, you ought to go to this Palace and change your mind. It is like reading stories from the Arabian Nights.

West of the Tower of Jewels is the Liberal Arts Palace, where are displayed instruments,

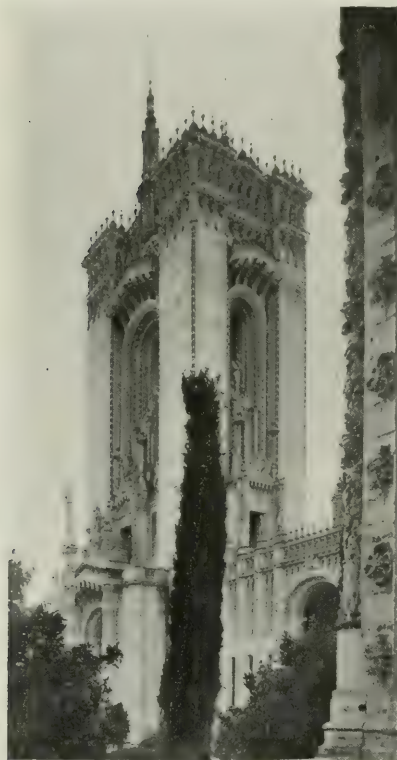
and machines, and appliances that have a big part in our lives to-day. The many stages of printing, engraving, type-writing, the development of photography, musical instruments, and many, many other things fascinate one here until he forgets that there are other things just as fascinating in other buildings. They are from the old world and the new, the Orient and the West, these exhibits in the Liberal Arts Palace, and none of them is more wonderful than that of China. Telescopes! I did n't know there were so many. They are of all sorts and kinds, those for seeing stars far distant, as well as for studying the ones nearer our world, and to get among them makes you wonder how it happens that every person in the Flowery Kingdom is n't an astronomer.

Back of the Liberal Arts Palace, beyond the Venetian Court, is the Palace of Agriculture, where model farming from all quarters of the globe is shown. The hand-planter of China rubs elbows with the highly advanced husbandman of Argentina, and, comparing what they accomplish in fruitage of soil, one realizes that each people and each region has its individual method of achievement, and for that people and that region its own method is good.

West of the Liberal Arts Palace is the lovely Court of Palms, where among trees of the tropics

are several splendid statues. One of these is an equestrian figure, "The End of the Trail," (the companion piece of "The Pioneer," in the Court of Flowers) which shows the rider at the end of his journey, flushed with victory after braving hardships and perils along the way.

Now we come to the building that you, perhaps,



TOWER IN THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE.

have helped to fill, the building where you may find something you have made or done, for it is in the Palace of Education that the school exhibits of the world are to be seen. There are models of open-air schools, relief-maps of all kinds, baskets, hats, and rugs woven by children of Holland, Argentina, China, France, and the Philippines, and a hundred other types of hand-work done in schools far and wide. To feel that all these young folk work and study as we do,

that they have interests and industries like ours, makes them seem very close and not at all like strangers, but a good sort of comrades and play-fellows, if not exactly brothers.

Back of the Education Palace, and separated from it by the Sunset Court, is the Food Products Palace, where one sees the development and preparation of foods. Here is shown a ninety-barrel mill in operation, tea growing and curing in China, the preparation of chocolate and cheese, and many, many other food stuffs, and great indeed is the skill and intricate the processes that go into getting ready for market the things we eat.

Now we are going to Fairyland—real true Fairyland, for across the Avenue of Palms and in front of the Palace of Education is the splendid Horticultural Palace, the most ornate in architecture on the grounds. Wreaths and garlands, beautifully carved, embellish it on every side. Flower urns and vases stand in numerous niches along its creamy façade, and crowning all is a great central dome, almost two hundred feet high, surrounded by eight smaller domes and half-domes, each softly stenciled in a lattice of green. A similar building stands on the shores of the Bosphorus; where the Mosque of Ahmed the First looks out on the Golden Horn. But it is no more truly oriental, in form and outline, no more suggestive of the spirit of the East, of the repose and quiet dreaminess of Oriental gardens, than is this Horticultural Palace by the western sea.

And within, what wonders, what marvels are there! Almost every nation on the globe is represented, almost every state of the union. Here bloom flowers of the north and flowers of the south in blazing, odorous array. Holland has sixty thousand bulbs, of her rarest, loveliest sorts. Imagine the fragrant patch of rainbow they make in that haunt of flowers.

The tulip-garden is but one of the marvels of the Horticultural Palace. Trees, which have grown to great size in far-off parts of the world have been transplanted here. A delightful Japanese garden, soil and all, that came from across the sea, makes one think he is somewhere near Tokio, and there are roses, roses, roses—from England, France, Ireland, and America. Somebody whispered the other day that one of our plant-wizards has perfected a black rose which will soon break into bloom. All the flowers you ever saw, or heard of, or dreamed of are there in fragrant, colorful quantity.

West of the Education Palace stands a beautiful semi-circular structure, with a domed rotunda and stately colonnades facing a shimmering lagoon. Trees and shrubbery embower it, and

flowered terraces lead down to the water, where mosses and vines at the land edge trail out almost to where white swans float. This is the Palace of Fine Arts, and is a fitting home for the treasures it contains. Beautiful is the sculpture that adorns its exterior. A mural painting in the rotunda typifies the "Four Golds of California"—wheat, metal, citrus fruits, and poppies, and a "Priestess of Culture" watches like a guardian over all. Here are gathered treasures from all

step into the foreign buildings and see life as it is lived and scenery such as is found in the country he wishes to visit. Canada shows her upland and valley regions, the animals, both wild and domestic, the fruit and vegetable products, cultivated and uncultivated, that abound in each. Buffalo and elk and bear roaming the wild mountain places, beavers building their villages along a picturesque river, and cattle grazing in the fertile lowlands, show at a glance the varied scenery and



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION SHOWING THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION

over the world. Japan, from her fine-art works, has sent screen and panel paintings, wrought with tracery delicate as a spider's web and in colors soft as twilight tints. Forty-seven modern painters display the finest fruit of their genius, while from the galleries of Europe have been brought works of the old masters, some of the glorious color achievements of immortal men of France, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries. And that is not all. There are tapestries, jewelry, mosaics, carvings, laces, and rugs, many of them worth the price of a king's ransom, all exquisitely wrought, all beautiful to behold.

And if one wants a trip to Holland, or China, or New Zealand, or Sweden, or to some other far corner of the earth, without having to take it on a ship and perhaps be so seasick he wishes boats had never been heard of or oceans made, he can

wonderful resources of this dominion of the North. Scandinavia emphasizes her seafaring, her splendid history of navigation, with ships of every size and kind from the barks of the vikings to present-day liners. Turkey and China, New Zealand, Denmark, and other countries have done their part in the buildings along the Avenue of Nations, so that to go into the foreign section is like taking a trip around the world.

And then, the haunt of all the fairies, the meeting-place of fays! That is in the Court of the Universe, the great central part of the exposition, which bears the same relation to the various courts as does the Tower of Jewels to the buildings. Here, on sculptured arches are portrayed "The Nations of the East," and "The Nations of the West," "The Rising and the Setting Sun," "The Elements" and "The Stars," for there

is no warfare here, but all the world meets in brotherhood. Crowning the Arch of the Setting Sun is one of the most sympathetic, exquisite pieces of art work in the exposition, "The Conquest of the Pacific," a mural painting by Frank Vincent Du Mond. It shows an adventurer beside his team of oxen, reaching the shores he has braved so much to find. Father Junipero Serra, the gentle padre who was California's mightiest pioneer, Bret Harte, who sang her early-day songs, and told her stories, Grizzly Adams, dauntless trapper and hunter, and William Keith, the famous painter, march beside him, each a heroic figure in the building of the west.

Then, beside the color, beside the matchless beauty of the buildings, beside the tree-embowered fountains, and lagoons, and sculptured courts, beside the fascination of the exhibits in the palaces, and state and national houses, there is another feature of this great play-place you are sure to want to see, something that, whether one is ten or seventy-five, will make life seem one gay holiday. That is the Zone. There you may take a trip from London to the South Pole without having your nose frost-bitten or staying away from home for a year and a day. You may go into the "Camp of the Forty-Niner" and see the cabins in which Mark Twain, and Marshall, the discoverer of gold, lived in the old historic days. You can sail through the Panama Canal, step into Davy Jones's Locker, smell sandalwood and feel the lure of the Orient in Japan the Beautiful, see peasants jig in an Irish Village, visit an Alligator Farm, or step back three hundred years into quaint Old Nuremberg. I did n't see Hans Sachs and the cobblers, but I did n't stay long. Otherwise I should have come face to face with him and Veit Pognner and all the other bards.

And there on the Zone you will find a delight of delights in Toyland Grown Up. I saw gray-headed men and women who were boys and girls sixty years ago, and boys and girls of to-day all laughing as if it were the very best picnic they had ever attended. Every toy you had when you were three or four is here grown to manhood. The tin soldiers you knew once upon a time have become real giants twenty feet high. Old Mother Hubbard's Dog is a monstrous fellow. The furniture in the Giant's Kitchen is so big it took forty men to build the arm of a chair, while the Shoe of the Old Woman, if put to sea, would make a good-sized boat. The Beanstalk Jack climbed to Giant Land is there. Everything in Toyland is on a huge scale, big enough to satisfy the biggest giant—everything but the night watchman. He is only four feet high.

"Made of wood, or clay, or tin?" you ask.

No indeed! He is made of none of those things. He is a real live person, as live as you are, and his name is Major Simon. Major Simon is a Boer, who, when the European war broke out, was touring France with a company of Lilliputians. Of course he did n't want to stay there at such a time, so he thought of the Toyland man, with whom he had once traveled, and came to the Exposition. But when he got here, there was no place for him. Every position in Toyland was taken, and what was he to do? When one is only four feet high, he can't get out and work at just anything, and Major Simon had to eat. Then a happy thought came to somebody. Toyland had no night-watchman. So the little major was given the position, and, although he guards twenty-foot soldiers and a town-pump that towers a hundred and fifty feet high, he is the only tiny creature about the place.

There are so many things on the Zone I can't name them all, much less tell about them. There are Samoan, Hawaiian, and Maori villages where natives of those islands sing the songs, play the games, and dance the dances of their land. In the Maori village is a carved house brought from New Zealand—the first time in history that the government has permitted such a curio to leave the country. Yellowstone Park is on the Zone, with geysers, Old Faithful and all the rest of the famous ones, sending their streams into mid-air as in the strange park of the Rockies.

These are a few of the interesting things to be seen at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. There are hundreds—yes, thousands—of others, varying from airships, African diamond exhibits, birds' eggs from all parts of the world, and a soap palace that sends out bubbles, to electrical toys, machines, and lights of all kinds, an aëroscope whose car carries one over three hundred feet high, and so many, many others that it takes weeks to see them all.

So don't you think, as I do, that this Exposition should have been named Titania's Playground? Can't you shut your eyes and see the Fairy Queen and all her fays fitting along the Avenue of Palms by night, flashing in the fountain spray and dancing in the iridescence of the jeweled tower? Can't you imagine Oberon and his elves meeting that entire bright array by the "Fountain of Beauty and the Beast" in the Court of Flowers? Can't you hear them uniting in a mad, merry revel where the Nations of the East and West meet in the Court of the Universe, making music such as only elf-folk can make, while stars peep down through the palm-trees, crickets chirp along the lagoons, and out beyond the Marina the sea sings its weird night song?

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XIII

AN UNEXPECTED SITUATION

THE instant the woman beside me announced that she was the wife of Jasper Pilgrim, I saw that we had been tricked, and this revelation, added to the sudden appearance of the two men, struck me dumb with surprise. Then, recollecting that neither Bee nor Mark had, so far as I then knew, ever seen the pair before, I was about to shout a warning. But there was no need. Bee had taken the alarm, and with a cry of fear, had spurred her horse and galloped rapidly down the road.

Almost at the same moment Jasper Pilgrim's companion, urging his animal to a rapid gait, swerved past Mark and took after her. Mark, with a shout of anger, started in pursuit, and the Quaker followed less recklessly.

All this had taken but a moment, and I sat there watching as if I had naught to do with it, so complete was my astonishment. Then I came to my senses and lifted the reins, digging my heel into my beast to start him off; but, though he stirred restlessly, he would not go forward.

"Go on!" I cried, slapping his side with my free hand again and again; but he held his ground, tossing his head nervously.

"Nay, deary," came the voice of Mrs. Pilgrim, "he 'll not budge till I give the word. So 't is useless to beat him."

"Then make him start!" I cried, exasperated at the delay, for already those in front of us were growing smaller in the distance, and I saw that a bend in the road would soon hide them from me.

"I will an ye give me that ring," she said, half defiantly.

"That ring!" I echoed; "what have you to do with the ring?"

"'T is the one you stole from my wedded husband," she replied, not having the hardihood to meet my eyes, which, I doubt not, were blazing with anger.

"Stole!" I repeated; "you know I never stole a ring from any one!"

"Ah, deary," she whimpered, "I was sure you did naught of the kind, but Jasper vowed ye had it, and what can I do but obey him? Did I not promise it in the church?"

"How comes it, then, that I find you in one house and your husband in another?" I asked, though I had slight interest in the matter, not seeing how the knowledge would serve me.

"We live in the cottage while the other house is rented to a foreign gentleman," she explained, readily enough.

"I would that I had known that an hour ago," I told her plainly; "I little thought that a woman who seemed so kindly and honest would lend herself to such a scurvy trick. You have deceived us."

"Nay, Missy, I am an honest woman," she insisted, with a show of resentment.

"Then tell the horse to go on," I demanded, beginning again to urge the beast.

"The minute you give me the ring," she returned stubbornly.

"But I have it not," I cried, wildly belaboring the animal in my frantic efforts to make him go, for those ahead had disappeared around the bend in the road, and I was half mad with anxiety to know what was happening.

"He said ye had it," Mrs. Pilgrim maintained stubbornly.

"He was mistaken," I said, for all answer. "So we might as well be going on as to stand here."

"Don't tell me ye have n't the ring, Missy," she pleaded, with deep concern in her voice; "don't say ye have n't got it."

"But I *do* say it!" I retorted. "Think you I'd risk having it stolen a second time?"

"Then we must be goin' on," she said sadly.

"It goes again' me, but we must be goin' on."

"Hurry then," I urged, for I was in a fever to start.

Mrs. Pilgrim rode her horse close to mine, and, seizing my rein near to the bit, spoke to the animal. Like a lamb it moved forward at a brisk walk, but this was not a pace to suit me in the circumstances.

"We must go faster, Mrs. Pilgrim," I exclaimed. "I must see what has happened to Madam Travers. Hurry now!"

"Nay, we 'll get there fast enough," she answered, and by this we were come to the by-path out of which her husband had appeared. Not till we arrived here did I have a thought that the woman's purpose was other than to obtain the

ring by hook or by crook. Now, however, instead of going straight on, we turned sharp to the right into a grass-grown road which was little more than a lane through the woods.

"Where are you taking me?" I demanded, dragging at the rein I held, which brought the horse to a halt.

"'T is this way we're to go," she answered; and then, half sobbing, "oh, Missy, don't blame me for it. 'T is his orders—and I promised to obey."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled at her manner, for she seemed as reluctant as I to go forward with the business.

"I was ordered to get the ring," she replied, "and, failing that, to take you to a place I know of. 'T is a clean, wholesome house, that I'll promise ye, and you'll be as comfortable as in your own home, I doubt not." She said this last with a half-hopeful smile of conciliation.

"I will not go," I answered angrily.

"Don't say that," she begged sorrowfully; "'t will do no good to fight, for go you must," and she spoke to my horse again, at which it ambled on.

For a few moments there was silence between us while I puzzled to get at the woman's purpose in separating me from the others.

I doubted not her power to do this, for I was no match for her if it came to a physical struggle of any kind, and, moreover, I had no mind for such an encounter. I was not afraid. I could not lose the ring because Mark had it, and, though I might be caused a few hours of discomfort and some anxiety on Bee's account, I thought that at the worst I would but be detained until Pilgrim returned and I convinced him that I did not possess the trinket he sought so persistently.

But Mrs. Pilgrim herself seemed not to like the business any better than I, for, as we rode along, she repeated to herself again and again under her breath, "I promised at church to

obey," and was in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

In reality, I was not thinking of her or of myself. How Bee and the boy fared was much more important, and I worried myself into a



"WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? I DEMANDED."

fever of anxiety, wondering what might be the outcome of the race I had seen started. When they had disappeared, their positions were unchanged except that Jasper Pilgrim had been somewhat distanced. But, though I felt sure that, man to man, Mark could easily protect Bee from the scoundrel who followed her, any accident might end the matter seriously. The roads were somewhat rough for such fast riding, and, should either Bee's or Mark's horse fall, the result might be disastrous.

Yet there was naught that I could do but say a little prayer in my heart for their safety.

Mrs. Pilgrim still held the rein of my horse,

and together we picked our way through the forest for two good hours. The country through which we passed was new to me, and the lane twisted here and there till I could not have told whether we were faring toward Norristown or Germantown. We saw but one person on the way, and that but a boy herding two forlorn cows, which ran into the woods at sight of us, the boy following with many vain shouts at them to stop.

Presently upon our right we came upon a broad cleared stretch of perhaps a hundred acres, divided into pasture and tillage, and looking prosperous enough, though by no means a rich estate.

Set in a clump of maples was a sizeable house with a low second story, containing, as I found later, an attic and two small rooms. Several barns and outbuildings surrounded it, and altogether it had the appearance of a well-cared-for farm inhabited by thrifty people.

"T is there we stop," Mrs. Pilgrim announced, when we came in sight of the place.

"Whose house is it?" I asked.

"It belongs to that Dutchwoman, Mrs. Schneider," she replied impatiently. "She 's one I can't abide, and that 's a fact."

"I have no wish to stop with her," I said irritably, for the whole proceeding made me cross, and Mrs. Pilgrim's half-reluctant and yet determined way of going through with the affair was harder to bear than if she had been straightforwardly plotting with her husband. It seemed to me that she was trying to retain her honest reputation while helping all she could in a most dishonorable transaction.

"Nay, 't is not a place you 'd be wishful to stop at, that I know," said Mrs. Pilgrim, in answer to my last remark. "She 's not one I 'd trust with a shilling, though there 's some say she 's as honest as the day is long."

I thought this came with a very bad grace from her, but it would serve no good purpose to point it out to her, so I held my peace.

We had been approaching the house from one side, and came at length to a highroad that ran before it; then, entering a short driveway, we stopped before the step, which had old-fashioned settles on either side.

A dog barking furiously served to make our arrival known, for we had scarce halted our horses when a pink-faced German woman appeared. She greeted us in her native language, of which I knew not a word, and seemed not at all surprised at our arrival, but rather as if she had expected us.

She called loudly in the direction of one of the

barns, and a boy came promptly to take the animals. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pilgrim, much to my surprise, was talking volubly to Mrs. Schneider in her own language.

We were led into the house, which for cleanliness would have done credit to Mrs. Mummer herself, and I sat down on a chair that the German woman, with a gesture of invitation, had pointed to. She smiled pleasantly at me, and from her face I should have said no more honest woman lived in the land; but then I should have thought the same of Mrs. Pilgrim. I did not smile in return, for I was in no mood to seem pleased with this business that she was ready to lend a hand to.

I sat as still as I was able, caring naught what happened so long as the time would go by and bring at last Jasper Pilgrim or his doubtful companion. I had never thought to want to see either of these men, but I now knew I should be kept a prisoner till they appeared, and from them would come my first news of what had happened to Bee and little Jack.

Whilst I waited, dinner was prepared by Mrs. Schneider and two stout girls whom I judged to be her daughters. Mine was served on a small stand apart, which consideration I took to be a mark of respect.

At the ringing of a huge bell outside, two farm-hands came in, and all sat down to their dinner, paying little heed to me, though I was sure that both Mrs. Schneider and Mrs. Pilgrim were well aware of my every action, which I put down to their fear that I might attempt to escape.

They were in the midst of the meal when the dog began to bark again, and one of the men went out at once by the yard door. Then I heard the sound of some one talking querulously, and a moment later Jasper Pilgrim entered alone.

He was dusty and rather disheveled, but, as his eye lit upon me, it brightened vindictively, and his twisted, wrinkled smile broadened on his evil face. At his entrance I rose and went toward him.

"Did you catch them?" I cried, in great eagerness.

"Nay, but we 've got thee!" he snarled in answer.

For the moment I cared for naught else but the glad news that Bee was safe. By this time, wherever the other man was, I was quite sure my dear ones were well protected at Denewood.

"So you did n't catch them!" I exclaimed, making no effort to hide my smiles. Then, at his expression of anger and chagrin, I laughed outright, so happy in the thought of Bee's escape

that I considered not at all the fact that this old man still had me in his power.

"Where is that ring?" he demanded.

"I have it not," I answered, but added foolishly, "though, had I it, I would never give it up to you."

Still with his sinister grin on his face, his eyes narrowed till they were mere slits under his heavy brows.

"Would thee not?" he snapped. "I tell thee, girl, thee shall not leave this house until I have the ring."

"I cannot give it to you," I replied steadily, but I confess the man's threat alarmed me for the first time.

He turned from me, and, speaking rapidly in German, addressed Mrs. Schneider. She listened, shaking her head as if unwilling, and glancing at me as before; then, coming to my side, she smiled pleasantly, and motioned me toward a door at the rear of the room.

Taking this as an invitation to accompany her, I shook my head vigorously.

"Tell the woman I will not go with her," I said to the Quaker.

"Ah, deary!" cried Mrs. Pilgrim, much distressed as I could plainly see; "go with her. If not, they 'll make ye. Ye 'd better go peaceable—indeed ye had!"

"What does it all mean?" I demanded, a little bewildered.

"It means thee stays here till I have the ring," exclaimed Jasper Pilgrim, in a harsh, high-pitched voice of anger. "Does thee understand?"

"But how can I give what I have not?" I repeated.

Again he addressed Mrs. Schneider, and once more she motioned toward the door.

"Go with her, deary," Mrs. Pilgrim urged again plaintively; "can't ye see you 're bound to go?"

I looked about, and, counting six people against me, saw naught for it but to follow the German woman. She took me to the door, which, upon being opened, revealed a flight of stairs. Up this she motioned me to lead the way, while she followed, lifting an iron key hanging from a hook in the jamb.

At the top, two doors, side by side, faced me. One of these the woman opened and I entered.

It was a small room, clean enough, but, except for a bed, a stool, and a chair, empty of furniture. At one end was a window toward which I walked as I went in.

Behind me I heard the door close and the key turn in the lock.

I was a prisoner!

CHAPTER XIV

AN ANCIENT ENEMY

THERE is little to tell of the days that followed. My first impulse was to find some way of escape; but the stout iron bars at the window made flight by that route impossible. The door, though it fitted none too well and left a wide crack between it and the floor, was of solid oak, not to be broken down by any effort of mine.

The time passed drearily enough, but I must say for Mrs. Schneider and her daughters that they treated me with consideration, and, though they could not talk to me, showed by every gesture a certain friendliness and a regret at the part they were playing. I had no fear of bodily harm, for I felt quite sure that I could count upon the German woman to see that no hurt befell me.

One thing I had to be thankful for; Jasper Pilgrim and his wife departed at once, and I was left alone with Mrs. Schneider and her daughters.

At last, one morning, the door opened and in stepped the man I had seen with Jasper Pilgrim, followed by Mrs. Schneider, who, though she knew no word of what followed, gave me courage by her mere presence.

For the first time I had a really good look at this stranger's face, and, now that I saw him more closely, my memory was stirred. Then, like a flash, I remembered who he was, though it was nigh ten years since I had first met him.

"You are Captain Blundell!" I cried, leaping to my feet.

"At your service," he sneered, with a mocking bow; "though 't is not the name I go by in these parts," he added.

I now understood why Bee had cried out at the sight of him upon the road and had set spurs to her horse to be rid of him. She held this man to be her evil genius, though in the past she had always thwarted him. He had been a captain in the British army when we first knew him, and, had it not been for Bee, would have burned Dene-wood over our heads.

"What do you want with me?" I demanded, though I guessed what his errand was.

"Nay, be not so short with a man who would do you a service," he answered, with a twisted smile upon his lips, as if it irked him to be pleasant.

"Come to the point!" I retorted angrily, for I liked not the man nor his manner toward me.

"As you will," he replied. "I 'm looking for a ring—a peculiar ring that—"

"Aye, your partner, Jasper Pilgrim, is after the same," I interrupted. "He has not found it yet."

"As to a partnership," he replied evenly, "I

think that is well-nigh dissolved. I can scarce use him further. But touching the matter of a certain ring—"

"You but waste your time coming to me for it!" I burst out. "I have it not."

"Of that I am well assured," he said, still keeping up his air of lightness; "but it is in my mind that you know where it is."

"Mayhap — or mayhap not," I answered. "At any rate, I shall not tell you aught of it."

"Oh, will you not?" he growled, all pretense gone from his bearing. "Will you not, indeed! Not for your freedom?"

"I want it not at your hands, Captain Blundell," I replied. "I would rather stay here."

He shrugged his shoulders, his lips curling in a smile of scorn.

"Very well. You may stay, an the place pleases you. Nevertheless, you will tell me where the ring is!" he went on insolently.

"Never!" I cried.

"Not for the sake of the boy?" he asked.

"What boy?" I demanded.

"The one with Mistress Beatrice Travers," he replied, drawing the name. "I know not what he is called, but I can lay hands on him an I want to."

"Nay, you can't fright me that way," I laughed back. "You would not dare to enter Denewood. They'd whip you off the place."

He scowled darkly, but still kept up the semblance of a mocking mirth.

"They scarce guard the house at night," he remarked, "and it is easy of entrance, if one but knows the way."

"You would n't face John Travers, night or day," I taunted him.

"If there was need, I might," he answered; "but, as he and his lady are on their way to Delaware to look for you, I shall not hesitate."

"To Delaware!" I murmured in astonishment. "Looking for me?"

"Aye," he replied, with an evil smile. "They were somewhat exercised over your disappearance, and, having searched the country about



"NAY, BE NOT SO SHORT WITH A MAN WHO WOULD DO YOU A SERVICE," HE ANSWERED.

here without success, they were quite ready to start on a wild-goose chase to Delaware. You may be interested to learn that I caused the rumor to be put about that you had been seen faring that way." He ended with a laugh, occasioned, no doubt, by the blank expression of my face.

"Cousin John and Bee gone!" I murmured to myself. "Looking for me?"

"Aye," said Blundell. "So you see, should I

take a notion to the child, I need not fear the re-doubtable Mr. Travers."

"But the servants and Mrs. Mummer are there. You 'll not fool them!" I retorted, with spirit and confidence.

"All things are easy, if one but knows the way," he answered. "And I know a way from the spring-house to the fireplace in a room that used to be the nursery."

At those words my face must have blanched, for indeed he was speaking of a thing I thought not more than half a dozen people in all the world were aware of. Behind the fireplace in the day-nursery, on the upper floor of the Denewood house, there is an entrance into a secret passage that leads down a rough stair built in between the walls and, going underground, opens in a sort of cave in the spring-house. I found it when I was a wee girl, and Bee always called it "Peg's mouse's hole," because that was the name I gave it. But, except for Bee and Cousin John, Bart, my brother, and Allan McLane, none was supposed to know of it. That secret gave Blundell an entrance to the house wholly unsuspected to those left in it, and put its inmates at his mercy.

"How knew you of that?" I half whispered, for I was greatly frightened and saw that indeed the man had the upper hand of me.

"What difference does it make how I know so long as I *do* know?" he replied; "but, since you ask, I will tell you that the Magus Schmuck, being interested some years ago in finding a map, and having reason to believe it was hid in Denewood, hit upon the secret stairway, though, to be sure, it never helped him to the map. I shared his discovery, and now find it suits my purpose to visit the house again. 'Tis a fine house, think you not?" He ended with a shrug and a bow, as if he talked of trivial matters.

"You would not take the child," I said.

"Why not?" he asked; then, bitterly, "Think you I love John Travers and his wife so well that I would weep to see them suffer? You see what I have come to!" he went on, in a burst of passion. "I, a man of position in my own country, brought to plotting with a scoundrel like Pilgrim. And all because of these Denewood folk who interfered with my plans years ago. I tell you once and for all, I shall have the ring or the child! You may take your choice."

Now, as a matter of fact, Blundell never laid hand on little Jack, nor was the boy ever really lost to us again; but the future was hid from me, and this man seemed to have not only the determination, but the means, to do all he threatened.

"But I have not the ring," I answered, in agony. "I gave it to Mark Powell, and he—"

"Very well," he broke in, "then I take the boy," and he half turned toward the door as if to go.

"Stay!" I cried, for there was no doubt the man held me in the hollow of his hand. What cared I for the ring or anything else when little Jack was in the balance? He might have all I possessed in the world to forego his purpose. His knowledge of the secret passage made me helpless.

"Speak up!" he commanded, hardly stopping; "I've no time to lose."

"I mentioned a place where I keep the ring," I faltered; "I know not whether Mark put it back there or not. But I asked him to, and I think he will have done so."

"Where is that?" he demanded, so eagerly that I saw the ring meant a great deal to him.

"I must have my freedom if I tell you where it is," I answered stiffly.

"That's fair enough," he replied, "but I shall not dare to enter the house at Denewood until, say, eleven o'clock. By that time the servants will be sound asleep and I can find the ring—or the child—without disturbing them. It would take an hour's hard riding to get here afterward, which would bring the time to midnight. You would scarce care to take the road at that hour, so I fear to-morrow morning will be the earliest you can look for freedom."

"And you will not take the child if I tell you where the ring is?" I begged desperately.

Whether he said yes or no made little difference, for I could not trust the man; yet I had to trust him, and longed for some assurance.

"The child would only hamper me," he returned.

"Very well, then," I said. "Listen. My room is next the room you enter coming by the secret passage, and the ring is hid in my powdering-box." I ended. The moment the words were out of my mouth he gave a cry of joy.

"Ah, ha, Mistress Peggy!" he cried. "I'll find my way to the ring, never fear, and until to-morrow, good day to you," and out he went, running down the steps two at a time. Mrs. Schneider followed, locking the door behind her, and I was left alone.

I had parted with my ring and was no nearer freedom than ever; but that was not what troubled me. This sudden appearance of Captain Blundell and the menace of his revengeful presence put a fear into my heart that thrust all else into the background.

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

WHAT EVERY AMERICAN BOY—AND MAN— SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES

BY F. B. MASTERS

At twilight time, as they speed along the old Oregon trail up the steep grades of the Rockies on their way to California and the Panama Expositions, many a boy and girl will hear the story of how the boys and girls of only a generation ago traveled to the Chicago World's Fair in a wonderful train hauled by "999"—most famous of all the "iron steeds"! Yet the World's-Fair Flier of 1893 weighed but a small fraction—about one third—of the all-steel Exposition Express of the present day; and the huge *Mikado*, now hauling the latter up the mountain grades, is two and a half times as big and three times as powerful as "999." And along with more weight and more power and more luxuries has come more speed; the years have clipped the schedules until a whole day has been saved, since 1893, in crossing the continent.

As the train slows down for the next junction stop, the passenger who looks out into the gathering gloom will probably get a glimpse of a gigantic steel monster, so powerful that it hauls with apparent ease, on a level track, a train more than a mile long, loaded with more than eight thousand tons of freight¹—a greater load than could be hauled and pushed by the combined energy of the three largest freight-engines of 1900.

There is "rhyme and reason," and even romance, in these changes; and interesting facts and developments so characteristically American that every American boy—and man—should know of them.

THE *MOGUL* AND THE *MIKADO*

As a bit of romance, it is interesting to note that the prominent part played by some big engine in nearly all railroad tragedies and comedies, whether of fact or fiction, has usually been recorded as the work of "a big *Mogul*." Yet how many know what a *Mogul* is? And how did the *Mikado* get its name, and how does it differ from a *Mogul*—and from "999"?

In 1867, the Baldwin Locomotive Works built

the first of a new type of locomotive to haul very heavy freight on grades. It had three pairs of driving-wheels and a forward two-wheeled pony-truck, and was named "E. A. Douglas." Later developments of this type divided with the *Consolidations*, having four pairs of driving-wheels, practically all the heavy freight-hauling until after 1900. Along in the early eighties, passenger- and mail-trains became heavier and needed more power—and thus larger boilers and more wheels—so a big engine of the same type as the "E. A. Douglas" was introduced. As it stood up against the sky, towering over the low-lying en-



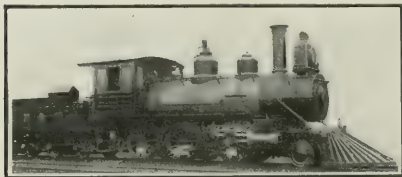
SPEEDING ALONG THE GRADIENT

gines of those days, it suggested a powerful potentate. Some one called it "The Great *Mogul*"; stories were written about it, and its fame spread and spread, until a terrible accident occurred near New York in 1913, when both text and picture informed the public that it was an engine "of the latest type, a giant *Mogul*"—which, of course, was not true.

Thirty years after the "E. A. Douglas," or first *Mogul*, the Baldwin Works built the first engine with four pairs of drivers, a pony-truck, and a trailer-truck under the cab. It was for the Nippon Railway of Japan, and quite naturally became known in the shop as "The *Mikado*," and so all engines of that class have been known as the *Mikado* type.

¹ The "Matt Shay" has hauled, on the Erie Railroad, a train of 250 loaded cars weighing 17,000 tons. This train was 1 1/8 miles long.

Only within the last four or five years have these *Mikado* locomotives been built extensively. They are mostly used for hauling heavy through-freight, in which service they are proving very efficient, and are fast supplanting the *Consolidations*, which had long ago supplanted the *Moguls*. *Mikados* are also used for passenger service on mountain grades.



A *Mikado* TYPE FREIGHT-LOCOMOTIVE OF 1860.

A representative Baldwin locomotive of that period, having a tractive force of 11,000 pounds. It is only 2500 as powerful as the *Mikado* shown below.

Thus the up-to-date boy knows the *Mogul* as an "old-timer"—"a back number"—even as the famous "999" and all the other locomotives of a generation ago have been supplanted by newer and larger types. At that time, the predominant design for passenger-trains was the *American*

brass and its red paint, and many were elaborately decorated with much scrollwork. Moreover, each had its own crew, who looked after its whole welfare, almost as some parents treat a pampered child. So is it to be wondered at that the locomotive became known as "the most human machine of all man's creations"?

There was "Old Ironsides," and the "Pioneer," and "George Washington," of hill-climbing fame. There was "Hero," and the "Comet," and the "State of Maine," and many other fancy and homely names. But most of these engines were named after politicians, or directors of the road, or other officials; as "J. B. Dobbins," and "Josiah Higginbotham." Later there was "Bull Run," and "Southern Belle," and "Dixie," as well as "Governor Andrew," and "General Hancock," and other war-time names.

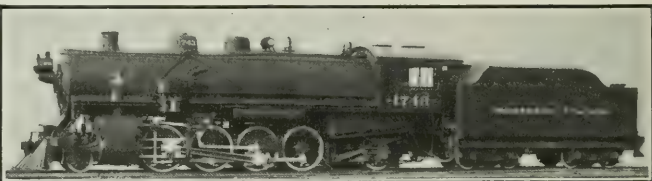
Certainly in those days every locomotive had a personality!

A generation later, things began to boom. Prosperity came, and with it an enormous increase in traffic. Big locomotives were ordered in lots of fifty or a hundred at a time.

One of them would come in from a long heavy run, be turned over to the roundhouse men, and in a few hours would be off again with another crew. "First in, first out," became the order of

A *Mikado* TYPE FREIGHT-LOCOMOTIVE OF 1915

This type has been developed in the last few years to meet the present-day requirements of heavy through-freight service. Using the same amount of fuel, they haul 35% more tonnage than was hauled by the best engines of 10 years ago.



type—two pairs of drivers and a four-wheeled leading-truck—and the finest of all these was "999." Now this type is used only on light service, for suburban passengers and local freight, and "999," refitted with smaller drivers and under another number, is now busy with the humble task of hauling milk-trains up-state in New York.

LOCOMOTIVE NAMES

A *Mogul* or a *Mikado*, therefore, is only one of a type or class. But it was different in the earlier days of railroading. Then traffic was light, and equipment was very light. Locomotives were few; each had its own peculiarities of design; each had its name painted in fancy letters on the cab, sometimes even with the portrait of the person for whom it was named; each had its shining

the day, regardless of crews and old-fashioned ways of doing things; and so the locomotives soon lost their personalities and their names, and were merely numbered serially.

Now, in our day, or a generation later, the pendulum swings back a little, and the most interesting of the latest engines has painted on the side of its cab the name "Matt H. Shay." For that is the way in which the Erie Railroad repays fifty-four years of faithful, loyal service—by thus honoring Engineer Shay, and giving a personality to the wonderful 425-ton steel giant that is able to exert a force of 160,000 pounds in pushing heavy freight-trains up the steep grades of what is known as the Susquehanna Hill.

And it is even more interesting to know that there are other locomotives having names painted on their sides in gold letters—because of the long

records of competent and efficient service of their engineers.

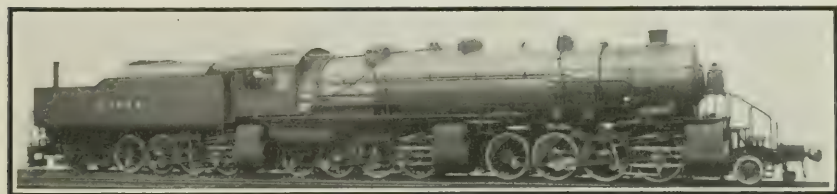
then the giant machines of the first years of the new century were known as "battle-ships."

TYPE NAMES AND CLASS NUMBERS

At the end of the nineteenth century, there were in general use two or three classes of passenger-engines, and two classes of freight engines. There was the *American* type, like "999," and the *Atlantic*, a brand-new type for express-trains, with a larger and longer boiler and a wider fire-box placed behind the drivers and over a *trailer-truck*. They were called the "4-4-0" class and the "4-4-2" class, according to the number of their wheels—the three numbers corresponding to the

PASSENGER SERVICE AND FREIGHT SERVICE

ALL up-to-date types, it will be noted, are designed for some particular sort of service; so it is well to have clearly in mind the principal characteristics which have been developed by the two most important classes of service—"fast passenger" and "heavy freight." With a boiler of abundant steaming capacity, *speed* with heavy passenger-trains is obtained by using *drivers* of large diameter. A sort of "rule of thumb" has been worked out in practical experience which gives



THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE EVER BUILT—THE "MALLET SHAY"

Three complete engines in one locomotive and 445 tons of driving wheels. It takes the place of three powerful freight engines in pushing full passenger trains over a mountain grade of 30 feet per mile. It has hauled 250 cars—17,000 tons—on a level track. It is twelve times as powerful as the *Mogul* type of 1860.

number of wheels used for the forward truck, for drivers, and for the trailer-truck. The freights were of the *Mogul*, or the "2-6-0" class, and the *Consolidation*, or the "2-8-0" class. There was also a *ten-wheeler*, or "4-6-0" class, for both passenger and fast-freight service.

Since 1900, the following new types and classes have been built and used extensively:

TYPE	CLASS	SERVICE
<i>Pecanod</i>	2-10-0	Heavy freight
<i>Santa Fe</i>	2-10-2	Very heavy freight
<i>Prairie</i>	2-6-2	Fast passenger
		Fast freight
<i>Pacific</i>	4-6-2	Fast heavy-passenger
<i>Mikado</i>	2-8-2	Heavy through-freight
<i>Mountain</i>	4-8-2	Heavy passenger-express on grades
<i>Mallet Articulated</i>		Pushers of heavy
<i>Compound of all cars wheel arrangements</i>		trains on heavy grades

FIGURE

In railroad stories one often notices other names, such as "hog" and "whale"; but these are the slang terms of the roundhouse and the switch-shanty. The huge, low-lying, many-wheeled freighter of the eighties was known as a "hog"; later the bigger, heavier, higher engines were known as "whales," and even "mastodons"; and

the diameter in inches of the drivers as about equal to the maximum speed in miles per hour; thus an engine with eighty-inch drivers has a maximum speed of eighty miles per hour. On heavy grades the drivers have to be smaller, as the speed must necessarily be less and the tractive force greater. Heavy-freight service requires a slower, harder pull; therefore *smaller* drivers and *more* of them are used, for the hauling capacity is in proportion to the number of driving-wheels and the weight on them.

HORSE-POWER

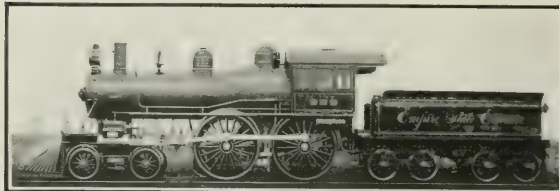
ALL *power* is measured by the product of the *force* exerted multiplied by the *speed*, or distance moved in a given time. Thus, if friction and other losses are neglected, the same amount of *power* is necessary to move *both* a passenger-train and a freight-train, if the latter moves at half the *speed* but requires twice the *force* to move it. Note particularly that, although the *power* is the same, the *force* exerted by the freight-locomotive is double the force exerted by the passenger-engine.

In general engineering practice, all engines are rated according to their horse-power. One theo-

retical horse-power equals 33,000 foot-pounds per minute, or 33,000 times the exertion of a force of one pound through one foot in one minute. Locomotive designers, in proportioning their plans, make use of a theoretical or "cylinder" horse-power which varies directly as the boiler pressure and as the square of the diameter of the cylinder. In practice, however, the horse-power developed

better basis than horse-power for comparison of the different locomotives.

This force is proportional to the boiler pressure and to the size of the cylinder, and is inversely proportional to the diameter of the driving-wheels; so that it is increased by increasing either, or both, of the first two, or by diminishing the third (the size of the wheels). Tractive



"999," AN MALLETT TYPE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1893.

"One of the wonders of its day." It hauled the "Empire State Express" 10 miles in 5 minutes and 30 seconds, or at the rate of a mile in 32 seconds, or 112½ miles per hour.

by a locomotive is subject to so many variations that the builders prefer not to state definite figures.

It is interesting to note that the huge *Mallet*, "604" of the Virginian Railway (the most powerful locomotive ever built except the "Matt Shay"), in actual service on a 0.2% grade at 21½ miles per hour developed 3100 "indicated" ¹ horse-power. On the Altoona testing plant of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a *Pacific* type locomotive, similar to but larger than Pennsylvania Railroad "8661," with a tractive force about one third of "604," developed 3200 horse-power.² The builders report that it is questionable whether this has been duplicated in road service. On page 537, approximate "cylinder" horse-powers are given for the passenger-engines, giving roughly

force diminishes as speed increases, especially with locomotives with small boiler capacity; so it must be remembered that the rated tractive force is exerted only at starting speeds. However, more force is needed to start a train and to accelerate it than to keep it going at ordinary speeds.

DRAW-BAR PULL

Draw-bar pull, or the force exerted in pulling the train, is the amount of tractive force left after allowance is made for speed and locomotive resistance. For an average freight-train moving about ten miles per hour, the draw-bar pull is between 80% and 90% of the tractive force. For an average passenger express-train moving at fifty miles per hour, only about 30% of the rated

ONE OF THE EARLY MALLETT TYPE LOCOMOTIVES.

It has a record of hauling, in 1897, 6 cars weighing 200 tons 55 miles in 46½ minutes from start to stop, or at an average rate of 72 miles per hour. The regular schedule allowed 52 minutes, or 64 miles per hour.



the relative powers as the locomotives have grown in size from the "old-timers."

TRACTION FORCE

TRACTION force, or the force exerted by the locomotive at the rim of the driving-wheel, forms a

tractive force is available as draw-bar pull. At this speed, however, train resistance on a slight grade would equal only about twelve pounds per ton, or 6000 pounds draw-bar pull for a 500-ton train. If this is 30% of the tractive force, then a locomotive with a rated tractive force of 20,000 pounds is needed to haul the train.

¹ Measured by instruments.

² As the horse-powers of the two engines were about equal, and as the force of the *Pacific* was about one third, its speed must have been more than three times as great.

To start a train on a level track, a draw-bar pull of about twenty pounds per ton is necessary, so that the 500-ton train requires a draw-bar pull of about 10,000 pounds. To accelerate or increase the speed of the train requires still more pull. Additional force is also required to move the engine and tender, which weigh about 150 tons. To start the train quickly and get it going at schedule speed probably requires all the tractive force of 20,000 pounds.

TON-MILE COST

THE cost of freight service is reduced to so much "per ton-mile," that is, reckoned as the average cost of hauling a ton of freight a mile. To reduce ton-mile expenses, especially on grades, has been one of the big problems of railroad men

sign was patented—two pairs of connected drivers and a forward swivel-truck—the forerunner of the *American* type. Then followed years of experimental types: many with one pair of drivers, and others, for freight, with all six or eight wheels connected. It is difficult now to realize how small and light were these early engines and their loads.¹ In 1848, Baldwin, the Philadelphia silversmith and watchmaker who had been building locomotives since 1832, designed and built a fast passenger-engine, the "Governor Paine," for the Vermont Central. It had one pair of 78-inch drivers and a boiler fifteen feet long, and weighed only twenty-three tons; but it ran a mile in forty-three seconds! Similar engines were built for the Pennsylvania Railroad, with records of four miles in three minutes, and long runs at sixty miles per hour; but they had insufficient adhesion,



THE LATEST, LARGEST, AND MOST POWERFUL PASSENGER-LOCOMOTIVE OF THE PACIFIC TYPE.

Weight with tender, 24 tons. Length over 50 feet. Nearly three times the tractive force of "average" type of today. The *Mountain* type locomotives are still longer and more powerful.

and locomotive builders. And in the United States ton-mile costs are the lowest in the world.

THE HIGH LIGHTS OF LOCOMOTIVE HISTORY. HOW THE TYPE NAMES CAME ABOUT

THE early history of locomotive-building in America is a rather complicated story, but there are a few big interesting facts that all should know. About 1830, a few engines were imported from England, built by Stephenson, of "Rocket" and "Planet" fame. One of these was the "John Bull" that sixty-two years later went to the Chicago World's Fair under its own steam.

One of the first of the American-built engines, the "De Witt Clinton," hauled the famous "first steam-railroad passenger-train" from Albany seventeen miles to Schenectady, in 1831. The whole length of the engine and its train of three coaches was about 64 feet—less than that of a modern engine and tender. In 1836, the "Campbell" de-

sign was patented—two pairs of connected drivers and a forward swivel-truck—the forerunner of the *American* type. Then followed years of experimental types: many with one pair of drivers, and others, for freight, with all six or eight wheels connected. It is difficult now to realize how small and light were these early engines and their loads.¹ In 1848, Baldwin, the Philadelphia silversmith and watchmaker who had been building locomotives since 1832, designed and built a fast passenger-engine, the "Governor Paine," for the Vermont Central. It had one pair of 78-inch drivers and a boiler fifteen feet long, and weighed only twenty-three tons; but it ran a mile in forty-three seconds! Similar engines were built for the Pennsylvania Railroad, with records of four miles in three minutes, and long runs at sixty miles per hour; but they had insufficient adhesion,

or grip on the track, due to weight and friction, and were changed to four-driver engines. At the time of the Civil War, only the type now known as the *American* survived. It was the fittest type for the peculiar conditions met with in our growing country of that time—uneven track, bad curves, and many grades—conditions quite different from the "permanent ways" of England and other countries.

During the Civil War transportation increased, and the Government bought many locomotives; so that many were built, some larger and heavier than had ever been built before. Still the largest weighed only about thirty tons. The striking characteristic of these engines was their large flaring wood-burner "balloon" stacks and low rakish boiler.

In 1866, Baldwin built, for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, a new type which had eight four-foot drivers and a pony-truck, and weighed forty-five tons, especially designed to haul coal on very

¹ In 1843, a new eighteen ton freight engine on the Philadelphia and Reading hauled 100 coal cars, each weighing about two tons and carrying a load of 3600 tons. The huge and heavy present day coal cars carry fifty, seventy-five, and even ninety tons of coal each; that is, the hundred car loads of coal of 1843—360 tons—could all be carried in four of the largest modern steel cars.

TWENTIETH CENTURY LOCOMOTIVES—A Table of Sizes, Weights, and Power

Type	Class or Wheel Arrangement	Road and Number	Builders and Date	Cylinders Diameter Stroke Inches	Driving- Wheels Dia. Inches	Wheel- Base Engine and Tender Feet-Inches	Weight Engine Tons	Weight with Tender Tons	Tractive Force Pounds
ATLANTIC	4-4-2	P.&R.1027 ONE OF BEST IN PENN.1067	BLW 1896 1905 RRCo 1912	13 & 22 x 26 20 x 26 23½ x 26	84¼ 79 80	53-2 71½ 63-10	112½ 90 120	112½ 150 199	14,400 22,400 29,400
PRAIRIE	2-6-2	N.Y.C.3712	ALCo 1905	21½ x 28	79	62-4	116½	200	27,850
PACIFIC	4-6-2	PENN.8661	BLW 1913	26 x 26	80	60-2	147	237	38,300
American	4-4-0	PENN.....	BLW 1876	17 x 24	62	44-3	35½	46½	11,900
	4-6-2	N.Y.C.3370	ALCo 1914	23½ x 26	79	68-0	135½	212	30,900
American	4-4-0	N.Y.C.999	RRCo 1893	19 x 24	86	48-6	62	102	16,270
	4-6-2	ERIE 2509 C.&O.182	ALCo 1912 ALCo 1914	27 x 28 27 x 28	79 69	68-2 71-6	135 156	215 249	40,600 46,600
MOUNTAIN	4-8-2	C.&O.316	ALCo 1911	29 x 28	62	70-6	165	250	58,000
CONSOLIDATION	2-8-0	N.Y.C.2749 W.&L.E.2401	ALCo 1905 ALCo 1913	23 x 32 26 x 30	63 57	60-7 62-8	113 133	185 222	45,700 55,900
MIKADO	2-8-2	VIRG.462 N.P.1743 P.&R.1704	BLW 1912 ALCo 1914 BLW 1914	26 x 32 28 x 30 24 x 32	56 63 61½	71-3 68-2 68-6	150 160 166	250 257 244	60,800 57,200 57,300
DECAPOD	2-10-0	S.F.940	BLW 1902	19 & 32 x 32	57	66-0	134	200	62,800
SANTA FÉ	2-10-2	S.F.984 B.&O.6000	BLW 1903 BLW 1914	19 & 32 x 32 30 x 32	57 58	66-0 76-6	144 203	225 292	62,800 84,500
MALLET	2-8-8-2	VIRG.604	ALCo 1912	28 & 44 x 32	56	91-5	270	376	115,000
ARTICULATED	2-10-10-2	S.F.3000	RRCo 1911	28 & 38 x 32	57	108-2	308	425	111,600
COMPOUND	2-8-8-8-2	ERIE "Matt Shay"	BLW 1914	36 x 32 (4H-2L)	63	90-0	...	426½	160,000

The above Tables give the principal facts about all the modern locomotives which are shown in the drawings and photographs. A few other locomotives are included, particularly several of a decade ago, which make interesting comparison with those of to-day. Of special interest will be the comparison of the Pennsylvania Railroad locomotives of 1876 and of 1915, and the New York Central "999" of 1893 with the "Twentieth Century Limited" locomotive of to-day.

In the column of builders ALCo stands for the American Locomotive Company, BLW for the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and RRCo for the Railroad Company, when built in the railway's own shops.

Wheel-base, as with automobiles, is the distance between the center of the first and last wheels. The length-over-all for a Pacific engine averages about 10 or 12 feet more than the total wheel-base.

"Cylinder" H.P. or theoretical horse-power, obtained by formula, shows roughly what a locomotive of that size and boiler pressure should develop under the best conditions.

The outline drawings on pages 538-539 are drawn to scale—½ inch equals 1 foot—and are placed in equal sized spaces so that relative sizes are accurately shown. To emphasize the Wheel Arrangement, on which the types depend, and to show which is the main driving-wheel, the wheels, rods, etc., are indicated in the simplest manner by outline, or center line, and all valve gear is omitted. On account of the small scale, other details, such as air-brakes, etc., are also left out, but the charac-

teristic silhouette is carefully reproduced. The complete outline of the boiler is given, using dotted lines where it is covered by the cab or the wheels, in order to show the enormous growth of both boiler and fire-box during recent years.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

1831—"DE WITT CLINTON," and train of 3 coaches. Length over all about 64 feet.

1848—"GOVERNOR PAINE," an early aspirant for speed records—1 mile in 43 seconds.

1863—CIVIL WAR LOCOMOTIVE. Weight of engine about 30 tons.

1876—CENTENNIAL LOCOMOTIVE. 36 tons. Cost \$9,000, or one third the cost of a Pacific type in similar service to-day. Compare with this type and especially with P.R.R. No. 1067 *Atlantic* type. At the right is a "diamond" stack from a P.R.R. freight-engine of 1876. Also end sections showing how increase of both driving-wheel diameter and boiler diameter heightened the locomotives, and how the fire-box is lower over trailers in modern locomotives.

1893—"999"—62 tons. Cost \$12,000. Has the world's record for high speed—pulling a 205 ton train at the rate of a mile in 32 seconds.

1915—"3370"—135½ tons. Cost \$26,500. "Twentieth Century Limited." 605 tons at approximately the same average speed as the "Empire State Express" of 1893.

Service—Number of Cars, Weight of Train, Speed, Grade, and Other Interesting Facts

Passenger (P)		The Largest and Most Powerful Locomotive of its Type at Date Given Shown Thus (")				
Freight (F)		" " " " " Passenger Locomotive " " " " " "				
Date—Service		" " " " " Locomotive Ever Built " " " " " "				
1897	P—	"Fastest short distance train in the world." 6 cars—200 tons—55 miles in 46 to 52 minutes.				Cyl. H.P. Approx. 1,300
1905	P—	Fast Express. 6 to 8 cars—250 to 450 tons. The best service of 10 years ago.				1,300
1915 *	P—	Heavy High Speed Express under the most up-to-date conditions, inc. "Broadway Limited."				2000
1905 **	P—	Heavy Express. 13 cars—740 tons—at an average speed of 44 miles per hour.				1500
1915	P—	"Broadway Limited," 1915—6 cars—450 tons				Speed in 1915 much higher than in 1876.
1876 **	P—	"Limited Mail," 1876—5 cars—150 tons				
1915	P—	"Twentieth Century Limited," 1915—8 cars—615 tons				Average rate of speed approximately the same.
1893 **	P—	"Empire State Express," 1893—4 cars—205 tons				
1915	P—	Heavy Fast Express. 9 to 12 cars on a difficult schedule over long heavy grades.				2400
1915 *	P—	Express on difficult grades. 10 steel cars—675 tons—at over 25 miles per hour.				2400
1915 **	P—	Heavy Ex. on Mountain grades. 10 to 12 steel cars at average speed inc. stops of over 25 m.p.h.				2700
1905	F—	Heavy Through Freight. 100 loaded cars of average freight—3000 to over 4000 tons.				35% heavier train load than same type built 10 years ago.
1915 *	F—	" " " " " "				
1912 *	F—	Through Coal Trains of 80 to 100 loaded cars—6000 to over 7500 tons.				
1915	F—	Heavy Through Freight on heavy grades.				
1915 *	F—	Fast Heavy Road service, also very efficient on slow heavy grade work.				
1902 ***	F—	Heavy Freight Hauling on Steep Grades.				
1903 ***	F—	Similar service as <i>Decapod</i> . Mile long trains of 6000 tons on level.				
1915 *	F—	Through Heavy Freight on difficult grades. 7200 tons on 0.6% grade.				
1912 ***	}	Heavy	Two of these engines push 4250 ton coal trains on 2.07% grade.			
1911 ***		Freight	Ten of these engines in service on mountain grades.			
1915 ***		Pushers	Takes the place of 3 pushers on heavy grade. 17,900 tons on level.			

Has the world's record for sustained high speed capacity—11 steel cars weighing 810 tons at the rate of more than 68 miles per hour over a whole division. FREIGHT, 1905—"2749," 113 ton *Consolidation* type freight-hauler. An excellent example of the best type of freight-locomotive of the first decade of the twentieth century.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT GIANTS OF TO-DAY

ATLANTIC—P.R.R. "1067," 120 tons. The most powerful of its type. The most advanced design, giving greatest capacity for sustained pull at high speed. Capable of handling same trains as *Pacific* engines. PACIFIC—ERIE "2509," 135 tons. The 50,000th locomotive built by the American Locomotive Company. Designed, built, and tested as an experimental engine, it embodies the "last word" in design, materials, and construction. Considering power per pound of weight and amount of fuel consumed, it is one of the most powerful passenger-locomotives ever built. In service on the ERIE it hauls heavy trains on difficult schedules; in severe winter weather it made schedule speed, or better, on 163 out of 170 runs, thus showing remarkable sustained capacity.

*Pacific*s are the standard high-class passenger-locomotives of to-day. On many roads, with driving-wheels of about 69 inch diameter, they are in use both for heavy passenger and fast preference freight.

MOUNTAIN—C. & O. "316," 165 tons. The largest and most powerful passenger-locomotive in the world.

MIKADO—P. & R. "1704," 166 tons. The largest and one of the most powerful of its type. Because of larger cylinders and smaller driving-wheels, VIRGINIAN "462" has a greater tractive force. But "1704" has 225 pounds boiler pressure—40 pounds more than "462"—which results in a greater cylinder horse-power.

SANTA FÉ—B. & O. "6000," 203 tons. The largest and most powerful locomotive in the world having all of its driving-wheels in one group. Note that the bell is at the side of the headlight, and that the sand-boxes are four in number, and are on the sides of the boiler as there was not room enough on the top.

MAILLET—VIRGINIAN "604," 270 tons. The most powerful locomotive ever constructed having its driving-wheels in two groups (Santa Fé engines "3000 to 3009" are the heaviest, 308 tons, and the longest, 121 feet, 7 inches). Six of these locomotives are in service as heavy freight pushers. Two of them at a time push a heavy coal train weighing 4230 tons up a mountain grade that rises 1250 feet in 11½ miles. The engine on the head end hauls the train over the rest of the division. Some slight idea of the power necessary in pushing this train is gained from the facts that the trip takes a little over one hour, five tons of coal are burned, and over 70,000 pounds, or about 9000 gallons, of water are made into steam and used by each engine.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE



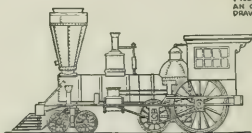
1831

FROM AN
OLD TIME
ENGRAVINGFRAMED
BY A
PACIFIC
THE
STANDARD
PASSENGER
ENGINE
OF 1915

1863



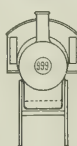
1848

FROM
AN OLD
DRAWING

1876

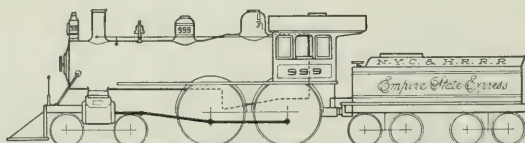
FIREBOX 1876
BETWEEN AXLES

1893

1915
OVER-TRAILERS

AMERICAN

1893

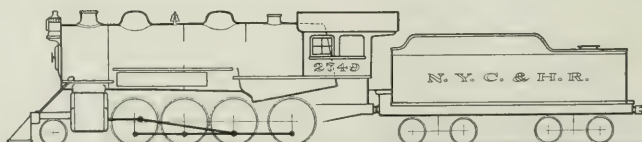


PACIFIC

1915

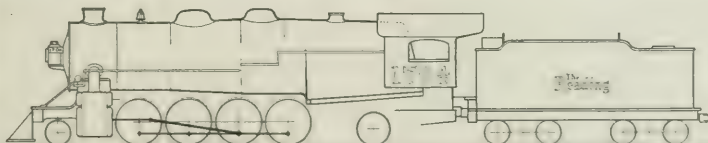
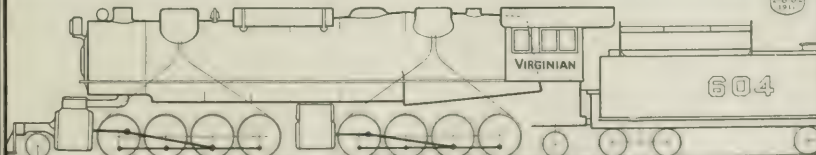


CONSOLIDATION

FREIGHT
1905

Drawings by F. B. MASTERS

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT GIANTS OF TO-DAY

ATLANTIC
4-6-2
1912PACIFIC
4-6-2
1912MORRIS
4-6-2
1912MINNAPOLIS
2-6-2
1914SANTAFE
2-10-2
1914NORFOLK
2-6-2
1911

SCALE 1/16 INCH = 1 FOOT

ENGINE WHEEL BASE = 37 FEET 6 INCHES

TOTAL WHEEL BASE = 91 FEET 5 INCHES

steep grades. It was named "Consolidation," to celebrate the consolidation of two or three small roads into the Lehigh Valley Railroad, so that the "2-8-0" class became the *Consolidation* type which developed into the heaviest freight haulers, until the introduction a few years ago of the *Santa Fé's* and *Mikados*.

The next year the "E. A. Douglas," the first *Mogul*, was built.

In 1869, Westinghouse proved to the doubting railroad world that there was something very essential and important in his newly invented air-brake. And at about the same time, steel was being substituted for iron, in rails, locomotive construction, bridges, etc. Without these two important links in the development of the railroads—steel and the air-brake—we never could have had our present mile-long freight-trains, "All-Steel Overland Limiteds," and *Mikado* locomotives of such tremendous power.

At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, three types of locomotives for road service were shown: *Consolidation*, *Mogul*, and *American*. The heaviest and most powerful was a *Consolidation* weighing fifty tons. It had a "diamond" smoke-stack (see page 538), as was very characteristic of that period. The *American* type was thought to have reached the acme of perfection. The latest Baldwin locomotive for the Pennsylvania Railroad weighed thirty-six tons, and had a straight stack and other details which became characteristic of the locomotives of the eighties (see page 538). It could haul ten cars, weighing 250 tons, at an average rate of about thirty-five miles per hour. If there were more than six cars, or about 150 tons to the train, helpers were used on grades.

In 1891, the first *Decapod*, or "ten-driver," went into service, "pushing" on the Erie's Susquehanna Hill—doing the work of two *Consolidations*; but this was very special service.

Late in the same year, the New York Central put on the "Empire State Express," running from New York City to Buffalo at an average rate of over fifty-two miles per hour. A special trip made the same distance of 436½ miles in 425¾ minutes, or over a mile a minute. Both of these runs were world's records. In 1893, "999" hauled the Empire State Express and made ten miles in five minutes and twenty seconds, or at the rate of a mile in thirty-two seconds, or 112½ miles per hour—a record that has never been broken.

At the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, the Baldwin Locomotive Works exhibited a high-speed compound-engine with

two-wheeled leading-truck, two pairs of drivers, and a pair of trailer-wheels, and named "Columbia." Although a type little used, it was the forerunner of many interesting "trailer" types.

Many historical types were gathered together at the Chicago World's Fair, and remain in that city as a permanent collection in the Field Museum. The "John Bull" is now in a place of honor at the National Museum in Washington.

In 1895, the Baldwin Works built, for the Atlantic Coast Line, a new type similar to the "Columbia" but with a leading-truck of four wheels. This design allowed a larger and deeper fire-box, and a larger boiler placed lower than in the *American* type, as the drivers were in front of the fire-box. Then followed, for the fast trains to Atlantic City, another pattern of the same wheel arrangement, more like the present type, with a wide overhanging fire-box, for burning hard coal, and a huge boiler. So there were two reasons for calling the type *Atlantic*. It is interesting to note that the Atlantic City engine was a "Camel-back," with the cab over the center of the boiler; also, that an earlier type for the fast New York-Philadelphia trains had only one pair of drivers, or belonged to the "4-2-2" class.

About 1900, it was considered that the locomotive had practically reached the limit of size and capacity. Rails, road-bed, and bridges could stand no more strain of weight. Owing to the size of bridges, tunnels, etc., the clearance-space would not permit any increase in width or height.

But with the new century came great industrial prosperity, and a tremendous demand for the movement of freight. Steel freight-cars of large capacity, quite double that of a few years before, came into use, vastly increasing the train tonnage.¹ "Double-heading" and "pushing" were resorted to, but were expensive. The enormous tonnage had to be handled more cheaply and with less interference with other traffic. So locomotives of a size and power undreamed of before were built, although it necessitated the rebuilding of road-beds and bridges to withstand the increased strains.

In 1901, a new type, developed from the *Mogul* and trailer and designed to handle heavy trains at high speed over the western plains, was the *Prairie*. The next year, "the largest locomotive ever built," a 134-ton *Decapod*, was turned out by the Baldwin Works for the Santa Fé Railroad, to haul long heavy through-freights over divisions having difficult grades. A year later, in 1903, heavier locomotives were built for the same road, quite similar to the *Decapods* but with

¹ In 1900 coal-cars carried twenty-five and thirty tons of coal. By 1905, steel cars carrying fifty tons were in common use. At the present time, some coal-cars are carrying seventy-five and ninety tons each.

the addition of a trailer-wheel to improve tracking qualities or prevent derailment when running backward. This new "2-10-2" class was called the *Santa Fé* type, and weighed 140 tons, with a total weight, including tender, of 225 tons.

About this same time, the first *Mikados* for use in this country were built.

After the heavy freights came heavy mail- and passenger-trains with schedules demanding more power and speed. So a new type of the "4-6-2" class, with greater boiler capacity and more drivers, was developed from the *Atlantic* and the *Prairie*. As it was first used to haul the transcontinental fliers out of Chicago toward the Pacific, quite naturally it took the name *Pacific*.

Then came the *Mallet Articulated* locomotive, consisting really of two engines under one boiler, and named for the French engineer who first designed the type. This "articulated" or hinged design gives a flexible wheel-base, enabling the locomotive to take curves. The front engine, or set of cylinders and driving-wheels, is hinged to the rear engine. The boiler is firmly attached, or rigid, to the rear engine, while the front engine slides transversely on bearings under the front end of the boiler—the steam-pipes having flexible connections.

This type keeps within the limits of tunnels and bridges in height and width, but can be increased in length to a great extent.¹ As a type, the *Mallets* have proved their worth as the most economical means of getting extra-heavy tonnage over heavy grades.

The latest of the *Mallets*, the "Matt Shay," is really three engines in one—two under the boiler and one under the tender, thus using nearly 90% of its total weight for adhesion, a big economical advantage over all previous designs.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when we shall have *Mallets* on heavy passenger-trains; then the *Mallets* will surely need a whole story by themselves.

The last few years have seen the rise of scientific management and the necessity of conducting traffic in the most economical manner possible. Mechanical stokers, superheaters, brick arches, and other up-to-the-minute devices for improving locomotive efficiency have been introduced into the *Mikados* of latest design. In service,

these engines proved to be able to do from thirty to forty per cent. more work, on the same amount of coal consumed, than the *Consolidations* built only a few years before. So, since 1911, *Mikados* have been ordered in lots of fifty and one hundred, and are now the most approved type of heavy through-freight hauler.

On very heavy mountain passenger service, "double-headers" and "pushers" were necessary to keep up the schedule. So efficiency, as the modern "mother of invention," produced in 1912 a new 165-ton giant, the *Mountain* type, developed from both the *Pacific* and the *Mikado*, and able to haul a train of ten or twelve steel passenger-cars weighing nearly 700 tons on a 1.8% grade (or nearly 100 feet to the mile) at a speed of twenty-six miles per hour. A later locomotive of this type on another road hauls 1000 tons in sixteen cars on a constant uphill pull 247 miles long with grades over fifty feet to the mile.

THE ELECTRIC-LOCOMOTIVE AND THE STEAM-LOCOMOTIVE

A FEW years ago, one who had watched the introduction of powerful electric-locomotives on several railroads entering New York City said with emphasis and a tone of finality: "The days of the steam-locomotive are numbered!" Probably many others have thought and pondered over the same question, and wondered all the more because the public prints so often, in recent years, have announced the completion of "the largest, heaviest, and most powerful locomotive in the world." The answer is this: where the volume of traffic is large and the load quite constant,—which means many, many units or trains constantly on the move,—and where smoke has to be eliminated, as in the city tunnels, and where natural resources give abundance of power at minimum cost, the electric-locomotive supplants its rival. But all these elements cover only a small bit of our huge railroad system; the great characteristic of the traffic in our big country is the long, heavy, intermittent haul,—now a tremendous load and then little or no load; and nothing has ever been devised, or even dreamed of, to handle this sort of service better or more efficiently than the modern American steam-locomotive.

¹ The *Santa Fé* has second *Mallets* 121 feet long.



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

TOMMY BECOMES A VERY HUMBLE PERSON

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

"HELLO, old Mr. Sobersides! Where are you bound for?" As he spoke, Tommy thrust a foot in front of old Mr. Toad and laughed as Mr. Toad hopped up on it and then off, quite as if he were accustomed to having big feet thrust in his way. Not that Tommy had especially big feet. They simply were big in comparison with Mr. Toad. "Never saw you in a hurry before," continued Tommy. "What 's it all about? You are going as if you were bound for somewhere in particular, and as if you have something special on your mind. What is it, anyway?"

Now of course old Mr. Toad did n't make any reply. At least he did n't make any that Tommy heard. If he had, Tommy would n't have understood it. The fact is, it did look, for all the world, as if it was just as Tommy had said. If ever any one had an important engagement to keep and meant to keep it, Mr. Toad did, if looks counted for anything. Hoppity-hop-hop-hop, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, he went straight down toward the Green Meadows, and he did n't pay any attention to anybody or anything.

Tommy was interested. He had known old Mr. Toad ever since he could remember, and he could n't recall ever having seen him go anywhere in particular. Whenever Tommy had noticed him, he had seemed to be hopping about in the most aimless sort of way, and never took more than half a dozen hops without sitting down to think it over. So it was very surprising to see him traveling along in this determined fashion, and, having nothing better to do, Tommy decided to follow him and find out what he could.

So down the Lone Little Path traveled old Mr. Toad, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, and behind him strolled Tommy. And while old Mr. Toad seemed to be going very fast, and was, for him, Tommy was having hard work to go slow enough to stay behind. And this shows what a difference mere size may make. When they reached the wishing-stone, Mr. Toad was tired from having hurried so, and Tommy was equally tired from the effort of going slow, so both were glad to sit down for a rest. Old Mr. Toad crept in under the edge of the wishing-stone on the shady side, and Tommy, still thinking of old Mr. Toad, sat down on the wishing-stone itself.

"I wonder," he chuckled, "if he has come down here to wish. Perhaps he 'll wish himself into something beautiful, as they do in fairy stories. I should think he 'd want to. Goodness knows, he 's homely enough! It 's bad enough to be freckled, but to be covered with warts—ugh! There is n't a single beautiful thing about him."

As he said this, Tommy leaned over that he might better look at old Mr. Toad, and Mr. Toad looked up at Tommy quite as if he understood what Tommy had said, so that Tommy looked straight into Mr. Toad's eyes. It was the first time in all his life that Tommy had ever looked into a toad's eyes. Whoever would think of looking at the eyes of a hop-toad? Certainly not Tommy. Eyes were eyes, and a toad had two of them. Was n't that enough to know? Why under the sun should a fellow bother about the color of them, or anything like that? What difference did it make? Well, it made just the difference between knowing and not knowing; between knowledge and ignorance; between justice and injustice.

Tommy suddenly realized this as he looked straight into the eyes of old Mr. Toad, and it gave him a funny feeling inside. It was something like that feeling you have when you speak to some one you think is an old friend and find him to be a total stranger. "I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Toad," said he. "I take it all back. You have got something beautiful—the most beautiful eyes I 've ever seen. If I had eyes as beautiful as yours, I would n't care how many freckles I had. Why have n't I ever seen them before?"

Old Mr. Toad slowly blinked, as much as to say, "That 's up to you, young man. They 're the same two eyes I 've always had. If you have n't learned to use your own eyes, that is no fault and no business of mine. If I made as little use of my eyes as you do of yours, I should n't last long."

It never before had occurred to Tommy that there was anything particularly interesting about old Mr. Toad. But those beautiful eyes—for a toad's eyes are truly beautiful, so beautiful that they are the cause of the old legend that a toad carries a jewel in his head—set him to thinking.

The more he thought, the more he realized how very little he knew about this homely common neighbor of the garden.

"All I know about him is that he eats bugs," muttered Tommy, "and on that account is a pretty good fellow to have around. My, but he *has* got great eyes! I wonder if there is anything else interesting about him. I wonder if I should wish to be a toad just to learn about him, if I could be one. I guess some of the wishes I've made on this old stone have been sort of foolish, because every time I've been discontented or envious, and I guess the wishes have come true just to teach me a lesson. I'm not discontented now. I should say not! A fellow would be pretty poor stuff to be discontented on a beautiful spring day like this! And I don't envy old Mr. Toad, not a bit, unless it's for his beautiful eyes, and I guess that does n't count. I don't see how he can have a very interesting life, but I almost want to wish just to see if it *will* come true."

At that moment, old Mr. Toad came out from under the wishing-stone and started on down the Lone Little Path. Just as before, he seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere, and to have something on his mind. Tommy had to smile as he watched his awkward hops.

"I may as well let him get a good start, because he goes so awfully slow," thought Tommy, and dreamily watched until old Mr. Toad was just going out of sight around a turn in the Lone Little Path. Then, instead of getting up and following, Tommy suddenly made up his mind to test the old wishing-stone. "I wish," said he right out loud, "I wish that I could be a toad!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he was hurrying down the Lone Little Path after old Mr. Toad, hop-hop-hoppity-hop, a toad himself. He knew now just where old Mr. Toad was bound for, and he was in a hurry, a tremendous hurry, to get there himself. It was the Smiling Pool. He did n't know why he wanted to get there, but he did. It seemed to him that he could n't get there quick enough. It was spring, and the joy of spring made him tingle all over from the tip of his nose to the tips of his toes; but with it was a great longing—a longing for the Smiling Pool. It was a longing very much like homesickness. He felt that he could n't be really happy until he got there, and that nothing could or should keep him away from there. He could n't even stop to eat. He knew, too, that that was just the way old Mr. Toad was feeling, and it did n't surprise him as he hurried along, hop-hop-hoppity-hop, to find other toads all headed in the same direction, and all in just as much of a hurry as he was.

Suddenly he heard a sound that made him hurry faster than ever, or at least try to. It was a clear sweet peep, peep, peep. "It's my cousin Stickytoes the Tree-toad, and he's got there before me," thought Tommy, and tried to hop faster. That single peep grew into a great chorus of peeps, and now he heard other voices, the voices of his other cousins, the frogs. He began to feel that he must sing too, but he could n't stop for that.

At last, Tommy and old Mr. Toad reached the Smiling Pool, and with a last long hop landed in



"TOMMY SAW THEM SITTING UPRIGHT IN THE SHALLOW WATER. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)"

the shallow water on the edge. How good the cool water felt to his dry skin! At the very first touch, the great longing left Tommy and a great content took its place. He had reached home, and he knew it. It was the same way with old Mr. Toad and with all the other toads that kept coming and coming from all directions. And the very first thing that many of them did as soon as they had rested a bit was—what do you think? Why, each one began to sing. Yes, sir, a great many of those toads began to sing! If Tommy had been his true self instead of a toad, he probably would have been more surprised than he was when he discovered that old Mr. Toad had beautiful eyes. But he was n't surprised now,

for the very good reason that he was singing himself.

Tommy could no more help singing than he could help breathing. Just as he had to fill his lungs with air, so he had to give expression to the joy that filled him. He just *had* to. And, as the most natural expression of joy is in song, Tommy added his voice to the great chorus of the Smiling Pool. In his throat was a pouch for which he had not been aware that he had any particular use, but now he found out what it was for. He filled it with air, and it swelled and swelled like a little balloon, until it was actually larger than his head; and, though he was n't aware of it, he filled it in a very interesting way. He drew the air in through his nostrils and then forced it through two little slits in the floor of his mouth near the forward end of his tongue. All the time he kept his mouth tightly closed. That little balloon was for the purpose of increasing the sound of his voice. Later he discovered that he could sing when wholly under water, with mouth and nostrils tightly closed, by passing the air back

in the shallow water with their funny swelled-out throats, and singing with all their might. In all the Great World, there was no more joyous place than the Smiling Pool in those beautiful spring days. It seemed as if everybody sang—Redwing the Blackbird in the bulrushes, Little Friend the Song-sparrow in the bushes along the edge of the Laughing Brook, Bubbling Bob the Bobolink in the top of the nearest tree on the Green Meadows, and the toads and frogs in every part of the Smiling Pool. But of all those songs there was none sweeter or more expressive of perfect happiness than that of Tommy and his neighbor, homely, almost ugly-looking, old Mr. Toad.

But it was not quite true that everybody sang. Tommy found it out in a way that put an end to his own singing for a little while. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his brightest, and the singers of the Smiling Pool were doing their very best, when suddenly old Mr. Toad cut his song short right in the middle. So did other toads and frogs on both sides of him. Tommy stopped too, just because the others did. There was something fearsome in that sudden ending of glad song. Tommy sat perfectly still with a queer feeling that something dreadful was happening. He did n't move, but he rolled his eyes this way and that way until he saw something moving on the edge of the shore. It was Mr. Blacksnake, just starting to crawl away, and from his mouth two long legs were feebly kicking. One of the sweet singers would sing no more. After that, no matter how glad and happy he felt as he sang, he kept a sharp watch all the time for Mr. Snake, for he had learned that there was danger even in the midst of joy.

But when the dusk of evening came, he knew that Mr. Snake was no longer to be feared, and he sang in perfect peace and contentment until there came an evening when again that mighty chorus stopped abruptly. A shadow passed over him. Looking up, he saw a great bird with soundless wings, and hanging from its claws one of the sweet singers whose voice was stilled forever. Hooty the Owl had caught his supper. So Tommy learned that not all animal-folk sing their joy in spring, and that those who do not, such as Mr. Blacksnake and Hooty the Owl, were to be watched out for.

"Too bad, too bad!" whispered old Mr. Toad as they waited for some one to start the chorus again. "That fellow was careless. He did n't watch out. He forgot. Bad business, forgetting; bad business. Does n't do at all. Now I've lived a great many years, and I expect to live a great many more. I never forget to watch out.



"ONCE MORE OLD MR. TOAD SMACKED HIS LIPS."

and forth between his lungs and that throat-pouch.

It was the same way with all the other toads, and on all sides Tommy saw them sitting upright

We toads have n't very many enemies, and if we watch out for the few we have got, there is n't much to worry about. It 's safe to start that chorus again, so here goes."

He swelled his throat out and began to sing. In five minutes it was as if nothing had happened at the Smiling Pool.

So the glad spring passed, and Tommy saw many things of interest. He saw thousands of tiny eggs hatch into funny little tadpoles, and for a while it was hard to tell at first glance the toad tadpoles from their cousins, the frog tadpoles. But the little toad babies grew fast, and it was almost no time at all before they were not tadpoles at all, but tiny little toads with tails. Day by day the tails grew shorter, until there were no tails at all, each baby a perfect little toad no bigger than a good-sized cricket, but big enough to consider that he had outgrown his nursery, and to be eager to leave the Smiling Pool and go out into the Great World.

"Foolish! Foolish! Much better off here. Got a lot to learn before they can take care of themselves in the Great World," grumbled old Mr. Toad. Then he chuckled. "Know just how they feel, though," said he. "Felt the same way myself at their age. Suppose you did, too."

Of course, Tommy, never having been little like that, for he had wished himself into a full-grown toad, had no such memory. But old Mr. Toad did n't seem to expect a reply, for he went right on: "Took care of myself, and I guess those little rascals can do the same thing. By the way, this water is getting uncomfortably warm. Besides, I 've got business to attend to. Can't sing all the time. Holidays are over. Think I 'll start along back to-night. Are you going my way?"

Now Tommy had n't thought anything about the matter. He had noticed that a great many toads were leaving the Smiling Pool, and that he himself did n't care so much about singing. Then, too, he longed for a good meal, for he had eaten little since coming to the Smiling Pool. So when old Mr. Toad asked if he was going his way, Tommy suddenly decided that he was.

"Good!" replied old Mr. Toad. "We 'll start as soon as it begins to grow dark. It 's safer then. Besides, I never could travel in bright, hot weather. It 's bad for the health."

So when the black shadows began to creep across the Green Meadows, old Mr. Toad and Tommy turned their backs on the Smiling Pool and started up the Lone Little Path. They were not in a hurry now, as they had been when they came down the Lone Little Path, and they hopped along slowly, stopping to hunt bugs and slugs

and worms, for they were very, very hungry. Old Mr. Toad fixed his eyes on a fly which had just lighted on the ground two inches in front of him. He sat perfectly still, but there was a lightning-like flash of something pink from his mouth, and the fly was gone. Mr. Toad smacked his lips.



"TOAD WEATHER! PERFECT TOAD WEATHER!"
EXCLAIMED OLD MR. TOAD. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I don't see how some people get along with their tongues fastened 'way back in their throats," he remarked. "The proper place for a tongue to be fastened is the way ours are—by the front end. Then you can shoot it out its whole length and get your meat every time. See that spider over there? If I tried to get any nearer, he 'd be gone at the first move. He 's a goner anyway. Watch!" There was that little pink flash again, and, sure enough, the spider had disappeared. Once more old Mr. Toad smacked his lips. "Did n't I tell you he was a goner?" said he, chuckling over his own joke.

Tommy quite agreed with old Mr. Toad. That arrangement of his tongue certainly was most convenient. Any insect he liked to eat that came within two inches of his nose was as good as caught. All he had to do was to shoot out his tongue, which was sticky, and when he drew it back, it brought the bug with it and carried it well

down his throat to a comfortable point to swallow. Yes, it certainly was convenient.

It took so much time to fill their stomachs that they did not travel far that night. The next day they spent under an old board, where they buried themselves in the soft earth by digging holes with their stout hind feet and backing in at the same time until just their noses and eyes showed at the doorways, ready to snap up any foolish bugs or worms who might seek shelter in their hiding-place. It was such a comfortable place that they stayed several days, going out nights to hunt, and returning at daylight.

It was while they were there that old Mr. Toad complained that his skin was getting too tight and uncomfortable, and announced that he was going to change it. And he did. It was a pretty tiresome process, and required a lot of wriggling and kicking, but little by little the old skin split in places and Mr. Toad worked it off, getting his hind legs free first, and later his hands, using the latter to pull the last of it from the top of his head over his eyes. And, as fast as he worked it loose, he swallowed it!

"Now I feel better," said he, as with a final gulp he swallowed the last of his old suit. Tommy was n't sure that he *looked* any better, for the new skin looked very much like the old one; but he did n't say so.

Tommy found that he needed four good meals a day, and filling his stomach took most of his time when he was n't resting. Cutworms he found especially to his liking, and it was astonishing how many he could eat in a night. Caterpillars of many kinds helped out, and it was great fun to sit beside an ant-hill and snap up the busy workers as they came out.

But, beside their daily foraging, there was plenty of excitement, as when a rustling warned them that a snake was near, or a shadow on the grass told them that a hawk was sailing overhead. At those times they simply sat perfectly still, and looked so much like little lumps of earth that they were not seen at all, or, if they were, they were not recognized. Instead of drinking, they soaked water in through the skin. To have a dry skin was to be terribly uncomfortable, and that is why they always sought shelter during the sunny hours.

At last came a rainy day. "Toad weather! Perfect toad weather!" exclaimed old Mr. Toad. "This is the day to travel."

So once more they took up their journey in a leisurely way. A little past noon, the clouds

cleared away and the sun came out bright. "Time to get under cover," grunted old Mr. Toad, and led the way to a great gray rock beside the Lone Little Path and crawled under the edge of it. Tommy was just going to follow—when something happened! He was n't a toad at all—just a freckle-faced boy sitting on the wishing-stone. He pinched himself to make sure. Then he looked under the edge of the wishing-stone for old Mr. Toad. He was n't there. Gradually he remembered that he had seen old Mr. Toad disappearing around a turn in the Lone Little Path, going hoppy-hop-hop-hop, as if he had something on his mind.

"And I thought that there was nothing interesting about a toad!" muttered Tommy. "I wonder if it's all true. I believe I'll run down to the Smiling Pool and just see if that is where Mr. Toad really was going. He must have about reached there by this time."

He jumped to his feet and ran down the Lone Little Path. As he drew near the Smiling Pool, he stopped to listen to the joyous chorus rising from it. He had always thought of the singers as just "peepers," or frogs. Now, for the first time, he noticed that there were different voices. Just ahead of him he saw something moving. It was old Mr. Toad. Softly, very softly, Tommy followed and saw him jump into the shallow water. Carefully he tiptoed nearer and watched. Presently old Mr. Toad's throat began to swell and swell, until it was bigger than his head. Then he began to sing. It was only a couple of notes, tremulous and wonderfully sweet, and so expressive of joy and gladness that Tommy felt his own heart swell with happiness.

"It is true!" he cried. "And all the rest must be true. And I said there was nothing beautiful about a toad, when all the time he has the most wonderful eyes and the sweetest voice I've ever heard. It must be true about that queer tongue, and the way he sheds his skin. I'm going to watch and see for myself. Why, I've known old Mr. Toad all my life, and thought him just a common fellow, when all the time he is just wonderful! I'm glad I've been a toad. Of course there is nothing like being a boy, but I'd rather be a toad than some other things I've been on the old wishing-stone. I'm going to get all the toads I can to live in my garden this summer."

And that is just what Tommy did do, with the result that he had one of the best gardens anywhere around. And nobody knew why but Tommy—and his friends, the toads.

(To be continued)

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

SELMA LAGERLÖF, SWEDISH GENIUS

In an old rectory called Mårbacka, in Värmland, Sweden, a little girl, who, if not sickly, was still by no means robust, would refuse to play the rough outdoor games that delighted her brothers and sisters, preferring to sit in the house, by the stove in winter or the open window in summer, and listen to stories.

Stories told by old women who came in to chat with the mistress, and who had strange ghost stories to tell, legends of the old superintendent of the foundries, a dark man, who was said to have driven about the country with a team of black bulls harnessed to his cart, and whom the Evil One would visit of an evening, sitting in the rocker and rocking back and forth while the superintendent's wife, who was as peculiar as her husband, would play on the piano.

Stories told by old army captains, now so poor that their clothes were shabby, who would spend weeks visiting in the rectory, and who, their memories unlocked by warmth and good cheer, would lean back comfortably and tell of the days when they were young, and danced with the prettiest girls, and were chased by wolves across the wide plains covered with snow. And girls would come with their own stories, or with others told them by their grandmothers, and from the neighboring homestead stories drifted in, stories that had to do with the country roundabout, and the folks who had lived there a century past.

Yes, it was a great place for stories. The northland loves to tell them in the long, long winter evenings, when curtains are drawn against the cold searching of the winds that are so strong they shake the walls of the stoutest houses, and that come piled full of snow. No warm and sunny land ever tells such wonderful tales as the northland.

Mårbacka itself was a small place standing snugly under huge trees in the midst of the beautiful Värmland province, where brooks run gaily down the green hills in spring and summer and autumn, and freeze into fantastic ice-forms at the first breath of winter. Sunny fields and fine forests, pretty farms and villages, mills on the edge of the streams with their arms turning with creakings and complaints while the golden grain turns to white flour. A lovely country! And the old rectory a sweet place, where there was never

bickering or disturbance, but much laughter, with a peaceful, restful spirit, a ready welcome for any guest, a love of books, a love of people.

So here the little girl, whose name was Selma Lagerlöf, grew up and lived till she was twenty-two, listening to the stories and reading others.



Photography by *Frans Jacobson*.
SELMA LAGERLÖF.

And also writing stories. Yes, that she did very steadily. But she did not think of writing those that she heard from her friends and neighbors. No, indeed! Those were stories any one could tell. She preferred to write in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, or the Arabian Nights, or other romantic, far-off tale-tellers. She wrote in verse; she wrote plays; she set down long romances. And then she waited for fame and fortune, which were to come, so she tells us, in the form of a stranger who would be struck with the power and beauty of her work, and offer to publish it for the admiration of the world.

But of course, since hers was a true story, the stranger did not come. And so she grew tired of

waiting; and since, moreover, it was necessary that she should set about making a living, she went away at twenty-two to Stockholm, to learn to be a teacher. And then she was so busy that she had to stop writing. But back in her soul there was still the desire to be an author. However, she had no real notion what the story she wanted so much to tell was, nor where she was to find it.

Then something wonderful happened. For she had been only two months in Stockholm, and was walking home from the lecture-room one autumn afternoon, thinking over the lecture, which had been about two of Sweden's writers, when suddenly a great thought flashed into her mind. Why was not the story of Värmland, the legends and the personal adventures and the homestead life, all that woven mass she knew so well, why was not that the story?

Instantly she understood that this was indeed her story. And so great was the effect of the discovery on her that the street rose and sank, rose and sank, before her eyes, as she tells us herself. When it settled again, and she saw the passers-by going calmly along as though nothing at all had happened, she stared at them astonished.

From that exciting moment, Selma Lagerlöf never forgot that she was to write the story of Värmland. But it took many years for her to do it. Yet the years were not wasted. For they each brought her more of the story, her father telling her of a man he had known in his youth, who had every charm of mind and body and temperament and was universally beloved and admired, but who never did anything with all his gifts but waste them and himself. He was the very figure for her hero. And his name came suddenly to her mind, as though it were really his, and not an imaginary name: *Gösta Berling*, that was his name, and the story should be called "The Saga of Gösta Berling."

First she began to write it in the verse form, like the old sagas. But that did not work. That was not the way this story wanted to be told. It took several years to get the first chapter written at all. And several more before it had been cut down from forty pages to nine, and another added to it. The book was begun.

We cannot follow all the adventures of "Gösta Berling" in getting written. Suffice it that when a prize was offered by the "Idun," a Swedish magazine, in the spring of 1890, for short novellettes, Selma Lagerlöf decided to send in the first five chapters of her book, which made a story in themselves. She had to work very hard to get the chapters finished, sitting up all night long to

write the last one, for though she was now over thirty, and the book had been begun when she was twenty-two, that was as far as it had gone. She was a teacher now, living in a small country town called Landskrona, and had little time to give to writing. But she had at last got into the swing of her story, and she hoped to have it finished in three or four more years.

She won the prize, greatly to her astonishment, for she had long ago lost her childish faith in herself, and had ceased to believe that any stranger would find merit in her work. It was only because of her sister that she sent the manuscript in at all. Not only did she get the prize, but the publishers of the magazine told her they would be glad to publish her book if she would get it written.

Only they did not want to wait for perhaps four years.

And then things began to happen. A friend, the Baroness Adlersparre, who herself wrote under the name of "Esselde," took a deep interest in "Gösta Berling." She told Selma that she must resign from her school work and write the book. How long would it take? It would take a year. Very well, the baroness would see that there was money for that time. And after much persuasion, Selma Lagerlöf went to a pretty villa in Sörmland, where lived other friends, who offered to give her peace and freedom and a room to write in. And she wrote.

So "Gösta Berling" came into the world. And in less time than it takes to get around it, the world hailed the writer as a genius. Fame and fortune had really come to the frail quiet little school-teacher in her far-away country home.

One of the first things she did was to buy back her beloved Mårbacka, which had been sold as the family fortunes sank. And then she went on writing. And two friends of hers, King Oscar and Prince Eugene of Sweden, also called the painter-prince because he was an artist of no mean talent, arranged matters so that she could fulfil her great wish and go abroad. That turned her to writing more stories, set in Italy and other places, and especially to her second masterpiece, "Jerusalem," which begins in Dalecarlia, Sweden, her winter home for a number of years. And then she came home again and settled down in Mårbacka.

In 1909 the great honor of the Nobel prize, \$40,000, was given her, as author of the greatest piece of imaginative writing produced within the required period. Was this not very wonderful, happening to the quiet, modest little woman who had been the dreaming, story-loving child in an unknown rectory of that distant northland? Now

the whole world knew of her, and was reading her book, which had been translated into many languages, and was asking for more from her.

She did not write anything especially for children till her "Wonderful Adventures of Nils." In this book all her knowledge of, and sympathy for, her country, its history and legends, its mountains and forests and fields, its picturesque villages and high-pointed churches and snug farm-houses, found a charming expression. On the back of the Wild Goose little *Nils* sees and hears all that goes to make Sweden. And so, too, have countless children the world around.

With all her fame and fortune, Selma Lagerlöf remains the pleasant, unpretentious, fun-loving, kind-hearted woman of her school-teacher days. She has never married, and, since she is now about fifty-six years old, she will probably remain a spinster. But her friends are thick as the leaves in her beloved forests in full summer. From all the ranks of Sweden's population she can number them, not to mention lands beyond. And doubtless she still has a head full of stories to tell us, delightful as those already written.

It is hard to believe, when you read her books, that a life so quiet and uneventful as hers could have produced so deep an understanding of her fellow human beings, so wide and sweet a sympathy. There is a fine nobility about this woman's books; but even when she is telling about some man or woman who worked evil, she never

seems to be blaming, to be setting herself up as a judge, to be preaching a sermon. She simply tells the story, more as though it were something that really existed, like an oak-tree or a mountain, than as if it were the child of her brain. The bad and the good, the happiness and the sorrow, they are all part of the story, all true, and we ourselves can do the judging.

She is always accurate, too, when she tells us some natural fact, describing a flower or the action of winds, or the look of mist in a summer dawn, or the ways of a bird. Whatever she sees, she sees correctly, and she tells it without trying to alter it. This is rarer than it ought to be.

She has a particular comprehension of children, and, whenever a child comes into her work, it is a joy to find it. Lots of people get sentimental over children in their stories, and make you very uncomfortable, but Miss Lagerlöf is just as honest and just as much at home with a child as with a grown woman like herself.

Most of her stories are still too old for you to read, but, if any of you have not read the two volumes of "Nils," certainly you have a great good time before you. And perhaps you will be all the more interested in the stories from knowing how wonderful was this school-teacher's own adventure of life, and how natural and attractive the simple home life in the story-haunted old rectory where she was born and to which she has happily returned.

A BOOK LOVER

DEAR dainty damsel Dorothy,

She does n't know a letter;

I thought that I loved books, but she

Is sure she loves them better.

"For when they stand like this," she says,

"They make a lovely chair

For Rose, and darling Mary Ann,

With room for Baby Clare.

"This big book is too large for them,

But just the size for me,

And when I'm tired with fam'ly cares,

I sit and rest, you see.

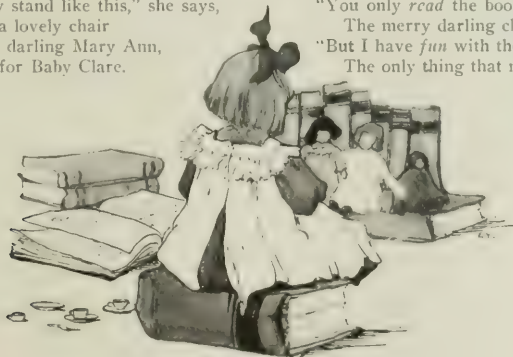
"You only *read* the books, you know,"

The merry darling chatters;

"But I have *fun* with them,—and fun's

The only thing that matters."

Anna Yarnell.



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



"PATRICK WAS NOW A PICTURE OF ACTIVE EFFICIENCY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

A FEATHERED ST. PATRICK

BY IFE S. CRANDALL

Assistant Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Park

JOEY was lonesome. Born on his father's isolated farm, he had never known the companionship of children of his own age. Still, there had been no scarcity of animal friends, for South Africa is a land of many pets, and until now he had never felt that anything was missing from his life. But many as were the pets he acquired, accidents had always increased in direct proportion, so uncertain are the lives of wild things in sympathetic but inexperienced hands. A recent series of mishaps had left to the boy only Busy, the fox-terrier, who had outlived a host of less civilized rivals. And only yesterday, during a mad frolic on the neighboring veldt, Busy had carelessly trod on a coiled form, hidden beneath the foliage. There had been a lightning flash of brown, a yelp of surprise from Busy, and, a few short hours later, Joey was companionless. Somehow, the dog had been more lovable, more understanding, than the others. He was ever cheerful, and did not have the curious reversions to wild

instincts so frequently shown by native pets. Moreover, he had come from home, a home which was very real to Joey, although he had never actually seen it.

After the first pangs of grief had passed, Joey's father sought to win him back to cheerfulness by promising a new pet, more interesting than any of its predecessors. He would not tell him what it was to be, but Joey felt that it must be strange indeed to warrant such a description.

This evening, as he sat on the top rail of the long wooden plucking chute—Joey's father was an ostrich farmer—curiosity had almost overcome regret. Not entirely, of course, for Busy had been much loved; but sorrows are never reluctant to give way to joys when one is but eight. Father had promised to bring the vaunted creature that very day, had even agreed to ride considerably out of his way to visit the group of dirty, hive-like huts which formed a Hottentot village a few miles to the north.

As Joey looked across the undulating, flower-covered veldt, he wondered what the new-comer might prove to be. A meerkat, perhaps, or even a ground-hornbill. And once, when passing the

squat hovels of the Hottentots, he had seen and coveted a young baboon, the heart's desire of boyhood.

Some distance off, a group of young ostriches, nearly full grown but still wearing the gray plumage of immaturity, was grazing, partly obscured by the scraggy bushes. As Joey gazed, the birds suddenly stopped feeding, and began to move off, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. Then appeared the horseman who had disturbed them, and at once Joey recognized his father.

As the rider drew near, it could be seen that he gave more attention to the burden with which he was encumbered than to his horse. Joey watched until his father was hidden behind the farm buildings at the right, and then rushed off to meet him at the gate of the horse paddock. His father had already dismounted when he arrived, and was untying a very dirty rag which encircled wings and drawn-up legs of an outraged and rumped bunch of feathers, which, when it had been raised to a more normal position by a pair of extremely thin and inefficient-looking legs, disclosed itself as a well-grown secretary-bird. As it extended itself to its full height, the queer, hawk-like head was nearly three feet from the ground, and at each side, like quills behind the ear of a clerk, drooped the long black quills which give the bird its name. Its soft gray feathers were dragged and dirty, and their condition had not been improved by the journey on horseback.

For all its grotesque appearance, the bird pleased Joey immensely. It must have a name at once, of course, and the boy turned for assistance to his father, who unhesitatingly suggested "Patrick," a choice inspired by a famous snake-hater of a different race. He was absurdly tame, and showed his ready acceptance of this latest change in his fortunes by running up to his new master with the guttural rattle which expresses the entire range of a secretary-bird's emotions. Joey's father thought the rumble meant hunger this time, so the boy sped off to examine a rat-trap he had set the night before. After a few minutes' absence he returned with the cage, containing three of the destructive rodents, all of good size. The hungry eye of the bird noticed them at once, and he showed the wisdom of Father's interpretation by running up and down before the bearer of the trap. Joey was not certain as to how the meal should be served, but just as he had decided that the rats should be drowned, the biggest of the lot, seized with sudden fear, made a dash at the rust-eaten door. It gave way and the rat was free. In the excitement, Joey dropped the trap, and instantly the place seemed alive with the

scrambling creatures. Two or three ostrich herders had come up, and they, with Joey and his father, joined in a wild rush for clubs. The only cool member of the party was Patrick. The soiled, ragged bird was now a picture of active efficiency. With four-foot strides he dashed from rat to rat, and, as he overtook each victim, a smashing blow of the taloned foot flattened it to the ground. A minute, and, as far as Patrick was concerned, the excitement was over. By the time the men had armed themselves, only the tail of the last rat was still to be seen, mute evidence that even a secretary-bird's stomach has its limitations.

Patrick was hailed as the greatest of rat-killers, and Joey's father had visions of barns and corrals freed from vermin. The bird was con-



"AS THE RINGTAILS STRUCK, THE BIRD LEAPED LIGHTLY UP AND BACKWARD. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)"

fined to a disused brood-pen at night, but during the long days he and Joey were constant companions. The two searched lumber-piles and outbuildings for rats, Joey driving them from their hiding-places with a long pole, and Patrick despatching them with flashing feet. On one or two occasions, the hunters encountered small ad-

ders, but these the bird despatched without ado, crushing the flattened heads before they could even think of striking.

Then came a time when the fluffy, black-and-buff ostrich chicks were hatching, and the edict went forth that, as a precaution, Patrick must be confined to his pen until the chicks were too large to tempt him.

Patrick had developed wonderfully since he came to Joey. His ravenous appetite had never gone unsated, and an abundance of food had brought him to full strength. His plumage was smooth and tight, the long narrow tail-feathers almost touching the ground as he walked. His step was light and springy, somehow suggestive of the tremendous strength of the black-feathered thighs. It was quite evident that constant confinement to the small inclosure irked the active bird, and Joey often gave him his liberty for an hour or so at a time, keeping him under close watch, and inducing him to take his exercise on the veldt, at a safe distance from the chick-pens.

About ten minutes' walk from the house, on a little brush-topped knoll, was a fallen tree on which Joey often sat while Patrick explored in the vicinity. One sunny afternoon the pair had gone forth after their usual custom. Patrick, engaged in the pleasant task of capturing and swallowing a fat locust, had dropped a little behind, while Joey went on to his resting-place. Just as he seated himself, a slight disturbance caused him to look up, to find himself confronted by the hideous head of a ringhals, the most dreaded snake of the veldt, which reared itself from the ground to such a height that the beady eyes were on a level with those of the stooping boy. Terror-stricken, Joey started up, and, as he did so, a spray of yellow venom, intended for his face, struck the front of his jacket. Small wonder South Africans fear the ringhals, which, in addition to an evil temper, possesses the unique ability to squirt poison at its victims!

Almost paralyzed with fear, the boy shrank back, longing to flee, but fearing to turn his back to the cobra. As Joey backed away, the snake advanced to renew the attack; but, before he was able to strike with the ugly fangs, or eject another stream of venom, the dallying Patrick appeared. At once he dominated the situation. Even the dull-witted reptile seemed to recognize in him an enemy to be feared, and diverted its attack from the cringing boy to the alert bird. Raising itself to as great a height as it was able, and expanding its curving hood to the fullest, the cobra launched itself in a darting lunge at its new adversary. But the heritage of thousands of snake-fighting ancestors was not to be so easily

overcome. As the ringhals struck, the secretary-bird, balancing on its toes, with broad wings extended, leaped lightly up and backward, easily avoiding the needle-like fangs. The next instant the cobra, at the end of its thrust, dropped partly extended to the ground, and the flying foot of Patrick landed on the cruel head with the force and accuracy of a trip-hammer. Partly stunned, the snake drew back to striking position. The bird followed warily, circling about its opponent with long, springy strides. Maddened by the blow and the nearness of its enemy, the snake again struck out. This effort was avoided, however, even more easily than the first, and as the baffled reptile straightened out, the smashing feet delivered a lightning right and left which settled the outcome of the battle.

As Joey, fascinated, peeped from behind the base of the log, he saw the bird calmly stretching the cobra with beak and foot, preparatory to swallowing it. What had been a dreadful experience for the boy, meant merely a good meal to Patrick.

THE SNAPPING-TURTLE

ALL of the tortoise family, to which most of our so-called turtles belong, are remarkable not only for their long life and for their amphibious habits, but for the tenacity with which they cling to life even when they have been apparently killed;



WAITING FOR DINNER.

in this latter respect they are fully the equal of the true reptiles.

To these qualities, common to all of the tortoise tribe, the snapping-turtle adds that of extreme ferocity; not only will he defend himself valiantly when attacked, but at certain seasons of the year will often himself take the initiative. As he is by far the largest of the fresh-water tortoises, often attaining a diameter of two feet and a weight of one hundred pounds, he is no mean antagonist; a single snap of his horny jaws



HELIOGRAPHING FROM CUYAMACA PEAK TO MOUNT SAN JACINTO, SIXTY MILES AWAY.

will sometimes remove a finger or a toe, so it is well to beware of him.

As might be expected from his nature and armament, the snapping-turtle does not live exclusively upon plant-life, as do other members of his family, but displays great fondness for a meat diet; young ducks, frogs, fish, and muskrats are all dainties to be added upon occasion to his bill of fare. While he is capable of some speed in the water, his favorite method of hunting seems to be to lie quietly until his victim comes within reach, and then, with a lightning-like dart of his long neck, seize his prospective dinner; he varies this, in the case of ducks and other water-fowl, by rising silently beneath them—a snap of the iron jaws on leg or wing, a despairing flutter in the water, and the luckless bird is dragged beneath the surface to be speedily drowned and eaten at leisure.

Like other cold-blooded creatures, the snapping-turtle lays its eggs in some dry spot where they may be hatched by the sun; from fifty to sixty eggs are deposited early in May, the young emerging about the last of June. When first hatched, the young turtles' shells are soft and they are a prey to snakes, birds, and rats, creatures which, should the young turtle survive, would find him in later life their greatest enemy, next to man.

Considered from a scientific standpoint, the turtle is of some interest, for, although classed

with the reptiles, he has many of the attributes of other groups; thus he has a shell like the mollusks, legs like the mammals, lays eggs like the birds, can live in the water or on the land like certain amphibians, and hibernates in the mud during the cold season as do many of the other cold-blooded creatures. The fact that his flesh is edible, however, and that "turtle soup" is somewhat of a delicacy, marks his chief claim to distinction with many of us.

A. E. SWOYER.

A MOUNTAIN SURPRISE

THERE are all kinds of unsuspected things constantly going on in very out-of-the-way places. This fact was enforced upon me one day a year or two ago, when, in the course of a horseback journey through the back country of southern California, my companion and I arrived on the summit of Cuyamaca Peak. This mountain is in the eastern part of San Diego County, on the edge of the Colorado Desert, and about twenty-five miles north of the Mexican line. We had come that morning from the little mining town of Julian, on the crest of the great ridge of mountains that runs down into Lower California, forming a long southern spur of the Sierra Nevada.

For hours we had met no one, and had seen few tokens of human life. After riding as far as we could up the mountain, we tied our horses

and made the last 2000 feet of the climb on foot. It was with no little astonishment that, on reaching the top, prepared to enjoy the vast view that opens from this high and solitary spot, we found a little platform built on the topmost rock, and a young fellow in workmanlike khaki sitting at a rough sort of table, whistling cheerfully while he tap, tap, tapped away at a heliograph. He proved to be one of the men of the United States Geodetic Survey, who had been ordered up here to exchange flashes with a comrade who was to answer him from the peak of San Jacinto, sixty miles away to the north. These two mountains, Cuyamaca Peak of 6515 feet, and Mount San Jacinto of 10,805 feet, are triangulation points of the survey.

We found that our friend had arrived at his post soon after sunrise that morning. It was

to where the Pacific lay shrouded in summer haze. Then we said good-by and left him. He was not much more than a boy, a quite unimportant employee of the service; but, somehow, there seemed to be a pleasant, picturesque idea in it, just a touch of the great, commonplace romance of science. And whenever now I see some fine, solitary peak rising from the plain or towering above a sea of mountains, I wonder whether there is not some young surveyor sitting up there, whistling to himself as he taps away at his heliograph.

J. S. CHASE.

LIFTING A GIANT LOCOMOTIVE

In connection with the story of the locomotive which appears on page 529 of this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, the question of handling these great modern monsters, when it is necessary to repair them, is an interesting one.

The accompanying picture shows how this is done in the railroad shops at Collinwood, Ohio, said to be the largest locomotive repair-shops in the world. In these shops, as indicated in the picture, a giant locomotive is lifted in mid-air and carried above the heads of many other locomotives as easily as though it were a toy.

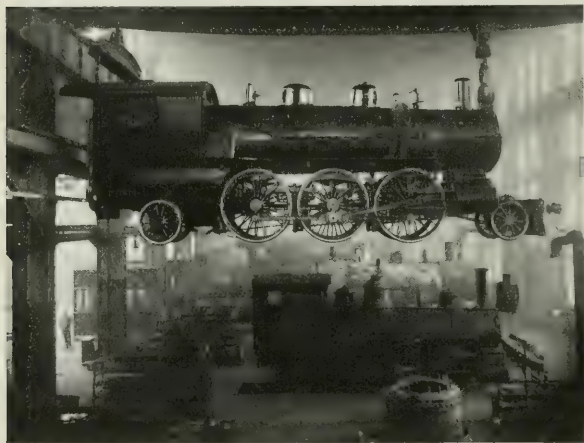
When a locomotive enters this shop for repairs, the tender is uncoupled and the water removed from the locomotive boiler. The front end is then fitted into what is known as a "sling," and the rear end into a cradle. It is then lifted by a 120-ton crane and swung through the air at the rate of

at least 150 feet per minute, until lowered to the particular track on which it is to receive its repairs. This photograph also enables us to see the difference in size between the small locomotive on the track below and the large one in mid-air.

W. FRANK MCCLURE.

A TREE ON STILTS

THIS elm-tree is about 200 years of age, and is situated on the Delaware River, near Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. The rushing waters of the river in the spring freshets have carried the soil away until the great tree has been left on stilts, as the picture shows, yet it withstands the mighty force



SWINGING THROUGH THE AIR AT THE RATE OF 150 FEET PER MINUTE.

now long past noon, and he had been sitting here hour after hour, with his instrument and his eyes trained upon the distant mountain, patiently serving the cause of accuracy, with special regard to the superb series of maps published by the Government. He would wait here until sunset, or until he received the answering flash. If it did not come to-day, he would camp for the night on the mountain, and would be on the watch again by sunrise next day.

We stayed an hour or two, chatting with the young surveyor and absorbing a magnificent view—to north, east, and south a wilderness of glistening desert and somber mountain, and to the west rolling foot-hill, and cultivated valley and plain,

of the storms that have beat against it for the last sixty years. The oldest residents say that

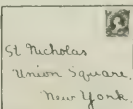


THE OLD ELM TREE WITH ITS ROOTS EXPOSED.

this tree was on stilts when they were boys. The exposed roots cover a space of about fifteen by twenty-five feet. Some of the roots are fifteen inches in diameter and ten feet long, the tree having two main stems; one about thirty-two inches thick and the other twenty-four inches.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

? "BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????



NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this "Because We Want to Know" page for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department can not afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—EDITOR

CAN WE HEAR OUR OWN HEART-BEATS?

STOCKTON, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can we hear our hearts beat or only feel them? A friend of mine and myself have been having a discussion as to whether you can or not. She thinks you can and I say, "No, you only feel them." Will you please answer our question?

Lovingly,

ALICE A. WOODS (AGE 11).

Under ordinary circumstances, we can neither feel nor hear the beating of the heart, but after violent exercise, and sometimes under condition of strong emotion, we may both feel and hear

the heart-beats. In some cases of heart disease, the beating is audible to another person standing not far away.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

THE ELECTRIC FAN AS A MOTOR

WILMINGTON HILLS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If a sail-boat had on its stern an electric fan as powerful as the wind, would it go? There has been much discussion over this.

Your affectionate reader,

LOIS P. HOPKINS.

If the fan is turned so as to blow air backward over the stern, the boat will move forward. If turned so as to blow air into the sail, the boat will not be moved forward; unless the sail caught all the blast from the fan, the boat would tend to move backward.—E. L. N.

THE CAUSE OF "APRIL SHOWERS"

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why is it that it is supposed to rain more often, and more unexpectedly, in April than in any other month?

Your interested reader,

SERENA E. HAND (age 13).

You ask why it is "that it is supposed to rain more often and unexpectedly in April." Probably because all our weather lore in popular use has been derived from England, or northern Europe. In the northern hemisphere, April is the month when the transition from winter to summer begins to be noticed. "April showers bring forth May flowers" could only have been invented in the northern hemisphere; it is not true for the southern half of the earth, where, of course, the seasons are the reverse of ours.

The variability of this April weather is the expression of the conflict that is going on between the winter weather, as it gradually retreats northward, and the settled summer weather as it gradually advances from the south. The contrast in temperature between southern and intermediate latitudes is becoming less than it was during the northern winter; occasional lapses on the south permit brief incursions of cooler weather and showers, but the summer temperatures and weaker winds with local thunder-storms are steadily advancing.

The variable April and spring weather finds its counterpart in the variable weather of autumn. But then the successive variations tend to leave us a little colder and more wintry after each cool spell. The conditions of the northern hemisphere are changing, but in the opposite direction; summer is retreating and winter is advancing, and temperature contrasts between the north and the tropics are increasing.—CLEVELAND ABEE, JR.



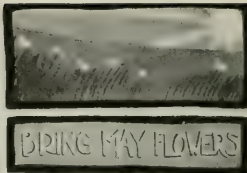
APRIL SHOWERS

St. Nicholas

OUR young picture-makers have enriched the League's pages this month with a remarkably fine exhibit of their artistic talents—both with the camera and the crayon. There must have been something strangely appealing to girl and boy photographers in the subject "Playmates," or else some good fairy whispered the word into the editor's ear at a most propitious moment—for seldom, if ever, has ST. NICHOLAS received at one time so many prints of such uniformly high quality. In the fifteen or twenty here shown, you will find plenty of chums represented, from dolls, dogs, ponies (and even a chicken!) up to the best of all—human playmates, the real cronies who can enter



BY E. THEO. NELSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BRING MAY FLOWERS

League~

with full and perfect understanding into our youthful frolics, or games, or quiet fun.

And the young draftsmen are entitled to almost as much credit, for while their contributions were naturally fewer in numbers than those of the photographic clan, they quite rivaled them in ingenuity or artistic merit. Nor are the members of the League in any danger of forgetting that writing is also an art—thanks to the clever work of our young contributors, admirably exemplified in this competition. We commend to your careful reading the admirable sonnet on the opposite page, and other little poems upon "Peace," and the excellent style and finish of several of the little stories.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 182

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, Elizabeth Roper (age 15), Virginia; Dorothy S. Walworth (age 14), New Jersey. Silver badges, Dorothy Donlan (age 14), New Jersey; Gertrude Woolf (age 12), Connecticut.

VERSE. Gold badges, Mary C. Sherman (age 16), Virginia; Florence Lauer Kite (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver badges, Evelyn L. Martin (age 15), Massachusetts.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, Frank Bisinger (age 14), New York. Silver badges, Katherine E. Smith (age 17), Pennsylvania; Francis D. Johnson (age 16), Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, Robert S. McCauley (age 16), New York; Muriel Childs (age 15), Massachusetts; Julia Cleveland Reynolds (age 11), Pennsylvania; Joseph B. Ohliger (age 14), New Mexico; Frances A. Elliott (age 12), Connecticut.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, William H. Leonard (age 16), New York; Edna M. Guck (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, Louisa Burks (age 12), Kentucky; Edmund Burke (age 13), Texas; Dorothy Berrall (age 13), District of Columbia; Donald V. Weaver (age 14), New York.



BY ROBERT S. MCCAULEY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)



BY MURIEL CHILDS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)

"PLAYMATES."

A SONG OF PEACE

BY MARY C. SHERMAN (AGE 10)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1913)

I WALKED along a quiet lane
And prayed that earthly tumults cease.
Sweet music rose like a refrain,
And all the little birds sang, "Peace."

Dame Nature was at work that day,
And all the earth was stirred to life;
I walked along that wooded way,
And thought with fear on worldly strife.

The buds were bursting into green;
The violets pushing through the mold.
The blue sky, through bare branches seen,
A world of promise seemed to hold.

God lends His earth that we may live
Until He calls us home again.
His blessings does He freely give,
And we should love our fellow-men.

THE STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY ELIZABETH ROPER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1914)

"A RAINY day like this always reminds me of one day when I was a little girl," said Grandma, as she sat by the window knitting. Walter and Louise immediately put down their toys and came and stood by her chair. "What happened on that day, Grandma?" asked Walter.

"It was when we lived in the country, four miles from any neighbors, and there was great fear of Indians. One day about noon, it began to rain very hard, and a man who was driving past had to stop at our house, as he

house. Suddenly they started running in our direction, and so, waiting to count only five of them, we all ran to Father and the visitor, begging them to shoot the Indians. They got their guns and went out. All was still until we suddenly heard Father laugh, and he came in followed by six bedraggled boys dressed up like In-



"PLAYMATES" BY EVELYN TURNER, AGE 12

dians, carrying bows and arrows. They were playing Indians when the rain caught them, and they could not get home.

"The day was very exciting, and I've never forgotten it," said Grandma, with a smile.

ON THE EUROPEAN WAR A PRAYER FOR PEACE

BY FLORINE LAUER KELL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1913)

GREAT King of kings, perhaps it is Thy will
That Thy poor, foolish, blundering creature, man,
Without a word from Thee to bless or ban,
Should struggle with his fellow-man until
His murderous sword hath drunk of blood its fill;
Perhaps it is decreed in Thy great plan
That only at such cost the lesson can
Be learned, that men must live to love, not kill.
And yet—our weak souls cannot meet the test
With faith serene in Thee, assured and strong;
We cannot find Thee,—panic-struck, distressed.
From warring lands we hear of grievous wrong,
Of nations in dire need, and sore oppressed.
Fain would we cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY DOROTHY DONLAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It was a very rainy afternoon in April, 1790. In a large, hospitable house, in a small town of New Jersey, there was much excitement. Servants ran here and there, and appetizing odors floated out from a large kitchen, where pumpkin, raisin, and other pies were cooling in the window, for that evening a party was to be held to celebrate Sylvia Grey's fifteenth birthday.

Sylvia was very happy, but she longed above all things to see the great General Washington, who was to pass through their town that day, on his way to New York. The town was decorated with flowers and banners, which the rain was doing its best to ruin, for it rained harder and harder as the hours flew by, until two o'clock, when it fell in torrents, and still Washington failed to



"PLAYMATES" BY EVELYN TURNER, AGE 12

could hardly see his way. He had been to the village six miles away, and had heard stories about the Indians that made our hair stand on end to hear him tell. Soon my brother went out and helped him to put his horse into our barn. When they came back, my brother called me aside and told me that he had seen some Indians in the woods back of our house. He told me not to tell Mother, for there was no need to alarm her. We had hardly finished whispering together when we heard a cry from Mother, and, going to where she stood by the window, we saw some Indians pointing toward our

appear. At last the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and Washington with his men came through the streets. A crowd had assembled on the main street, and among them was Sylvia's father, who, seeing the worried look on Washington's face, pushed forward and, stepping up to the carriage in which he rode, asked him to stop overnight at his house. At this Washington looked relieved and at once consented.

That night was the happiest Sylvia had ever had, for after all the guests had arrived, her father entered with none other than Washington. How surprised she looked, and how the people applauded! And later in the evening, when the fiddlers commenced to play a stately minuet, Washington came to Sylvia and asked to have the first dance with her. Of course she said, "Yes,"

A RAINY DAY

BY DOROTHY S. WALWORTH (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1913)

ONE of the greatest gifts of Nature is a rainy day; not a day which alternately shines and drizzles, but a steady downpour that lasts your whole waking hours, and perhaps patters on the roof as you sink into dreamland. It gives you time to think. It gives you a sense of well-being to sit before the glowing fire and hear the swish of raindrops outside. Then is the time for a comfortable chair, a good book, and a plate of shining, juicy, rosy apples.

Also, a downpour gives you a sense of freedom from duty. You may stay in all day; no one will expect you

anywhere, and no one will rouse you from your delicious solitude. If reading fails, you may do the one hundred and one things, little but necessary, that have escaped you when the sky was blue.

The quality of the air during a rain! Just open the door and feel the cool, sweet air rush in! A nature-lover may find beauties in the landscape, too. Nature is like a nun, the soft, gray sky an ample hood, the raindrops her flowing draperies.

Some may not agree with me; but there is comfort for them when it rains, for they may think that after the rain comes sunshine, and after the storm, light.

A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY GERTRUDE WOOLF (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"Oh, what a dreary day it is," said Molly, pressing her nose against the window-pane. And she was right, for it was very stormy and raining steadily. The big drops were falling faster and faster, and the sky was overcast.

"I hate rain," she continued. "I wish it would n't rain at all, so there!"

So saying, she sat down in a large arm-chair. Then a wonderful thing happened, for all of a sudden a little man appeared before her. He was dressed in a queer coat of yellow and green, and wore a high, peaked hat.

"What were you saying just now?" he asked politely.

"Why, I only said that I hated rain," replied Molly.

"Yes, I happened to hear it, and decided to come and have a talk with you.

"I am the Spirit of Rain. Without me there would be no rain. All the wells would dry up, the crops would die for lack of water, and after a while all life would vanish from the face of the earth. I give water to the plants when they thirst, and I fill all the rivers, lakes, oceans, seas, and wells with it.

"I must go now, for I have an important engagement elsewhere; but I hope you will remember my little sermon and—"

Molly sat up in her chair, rubbing her eyes.

"Why, where did he go, that queer little man? Oh, I must have been asleep and dreaming."

But even if she was dreaming (which I have my doubts about), Molly took her lesson to heart, and now understands about the use of rain.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANK LISINGER, AGE 14.
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won Dec., 1914.)

and afterward her father told her that if it had not been such a rainy afternoon, Washington would have gone on, and she might never have seen the greatest hero of the time.

HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY ELIZABETH BENNETT (AGE 10)

It was raining hard, and Roy did not know what to do. He had read all his books and played all his games, and he was rather cross. His mother told him to sit still for a little while, so he sat down in a chair and kept quiet. After a while he thought he was rather ungrateful to fret, for his mother and father had given him all these things to play with, and he had quite a few broken. So he resolved to go and mend his toys at once.

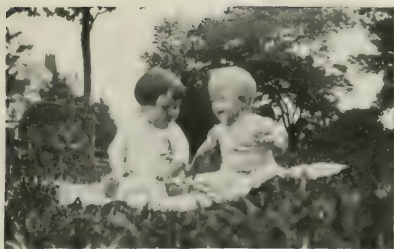
He got the glue-pot and all his toys together in the workshop and began to repair them. After what was really two hours, but seemed only half an hour, his father called him to come to supper.

"Yes, Father, it can't be supper-time yet!" Roy cried.

"Why, it is," answered his father, smiling.

So Roy had to stop work and go to supper.

And now if you ask Roy "how to pass a rainy day," he will say, "Why, I think the best way to pass a rainy day is to be useful."



IX CAROLYN EREWSTER ALISON, AGE 12.



IX MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 17.



IX JANET FRANTZ, AGE 11.



IX FRANCES F. SWENSEN, AGE 15.



IX JANET MARSHALL, AGE 12.



IX JULIA E. EYENHOS, AGE 11. (SEVERAL CHILD.)



IX FRANK W. HAYES, AGE 11.



IX EVELYN DENTON, AGE 12.



IX ESTHER BILLOCK, AGE 14. (CHILD BILLOCK.)

"PLAYMAILS"



FRANCES A. ELLIOTT, AGE 12
(SILVER BADGE)



PATRICIA M. COLIN, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)



PENILOPE TOTTER,
AGE 15

"PLAYMATES"

A SONG OF PEACE

BY EVELYN L. MARTIN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ERE our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved Him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,
He said: "My peace I give you ere I go."

His peace, sweet peace! As falls the summer dew
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

His peace, His blessed peace! Not joy, the bright,
Bewildering sprite that charmed their early years,
When, with youth's roses crowned and clad in light,
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimmed by tears.

O Christ, whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must
fill—
Withhold what else Thou wilt, but give us peace!

A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY MARIAN B. MISHLER (AGE 15)

MARJORIE sat before the fire, with her chin buried in her palms.

"Why can't it stop raining?" she pouted. "Oh, I wish I had something to do. If only it was time for St. Nicholas to come!"

"If that's what you want, I can get it for you," cried a tiny voice, and one of Arthur Rackham's queer little elves hopped out of a tongue of fire and stood before her. He blew a whistle, and, with that, familiar forms began to pass by through the flames. First came *The Lass of the Silver Sword*, and, following her, were *Tom, Dick, and Captain Chub*. Then a motor-car drove by, with *Dorothy, the Motor-girl* in the driver's seat. After that, spellbound Marjorie saw many others that she knew and loved. There was winsome *Bee*, leaning on her *John's* arm, with mischievous little *Peg* trotting along beside them; *Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman*, with a huge red stocking full of toys, came next; then two plump *Be-Ba-Boes* rolled by. The *Junior Blairs*, each with a cook-book, told Marjorie how to make delicious gingerbread; and the manly little *Lost Prince*

gracefully saluted *The Matterhorn of Men*, while the children of the "Rose Alba" watched him, in eager wonderment. Next came little *Maggie*, with her lucky-stone, and then *Rodman* and *Harriet*. Marjorie thought that they had all gone, when she saw *Will* and *Jim* walking by.

"Say," called *Will*, "would n't you like to go with us to see that new building?"

"No, she can't!" cried the little elf, suddenly. "It's six o'clock, and time for supper." And with that the three whisked lightly through the flames and were gone, leaving Marjorie rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, and thinking of the lovely afternoon she had spent.

A SONG OF PEACE

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

A SONG of peace would be naught to carol
Mid fields of ripening corn,
With autumn trees in their bright apparel,
Or watching the rosy morn.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL" BY KATHERINE E. SMITH, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE)

But our throats are dumb, our eyes are weeping,
Our fields are trampled and red
Where our dear ones lie, forever sleeping,
With the hosts of the fearless dead

So we watch and hope and wait, while praying
For this cruel war to cease;
Each of us striving, God's will obeying—
And hushed is our song of peace.

A SONG OF PEACE

BY RUTH M. COLL (AGE 15)

EVENING. Across the dusky hills
The curfew softly rings,
And Peace, the angel, hovers o'er
On white and silent wings.

Within the peasant's little hut
The candle flickers out,
And the strange shadows of the fire
Play on the wall about.

Within his castle sleeps the prince,
And the whole world is still;
But God's great angel, the angel of Peace,
Keeps watch upon the hill.



"DOO LATE" BY FRANCIS D. JOHNSON, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

THE STORY OF A RAINY DAY

(By Tad, the Scotch terrier puppy)

BY BETTY H. MATHENS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

I AM a well-bred puppy, but I hate rain. There is only one time in my memory when I had fun on a rainy day, and this is how it happened.

Jack was studying, Alice reading a magazine, and Edith knitting a muffler. I was on the floor trying to eat the baby's rubber doll.

"Look here!" cried Alice, suddenly. "Here 's just the thing for us!" She showed Edith something in the magazine. "We could cook that if Mother will let us, and we are n't in Katie's way."

"Let 's ask," said Edith, and they bounded away.

Soon they returned, in long aprons, and I followed them to the kitchen, where Alice got out some yellow bowls and Edith got sugar and eggs. In a few minutes, Alice was beating up a queer mess in a bowl, while her sister buttered the pans. Then they put the stuff in the stove.

"Now, let 's practise our duct while we wait," suggested Edith.

I can't bear music, so I retreated into the study with the doll.

Suddenly the music stopped, and I smelled a queer odor. I rushed into the kitchen, and found the girls looking at a black mess in a dish.

"It 's spoiled—and it would have been so good," lamented Edith.

"Tad will eat it," said Alice.

So they gave it to me, and I ate it with relish. To be sure, I could n't tell what it was, except that it was delicious; but then, who cares?

That afternoon they tried again, and I feasted again. But now, worse luck, their cookery succeeds, and never since have I enjoyed so much a rainy day.

A SONG OF PEACE

BY E. JOSEPHINE JACKSON (AGE 14)

1

THE cannons boom, the thunders roll,
The world is dark, death 's at his goal;
The monster War strides through the land,
His bloody sword is in his hand;
He laughs, nor heeds the feeble cry—
The cry for peace ere man doth die.

11

Then, lo! a light shines from above:
Men's hearts are glad, and fill with love.
The strife is past, the hate, the fear,
A song is swelling, do you hear?
All mankind join, it shall not cease,
It is the song, the song of peace!

HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY VIRGINIA M. ALLOCK (AGE 15)

Out of doors it was raining "pitchforks and hammer-handles." Beth thought it one of the grayest days she had ever known. What was there to do?



"HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY" BY VIRGINIA M. ALLOCK, AGE 15

Saw? She detested it!

Amuse herself with music? This was impossible, for Beth was not possessed of musical talent.

Read? The very thing!

She picked up the first book which she saw and opened it at random. It chanced to be the arrival of

Queen Elizabeth at the castle of Kenilworth, in the book of that title written by Sir Walter Scott. She immediately became fascinated, and when, having finished that chapter, Beth found that she could not catch the drift of the plot, she turned to the beginning and read until the darkness closed around her and the words could not be seen. Then, lighting the wood fire, she went over what she had read, seeing the pictures in the flames.

Never again did Beth say she had nothing to do on a rainy day. Instead, she would pick up some book of Sir Walter Scott's and revel in the vivid adventures of *Guy Mannering*, *Waverley*, and the others. They were companions who were ever ready to take her with them on their many journeys.

Thus Beth learned "How to Pass a Rainy Day."

HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY WILLARD CARPENTER (AGE 11)

JACK lived in the country. One day he thought he would go swimming. It began to cloud up, but nothing was thought of it. Just as Jack got out to the road, it began to rain hard. He went back disgusted. He kept wondering what he could do. Finally he thought of something.

"Mama," he called, "have we any cardboard boxes?"

"Yes, dear," said his mother.

Jack then got the scissors, a pencil, and his paints. He cut out houses, painted their shutters, made wagons with wheels on them, stores, post-office, and fire-station with engine, hose-cart, and hook and ladder wagon. Then he began to move things. In a little while he had quite an industrious city.

That night he said: "I had a good time, even if it was raining."



"PLAYMATES" BY EDWARD S. TATTON, AGE 11

A RAINY DAY

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

"UGH! What a horrid day," exclaimed Elsie, frowning. "We could have played Hare and Hounds if it had n't rained," she said, staring resentfully at the bare, leafless trees, muddy ground, and occasional yellow puddles. "There goes the telephone, what a nuisance! Hello! Yes. A candy-pull! Oh, how lovely it sounds. Yes, I'll be over in a minute."

Rubbers, raincoat, and hat were on before you could say "Jack Robinson," and out she went into the pouring rain. In the house next door a merry party was gathered, and the candy-pull was soon in full swing. A delicious odor arose from the stove. The candy was soon done and the pulling began.

"O-u-c-h! Mine 's too hot. I don't believe I can stand it another minute."

"Whew! It 's sticky!"

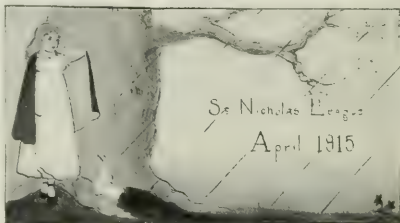
"Put some butter on your fingers, Goosey."

"I don't believe mine will ever get white."

"Mine is white already."

"No wonder, you put so much flour in it."

Thus the conversation ran until "Quarter of six!" exclaimed Elsie, in dismay. "Why, I've barely time to get home for dinner."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL" BY ETHEL WARREN KIDDER, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER)

On the way home she said to herself that it had n't been a bad day at all, and one could play Hare and Hounds almost any day.

A SONG OF PEACE

BY HARRIET S. BAILEY (AGE 14)

I

Through the darkness of this world,
Through the dreary horizon, comes a voice
So sweet, so sad, but yet so lovely,
That my heart would fain rejoice:
"Arise! Arise! Ye nations!
Cast down the spear and sword.
Arise! Ye nations follow
In the footsteps of the Lord!"

II

"And the warning I would give ye,
That ye hearken to my song,
For the message from the Master
Is that Peace shall reign ere long."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1 A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2 A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Esther J. Lowell
Betty Gray
Sarah Graham
Marcella H. Foster
Lillian Brenton
Margaretta Horner
Frances Gillmor
Dorothy I. Stevely
Grace F. Ludden
Kathryn Beck
Elizabeth B. Rider
Ruth Preston
Leda Wilson
Helen Robertson
Vail Motter
Christiana Jordan
Gertrude McPeck
Morris Horowitz
Martha Vandiver
Lolita Stubblefield
Lily Goodman

Mildred Richards
Martha J. Gladden
Roma Kauffman
Elizabeth S.
Hamburger
Ruth J. Williams
Ira J. Williams, Jr.
Alice Alexander
Maude O. Ross
Elizabeth C. Cairnes
Walter Hannon
Laura McGee
Jean C. Warren
Carolyn Dean
Margaret Aten
Margaret Woodall
Samuel Meidman
Jarvis Kerr
Charles H. Tarbox
Elizabeth J. Cope
Emilie U. Goode
Helen Donnelly
Katherine C. Oldfield

Arvid Janson
Ruth Millard
Marguerite Sisson
Lillian Weber
Elizabeth Hunting
Agnes Nolan

PROSE, 2

Katharine A. Tomkins
Gertrude Goodman
Isadore Solkoff
Anna B. Knapp
Eleanor Matlack
Janet MacDougall
Hallie Warner
Dorothy Barrett
Anna C. Hurd
John R. Maxwell, 3d
Abel Greenstein
Ius M. Watson
Willard Briggs
Francis E. Youngman

Howard Kerr
Kurt W. Lewis, Jr.
Olive Sears
Ernest A. Welch
Ethel F. Satterlee

VERSE, 1

Dorothy Levy
Benita Clarke
Sarah Banks
Georgette Yeomans
William R.
Anderson, Jr.
Dorothy Smith
Alice Card
Sarah F. Borock
Marian Wightman
Max E. Konecky
Mary S. Benson
Lucy Newman
Mary E. Verner
Dorothea E.
Hoogesteger
Mary L. Bradley
Alice M. McLarney
Ann F. Hamilton
Josephine Reardon
Isabel Rathborne
Mary D. Drummond
Beatrice C. Traub
Randolph Goodridge
Deborah C. Jones
Helen F. Smith
Edith H. Walton
Virginia A. Edwards

VERSE, 2

Harriet Hurd
Edward Despres
Lena Becker
Lucy Swallow
Vesta Tompkins
Eleanor P. Korthauer
Rachel F. Saxton
Albertina Gastonguay
Fannie M. Bouton
Farwell G. Bemis
Marie Mirvis
Paul Stern
Robert T. Bowman
T. Weston
Oscar K. Rice
Anna McAnear

Elizabeth Warren
Eiris Burnett
Marion F. Chevalier
Virginia L. Branche
Moses Namenson
Katharine Martin
Talcott M. Banks, Jr.
Catherine Spencer
Ehberta L. Esky

Winifred W.
Whitehouse
Louise S. May
Louise Marder
Josephine Whitehouse
Jane T. Webber
Lillian Scott
Cecile A. de Witt
Benjamin Cravens

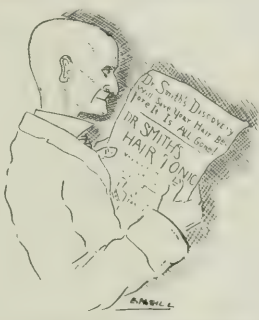
Oliver Robinson
Louise Barringer
Chester E. Barclay
Margaret Anderson
Isabel Conklin
Edward Poole Lay
Charles B. Johnson
Moreau Crosby
Julian L. Ross
Marguerite A. Harris

O. Muriel Fuller
Saul Borock

PUZZLES, 2

Gertrude H. Hardy
Ethel S. Polhemus
Joe Earnest
Edwin P. Pond, Jr.
Crispell B. Sturdevant

Helen Handy Allen
Margaret R. Cox
Francis G. Christian
Harry C. Bailey
Overton G. Ellis
Helen Fogg
Catherine Felton
Eleanor C. Wolf
Leona Newman
Fred Floyd, Jr.



"TOO LATE!" BY EDWIN M. GILL, AGE 13.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 186

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 186 will close **April 24** (for foreign members **April 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS** for **August**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Harvest."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An Outing Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Water, or the Hills, at Twilight."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Going Up!" or a Heading for **August**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **St. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

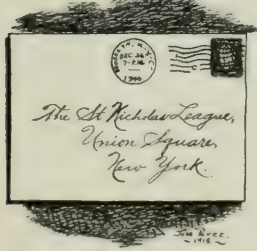
No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of **St. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be *convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"TOO LATE!" BY JOHN PERFE, AGE 14

Sam Churgel
Nellie Hogan
Mary Blackburn
Reynolds Pickering
Elizabeth Sheble

DRAWINGS, 1

Francis R. Eaves
Eleanor Newcomb
Eleanor Gibbons
Margaret B. Clarke
Helen G. Barnard
Jessie Nibbs

Walter Jensen
Joseph Steber
Alene S. Little
Anna Lincoln
Fred Pierce
Venette M. Willard
Ingebor Nylund
Philip H. Ward
Clara Peterson
Balfour Daniels
Priscilla Chipman
Esther Rice
Susan Flint
Lois C. Myers

Margaret Wyer
Marian Hall
A. Gordon Grove
Helen M. Lancaster
George Nichols, Jr.
Clark Scott
Lucy B. Duncan

PUZZLES, 1

Henry N. Pierce
Ruth West

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

GRANDFATHER'S BARGAIN

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON



"GRANDFATHER WHIRLED QUICKLY. 'WHAT'S THAT?' HE CRIED, HIS EYES TWINKLING. 'WHAT'S THAT?'"

GRANDFATHER sat down in the wide rocker, put on his spectacles, picked up the morning paper, and scanned the top line. "Oh, yes," he said aloud, "this is the first day of April, sure enough!"

Richard and Mildred were reading a new story-book, and five-year-old Ted was cutting pictures. "Wonder if we could April fool Grandfather!" whispered Richard, glancing warningly at the rocker.

"Easy!" Mildred whispered back. "Easy!"

"Um!" exclaimed Grandfather. "Sure enough! April first! Well, I certainly should like to see any one make an April fool of me! I should indeed!"

Richard read Mildred's lips as she said behind Grandfather's back, "Of course we can—without half trying!"

Grandfather whirled quickly. "What's that?" he cried, his eyes twinkling. "What's that?"

Richard and Mildred straightened their faces and pretended to be reading.



"DON'T BE SCARED," SAID GRANDFATHER CALMLY. "I GUESS THERE'S NO GREAT RUSH!"

"I'll make a bargain," went on Grandfather, bringing his hand down on the table. "Any boy or girl who makes an April fool of me, Grandfather Gordon, gets a new wagon! Now go to work, for you have a hard job before you."

Richard and Mildred went scurrying to the back porch to think. How could they make an April fool of Grandfather? How? They thought hard, very hard, and all mixed up with their thoughts was a new shiny wagon.

Grandfather smiled and shook his head at the neat package which Richard brought to him. When Mildred suggested that he might find something nice behind his chair, he said: "No, Mildred, I'm busy reading. I really have n't time to look. If you find anything there, worth while, you may have it."

"A letter for you, Grandfather," said Richard, a little later, coming close to Grandfather's chair and handing him an envelop. "Maybe it's from Uncle John."

"Well, hardly," replied Grandfather, winking at Mildred, who was watching at the door. "It isn't Uncle John's turn to write. Just open it yourself, Richard—there's no secret about it, I guess."

Noon came, but no signs of getting that wagon.

"You said it would be easy," said Richard.

Mildred sighed. "I thought just any little trick would do, but we'll have to think harder."

At dinner, they fixed chalk and water for Grandfather's usual glass of milk, but Grandfather seemed to overlook it. "Don't you want the milk, Grandfather?" asked Mildred.

"N-no," replied Grandfather; "for some reason I don't care for milk to-day."

"You have n't put any salt on your potatoes," said Richard.

"You're a very thoughtful boy, Richard," said Grandfather, studying the salt-dish doubtfully. "The potatoes are fine just as they are. Also I prefer them without sugar, thank you."

After dinner they had a bright idea. Surely this would catch Grandfather. He was coming leisurely along the garden walk.

"Grandfather, oh, Grandfather!" called Mildred. "Hurry, hurry! The telephone! Call up Number 3119. Hurry!"

"Three-one-one-nine," repeated Grandfather. "Sure that's the right number?"

"Yes, sure," nodded Richard. "Hurry! Maybe some one is sick. Hurry!"

"Don't be scared," said Grandfather, calmly. "I guess there's no great rush. Perhaps to-morrow will do just as well. I'll have more time then. But if you think best, Richard, just see for yourself what Three-double-one-nine wants."

"With a grandfather like that, what can we do?" asked Richard, when they were out of hearing. After thinking a few moments, Mildred said:

"We look alike—Grandfather himself said so—you can put on my dress and hood and maybe he'll say, 'Why, here's Mildred.'"

She fixed Richard nicely in her blue gingham dress, tied her white hood closely around his face, and hid behind the gate while he went into the garden where Grandfather was working.

"Well, well, you make quite a nice-looking girl, Richard!" said Grandfather. "If it were not for your eyes, nose, mouth, and chin, I might have taken you for Mildred, in that dress."

Richard went back into the house and Mildred helped him out of the blue dress. "We'll have to give it up," said Richard after a long silence.



TED CLAPPED HIS HANDS AND SHOUTED: "APRIL FOOL! APRIL FOOL, GRANDFATHER!"

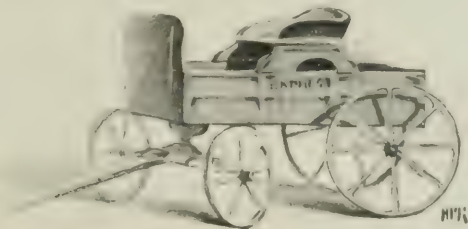
"There goes Grandfather for his afternoon nap. Come on," said Mildred.

They followed him to his door. Five-year-old Ted was sitting in the rocker, singing.

"Looks dark in the house after being out in that bright sun," said Grandfather, going toward the lounge in the corner. "Guess I'll take a little nap before—oh, oh, what in the world! Oh, oh, I did n't mean to hurt you, kitty!" Grandfather jumped to his feet and turned to rescue poor Tabby. "Why will you sleep on the lounge when you know—"

Ted clapped his hands and shouted, "April fool! April fool, Grandfather! Oh, oh, it is n't the cat! It is n't the cat at all! April fool! It's only mother's neck-fur. I curled it up to look like the cat. I get the wagon, don't I, Grandfather?"

Grandfather examined the bunch of fur, looked at Richard and Mildred, then at dancing Ted. "Well, well, well! Five-year-old Ted certainly has made an April fool of Grandfather Gordon. I'll see that you have a fine wagon, Ted, green and yellow, and—and big enough for three."



A FINANCIAL FISH STORY

BY GEORGE O. BUTLER

Young Lionel Hooker had never a cent,
Nor took the least thought in the world of his purse.
He was therefore surprised when a-fishing he went,
To encounter such luck as described here in verse.
To begin with, he hauled in some fine *Silver Bass*;
Of *Bill Fish* he took out perhaps half a score.
He landed *Gold Fish* in a heap on the grass,
While *Dollar Fish* actually littered the shore!





He guessed he had caught them all after a while;
So under a tree on the old fishing grounds,
He gathered them into a glittering pile—
And counted up something like £ 45.

He stuffed all his pockets as full as he could,
Tied the rest in neat bundles—his face all agleam—
Then, before starting home through the shadowy wood,
He *deposited them in the Bank*—of the stream!



THE FOREST THEATER AT CARMEL-BY- THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

BY EUNICE T. GRAY

THE children in a certain little village on the sea-shore in California can do two things which all children love to do. They can play out of doors almost every day in the year, and they can act plays on a real stage in a forest of pine-trees.

There is no winter with ice and snow in Carmel, and the children do not have the fun of coasting and snow-balling; but they have the sea with its wide white beach, and rocks full of pools where starfish, sea-urchins, and crabs are found; and they have the woods, and deep mountain cañons full of wild flowers; but best of all they have the Forest Theater.

For the past five years, children and grown-ups have given plays upon the stage of this interesting theater, and three of them were produced entirely by children, who never tire of rehearsing out under the trees and playing before the audiences that sit on the sloping hillside before them, a place apparently made just for this purpose.

The first play they gave was "Alice in Wonderland." All those amusing people whom Alice

Nights' Entertainment. 'Aladdin was there with his wonderful lamp, and converted the Forest Theater into a marvelously beautiful place where



THE CHORUS OF NURSES IN "SHOCK-HEADED PETER."

most interesting things happened. And last summer they gave a German play which has long amused little folk in England, but was then played in America for the first time.

"Shock-headed Peter" is the name of the play, in which a family of very naughty children, led by the brother, *Shock-headed Peter*, dance and sing themselves into all sorts of difficulties with their parents, and in the end are taught a very good lesson for their bad behavior.

Then, the Carmel children assist the grown-ups with their plays too, and are nymphs and fairies, wood-spirits and Indian children. These parts are very delightful to play, for surely nothing could be more thrilling than to come whirling down from the tree-tops on a still

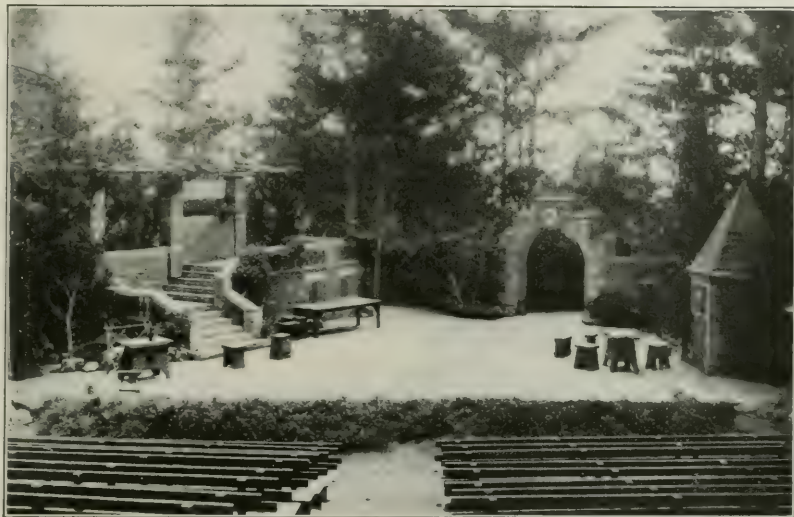


A SCENE FROM "ALADDIN," PRESENTED BY CHILDREN AT THE FOREST THEATER.

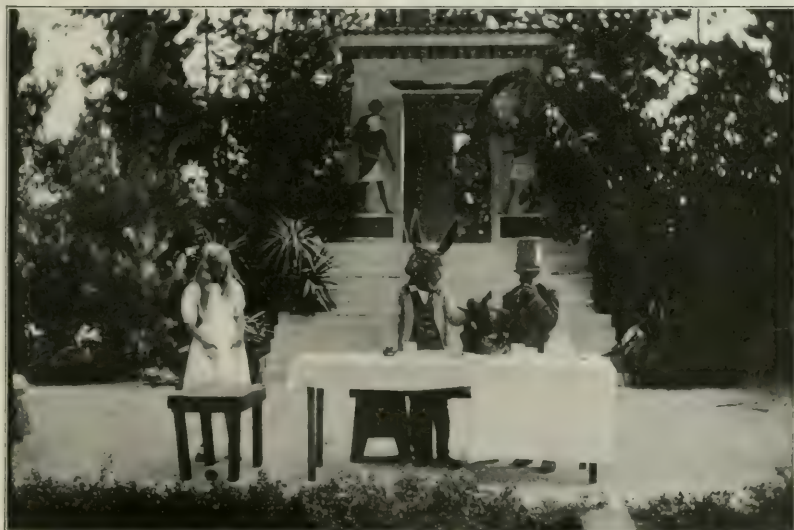
met were there—the *Mad Hatter*, the *Sleepy Dormouse*, the *White Rabbit*, the *Queen of Hearts*, and the *Cheshire Cat*—looking just as they do in the pictures in the book.

The next year the children gave an Arabian

moonlight night with the surf beating in your ears, and to dance across the stage to waken a sleeping princess, or warn a Spanish captain, with a great audience watching breathlessly out there in the dark, on the forest-clad hillside!



THE STAGE OF THE FOREST THEATER SET FOR A PLAY.



THE MAD HATTER'S TEA-PARTY, FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



THE FIENDS AND THE BABES.



THE BABES AND THE ROBIN.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

(An Impromptu Musical Tragedy)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

(Air, "The Bold Young Lumberman." The music may be continuous throughout, the action keeping time with it.)

CHARACTERS

WICKED UNCLE.
REMORSELESS FIENDS.

BABES.
ROBIN.

SCENE I. (Enter Uncle.)

UNCLE. Oh, I am a bold, bad man,
And I have a bold, bad plan.
Now mind what you 're about,
Just watch and see how I carry it out!
For I am a bold, bad man,
And I have a bold, bad plan.

(He beckons, and from either side, in
cloaks and masks, and armed with daggers,
enter Remorseless Fiends.)

FIENDS. Two remorseless fiends are we,
As anybody can see.
When a deed of blood 's to do,
Just send for us and we 'll carry it through;
For remorseless fiends are we,
As anybody can see.

(Uncle gives them gold, in bags, and indi-
cates stabbing. They express comprehen-
sion. Dance. Curtain.)

SCENE II: WOOD. (Enter Fiends, dragging Babes.
They threaten to kill them, but are disarmed by
their pleading; they weep, and sing)

FIENDS. Two remorseless fiends are we,
As anybody can see.

But even for a villain
There may come a time when Barkis ain't willin',
Though remorseless fiends are we,
As anybody can see. (Dance and exeunt.)

BABES. We are poor little babes in the wood,
And we 've tried all the week to be good.
But they 've gone and left us here,
And we really think it 's a little bit queer,
For we 're poor little babes in the wood,
And we 've tried all the week to be good.

(They lie down and die.)

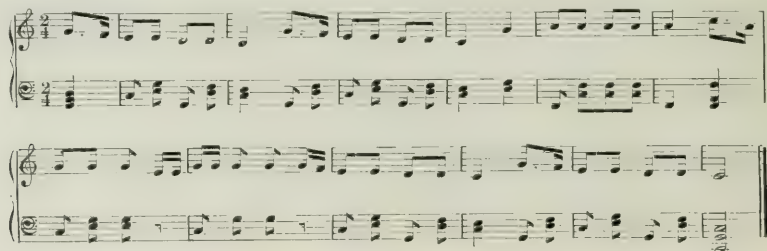
(Enter Robin, hopping.)

ROBIN. I 'm a tender-hearted robin,
And this sad scene sets me sobbin'.
So, to give my heart relief,
I will cover them up with a little green leaf,
Like a tender-hearted robin.
Whom this sad scene sets a-sobbin'.

(Covers Babes with leaves, and exit.) (CURTAIN)

(Curtain rises again on all the performers, who sing)
We are campers [or "comrades"] bold and true,
And we 've made this play for you.
And if you like it not,
Let us see you make a better one on the spot,
For we 're campers [or "comrades"] bold and true,
And we 've made this play for you.

(DANCE AND CURTAIN)



THE LETTER-BOX

VILLA AMERICANA,

E. DE SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for ten months, but this is the first time I have written.

Mother and I live with my Grandfather and Grandmother Hall, in a small village called Villa Americana, not very far from São Paulo, the capital of the State. My father was a Presbyterian missionary. He died during a yellow-fever epidemic, when I was about two years old. Since then, the home of Mother's parents has been our home.

There is a cotton and silk factory not far from here, called Carioba, around which quite a village has grown. It is connected with Villa Americana by a road through an avenue of bamboo.

We have a nice new station and electric lights, which last we have n't had very long. There is a wealthy man here who, as he has no children, made a nice park and takes care of it. He calls it his child. It is a nice place to go for picnics. It has a lake (really a pond) with a band-stand in the middle of it. And there are birds and monkeys in cages, and a kind of outdoor ball-room, where, during carnival, the people of the village have fancy-dress balls.

Nearly every little town or village in Brazil has a band, though sometimes they only play one piece. Every Sunday evening, the band plays at the park.

We have many nice fruits here. Several kinds of oranges, pineapples, bananas, figs, *japoticabas*, guavas, *abacates*, and many others.

I study the Portuguese language with a Brazilian teacher, and also study mathematics with him in Portuguese. I study everything else with Mother, as there is no good school here.

I spent the years from 1910 to 1912 in Virginia, my father's State, and expect to return to the United States to go to college.

I was very much interested in Ruth E. Becker's letter about the *Titanic* in the last April number.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH HALL MORTON (age 12).

CIRCLEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for three or four years, but this is the first year I have ever taken you. I am much interested in the Letter-box and the League, although I fear the Buckeye State is not very well represented in the former.

I naturally believe that Circleville is the best place on earth. It is situated on the Scioto River, just below Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Circleville got its name from the fact that it was laid out upon the site of a circular fort of the mound-builders.

Your most interested friend and reader,

CHAS. JAS. DRESBACH (age 11).

MORRIS, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The older you grow the more I love your magazine. I am so glad my aunt gave you to us again this year, for I think we would feel lost if we did not receive you every month.

"The Story of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'" in September, 1914, magazine, was very interesting, and I took it to school and showed it to my teacher, and she let the whole class read it for a reading exercise.

We lend ST. NICHOLAS to some of our little friends

who do not take it, and we are glad to let them read the good stories and talk them over together.

Last summer, my aunt had a camp in the country, and she invited Barbara and me to come and spend a while with her. We did so, and certainly had a fine time. You know how much fun you have on a camp near the water. After we stayed about a month, Mama wrote us to come home, and we all went to Brevard, North Carolina, which is a lovely place. It was my first trip to the mountains. While we were there we took a trip to Caesar's Head, which is a large rock extending out from a mountain. From this rock you can see into



three States, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. It was so high it made me dizzy to look down.

While we were in North Carolina, we took other trips, to Connistee Falls and many other pretty places.

I inclose a picture of Connistee Falls; on the log are Barbara and I.

Wishing you a long and happy life,

Your interested reader,

FRANCES SHEPPARD (age 13).

SAINT LEONARDS-ON-SEA, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you ever since 1908, and I think that you are just lovely.

Even as I write this letter I hear the steady tramp, tramp of feet—the sound of the recruits marching. These men are being trained, and, when they are ready, they will go and take their places on the battle-field, to fight for their country.

There are a great many wounded soldiers here, mostly

Belgians, and there are a great number of refugees too. When you go for a walk along the parade, you hear quite as much conversation in French as in English.

Our French mistress at school collects money among her friends and then buys cigarettes with it, which she takes to the Belgians at our two (now Red Cross) hospitals. The men are very much pleased with them.

The biggest of our hospitals is situated on the parade, opposite to the pier and near the band-stand. It has many balconies, where the soldiers who are well enough rest, and smile at the passers-by. They look very happy.

I think that this is all now, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Wishing you good luck and every success.

Your interested reader,

DOROTHY CATT.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I like you very much.

I am going to tell you about a bird bath we have in our front yard. It is a square slab of stone hollowed out in the center. I fill it with water three or four times a day in hot weather, because so many birds bathe. They jump in and splash the water around with their wings. Often four or five birds stand around waiting their turn. When they are through, they sit on the fence and dry themselves. Robins, wood-thrushes, cat-birds, brown thrashers, and wrens come there to bathe and get drinks.

We have two wren houses, and they are both occupied. It is fun to watch the little birds go in and out. One morning a squirrel started up the tree to where the house was. There was quite a commotion. The little wrens began pecking at it so hard that the squirrel was glad to get away.

We keep you until we get twelve numbers. You are then given to a poor family we know, where you are read over and enjoyed very much. I liked "The Lucky Stone" and "The Runaway" best.

Your interested reader,

CLARA LIEBER (age 12).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old. I live in the Bronx. I go to school; I am in 1 B. I have a cat. I have a dog. But the dog died. They used to fight, but they don't no more.

My papa has a new auto. I like to ride in it.

My mama reads ST. NICHOLAS to me every month. I like to hear her read it to me.

I wrote this letter all by myself.

Your friend,

SAMMY GREENBERG.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You make my brother and me very happy each month.

We like the animal stories, and my little brother, who is four years old, enjoyed "The Baby Bears' Adventures." What fun we have guessing the "Riddle-box" puzzles and cross-word enigmas!

I like to read history, and have been reading a Child's History of France. One of my favorite characters in United States history is Marion, "The Swamp Fox." I tell my brother what I read.

We like to watch the large boats on the Genesee River, and we often visit the beautiful parks in Rochester.

On our land we have many fruit trees. Peaches are the best crop around here.

I am making a little garden for myself. I have jonquils in it.

From your friend,

ROGER PLACE BUTTERFIELD (age 6).

CASABLANCA, MOROCCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I did not tell you in my first letter that I was in the bombardment here (the bombardment was when the Moorish tribes came down from the mountains and fought the French). We had our house outside town, so they got at it easily. As soon as we saw them coming, we knew there was some danger, so we put our silver into a wooden box and went into town to my uncle's house. We stayed three or four days, and then got on a French boat for Gibraltar, and then on an English boat to London. The Moors took all our things; all our books they spoiled, tearing them up and making them black with mud. I had two volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, which we found afterward with a lot of pages torn and burned. I can ride a horse now, and I love it very much. My horse's name is Ginger; he loves sugar, and walks up the front door-steps to eat it out of my hand.

"The Runaway" and "The Lucky Stone" were my favorite stories.

Your most interested reader,

MARGARET E. FERNAU (age 10).

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your stories interest me very much. I have enjoyed them since I was four years old, and now I should like to write some myself. I thought you would like to hear a very funny story of some robins.

One morning last week, our neighbor put a stuffed owl on the sidewalk in her back yard, so it could air. The birds saw it and thought it was a real owl and were afraid. The bluejays and blackbirds made a terrible noise, but the robins seemed to think it was an injured bird and ought to fly, but still they knew it could n't fly. To my great surprise, they began to dig worms and put before it for it to eat. They continued to do so till our neighbor took the owl into the house.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE WADE (age 11).

THE REGRET OF DIVES

Now I have what they call success,
An empty, hollow thing to hold,—
But he has the great wilderness,—
The mountains and the open wold.

And I must stay in marts of trade
And watch my riches grow and grow,
But he strays through the forest glade
He sees the pixies mop and mow.

And I live in a world of greed,
Of empty sham and glittering show,
And through it all runs like a weed
The fear of death that rich men know.

Now he lives in another world,
Of moonbeam and the Morning Star.
He knows the road to Avalon.
He knows where the Good People are!
STEPHEN V. BENÉT (age 13).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-two letters, and form a quotation from Tennyson.

My 20-46-50-33 is a Mexican laborer. My 27-11-25-44-36 is strikes violently and noisily. My 30-15-6-49-3 is to faint. My 52-45-19-21-39 is clever. My 48-41-24-2-9 is a disk of metal struck with a device. My 8-5-43-35-18 is to touch slightly in passing. My 29-31-13-10-38 is the subject of a famous poem. My 26-7-23-34-17-37-32-14 is the Christmas season. My 40-22-42-4-47-16-28-51-12-1 is pertaining to acting.

MARJORIE WARD (age 14), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL



In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the six objects shown have been rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous English physician who was born on April first, more than three hundred years ago.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A TIME beloved by poets. 2. A tree. 3. To set in rows. 4. A mass of unwrought precious metal. 5. Lists of candidates for any office.

LDITH MABLE SMITH (age 16), *Honor Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a large city in the United States.

1. A country of North America. 2. An island in the Mediterranean. 3. A country of North America. 4. A country of Europe. 5. A river of India. 6. A city in

the Philippines. 7. A continent. 8. A city in the northern part of South America. 9. A sea east of China. 10. The capital city of one of the United States. 11. A famous desert.

ELIZABETH BRAY (age 12), *League Member*.

DIAMOND

1. In locomotive. 2. A common conveyance. 3. To sing. 4. A kind of candy. 5. A Shaksperian character. 6. A constellation. 7. In locomotive.

MURIEL MARTIN (age 14), *League Member*.

CROSS PUZZLE

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Exploit. 2. Portion. 3. Sick. 4. A Grecian hero. 5. To find out. 6. A builder. 7. A feminine name. 8. Since. 9. A fabric with a corded surface.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters from 1 to 2 will spell the surname of a famous author.

BESSIE RADLOFSKY (age 14), *League Member*.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a familiar quotation.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fruit. 2. A salt-water fish. 3. Circular. 4. A pointer. 5. Extensive. 6. A court. 7. Imaginary monsters. 8. A dangerous drug. 9. Toil.

ROBERT LEWIS WIEL (age 12), *League Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 5 6 7 8 9 10
 7 8 9 10
 9 10

THOUGH only three squares are shown in the diagram, there are five squares in the puzzle.

I. FIRST WORD-SQUARE: 1. Part of a watch. 2. An exclamation. 3. A joint of the body. 4. To run away. 5. To let down.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a light; 3 to 4, used in soup; 5 to 6, to flog; 7 to 8, brink; 9 to 10, to bellow.

II. SECOND WORD-SQUARE: 1. A journal. 2. Active. 3. Tubes. 4. Appoint. 5. Reposes.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, hastens; 3 to 4, a point of the compass; 5 to 6, a pleasant beverage; 7 to 8, rent; 9 to 10, kind.

III. THIRD WORD-SQUARE: 1. To begin. 2. Anguish. 3. Defensive covering. 4. Apartments. 5. Concise.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a salver; 3 to 4, border; 5 to 6, a feminine name; 7 to 8, bends under pressure; 9 to 10, a point of the compass.

IV. FOURTH WORD-SQUARE: 1. An ingredient in bread. 2. To write down. 3. To expiate. 4. Meaning. 5. Plants of the largest class.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a soft mineral; 3 to 4, a feminine name; 5 to 6, to merit by service; 7 to 8, brink; 9 to 10, crimes.

V. FIFTH WORD-SQUARE: 1. Walking-sticks. 2. A coral island. 3. Clamor. 4. A feminine name. 5. Rain mingled with hail or snow.

WILLIAM H. LEONARD (age 16).



"THE DISTANT THROB OF A MOTOR-CYCLE CAME TO HIS EARS." (SEE PAGE 580.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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A FIRST-CLASS ARGUMENT

BY GEORGE M. JOHNSON

LESTER ROBERTS burst into the room where his father was busily perusing the evening paper.

"Oh, Dad!" he called; "come out and see Jim's motor-cycle! He's just got it."

Mr. Roberts leisurely followed his excited son out to the front yard where a number of lads were gazing in mingled envy and admiration at a second-hand motor-cycle. James Farnum, who lived across the street, and to whom the machine belonged, was trying—with little success, to be sure—not to look proud.

"Well, James, so you've actually become a motor-cyclist!" remarked Mr. Roberts. "I suppose there will be no peace and quiet in the neighborhood from now on."

"Ain't she a beauty!" exclaimed Lester, gazing with glowing eyes at the motor-cycle, which was really very much the worse for wear.

"Ahem!" rejoined Mr. Roberts, not caring to commit himself on that particular question. "Suppose you give us a demonstration," he added, addressing Jim.

The latter was only too willing, and, with the dignity which befitted the owner of a motor-cycle, proceeded to climb into the saddle.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Roberts; "your back wheel's not on the ground. You can't ride it like that!"

"He's only going to warm up the engine," several boys were kind enough to explain in chorus, clearly shocked at the denseness of the ignorance which Lester's parent displayed.

Jim pedaled the machine vigorously, but nothing happened.

"Tickle the carb," advised one of his admirers.

Jim "ticked the carb" and tried again, with more gratifying results. A volley of sharp, pistol-like reports rang out, irregular at first, but coming more steadily as the engine warmed to its task. Then Jim throttled down the motor, released the clutch, kicked the stand up to its position, and soon was riding about in the street. Evidently the machine behaved well enough, even though lacking in good looks.

"Say, Dad," said Lester wistfully, after the exhibition was over, "I wish you'd buy me a motor-cycle."

"I've been expecting that," was the answer, "and, while I dislike to disappoint you, I will not buy a motor-cycle. They are dirty, noisy, dangerous, expensive, and a menace to the health of the rider!"

"I did n't know you'd ever owned one, Dad," remarked Lester very innocently.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Lester's sire, a trifle sharply.

"Why, you know so much about 'em, seems as though you must have ridden a good lot; that's all."

"One does n't need to ride a motor-cycle to learn about it," stated Mr. Roberts confidently. "You can see that they're dirty, and even a deaf person can tell that they're noisy enough to wake the dead."

"Only when the muffler's open," declared Lester. "They're quiet enough if the muffler's closed, and most fellows ride with it closed all the time. They're not dangerous either, except when you race 'em."

"We need not continue this discussion," affirmed Mr. Roberts. "There is not a single first-

class argument in favor of my buying you a motor-cycle, and we may as well let the matter rest."

"Dad 's got a grouch on," thought Lester mournfully, as he left the room. "Wonder what 's the matter."

It was his mother who gave the boy light on this question.

"I hope you won't keep asking your father to buy you a motor-cycle just at present, Lester," she said, somewhat anxiously. "I know you 'd like one, and perhaps you can have one when you 're older, but that big case of father's does n't seem to go just as he had hoped, and it worries him most of the time. He did n't mean to be cross just now. It 's only because he 's been working so hard that his nerves are on the ragged edge."

Of course Lester promised not to say anything more about the motor-cycle, though he felt that he wanted one more than anything else in the world. But Jim was his particular chum and was very generous in sharing the new possession with Lester. Thus the latter had many opportunities to ride a motor-cycle, and each ride left him with a keener desire to possess one of his own.

About nine o'clock one morning, as Lester was digging worms in preparation for a fishing trip, his mother called him. From her voice the boy knew that something was wrong, very much so.

Mrs. Roberts was just hanging up the telephone-receiver as the boy darted into the room.

"Your father made a terribly careless mistake when he left for the city this morning!" she gasped. "That important case is on trial to-day, and he took the wrong batch of papers. The right ones are on his desk upstairs, and he wants you to catch the 9:15 train to the city and get them to him as soon as possible. He said he could have the trial delayed a short time."

The two ran to the desk, but at first the missing documents were not to be found. Even as Lester finally buttoned them inside his coat, the train whistled. Mrs. Roberts turned pale.

"Oh dear!" she moaned. "Now we 're too late. What will your father do?"

Then Lester had an idea—Jim's motor-cycle.

"Don't worry, Mother! I 'll get 'em there!" he shouted, and off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

In about three words Lester explained the dire emergency to Jim.

"Go ahead, old boy!" cried the latter. "The machine 's out in the barn," and he ran to help start the engine.

"Two minutes later Lester was headed for the

city, seventeen miles away, flattened down on the gasoline tank of Jim's motor-cycle. He had never ridden so fast before; in fact, he had never realized that the motor-cycle was capable of such speed. His hat blew off, but he hardly knew it. The wind cut into his face like a blast of sand-grains; his eyes smarted and streamed, but Lester kept the throttle open and thanked his lucky stars that the road was level. That old rattle-trap was certainly a true blue machine—regardless of appearances—what one might call an example of "handsome is that handsome does."

Belvin's Corners marked the half way point to the city, and Lester tore through in a cloud of dust, easily doing forty-five miles an hour. Mr. Cyrus Belvin, who had plenty of time for the various duties of store-keeper, postmaster, notary public, game-warden, and village constable, rushed from his place of business as the roaring motor-cycle—for Lester had kicked the muffler open, both as a warning and to gain a little more power—flashed by. Cyrus had no liking for motor-cyclists and dearly longed to arrest one for scorching, but all in vain. They were usually out of sight before the slow-witted constable realized they were coming, and, as in this instance, all he could do was stand in the road and shake his fist at the vanishing rider.

About two miles beyond the Corners the motor-cycle, which had hitherto run like a top, missed a few explosions, and its speed slackened noticeably. Then, without further warning, the engine stopped dead. Lester dismounted a little unsteadily, for he was not used to such riding, and looked doubtfully at the machine. He put it up on the stand and tried to make the engine run by pedaling it, as Jim usually did, but not a single explosion rewarded his efforts.

"Well is n't that the limit!" exploded Lester wrathfully.

The motor-cycle did not seem to hear; at any rate, it vouchsafed no reply, while the discomfited rider scratched his head in perplexity. The information Lester possessed about motor-cycle engines was not what one could truthfully term exhaustive. He had not the slightest idea as to the proper thing to be done in such an emergency. In a vague sort of way he understood that the spark came from the magneto and the explosive mixture from the carburetor; that the inlet-valve opened to admit the fresh charge, while the exhaust-valve provided a mode of escape for the burned gas. But just how these mysteries were brought about was very much of a sealed book to the boy.

The distant throb of a motor-cycle came to his ears as a faint interruption to this discouraged

revery, and presently the machine itself appeared around a bend. On seeing Lester standing disconsolately beside Jim's motor-cycle, the rider threw out his clutch and put on a brake, coming to a stop close by, the engine purring sweetly. How

Then he disconnected the magneto-cable from the spark-plug.

"Pedal the engine over," he directed Lester, meanwhile holding the end of the cable close to the plug.



"THAT OLD RATTLETRAP WAS CERTAINLY A FIRST-CLASS MACHINE."

envious that sound did make Lester feel! But then his eyes fairly glistened as they took in the new-comer's motor-cycle, a brand-new two-speed twin, equipped with electric headlight, electric horn, speedometer, and other desirable features.

"What 's the matter?" inquired the rider of this splendid mount. "Stalled?" The speaker was a very likable-appearing young fellow indeed, dressed in a neat riding-suit of olive green.

In a swift flood of words Lester poured out the story of his trouble, explaining how important it was that he get to the city without loss of time. The stranger stopped his engine, leaning the machine against a convenient tree.

"I guess we can fix you up all right in a minute or two," he remarked confidently.

That young man seemed to know just what to do. First he rapped his knuckles against the gasolene tank.

"Plenty of gas," he muttered. "Tank must be half full. Compression 's good," he went on after a brief test, "so valves are in fair shape, at least. Carb 's got gas in it, too."

The boy did as suggested, and a husky blue spark jumped across the narrow gap.

"You see the magneto 's delivering the goods all right," was the verdict, "and so your trouble must be in the plug."

With a few deft twists of a wrench Lester's good Samaritan removed the spark-plug from the cylinder-head.

"There she is!" he cried, and showed Lester how a thin deposit of burned cylinder oil had formed between the points, thus causing a short circuit. A few seconds sufficed to clean the plug and replace it, when the engine ran as well as ever.

"Say, but you must know a lot about motor-cycles!" was Lester's admiring tribute. The entire time consumed had been but three or four minutes.

"Oh, that was an easy one!" laughed the other; "but almost always, when an engine balks, it 's nothing worse than a dirty plug, or some little thing like that."

"Well, I can't say how much I 'm obliged to you," declared Lester gratefully.

"Don't mention it!" cried the stranger heartily. "Good luck to you!" and he was off down the road.

Fortunately for Lester no other hard luck was lying in wait for him. He found travel conditions in the city difficult to one of his inexperience, but nevertheless managed to get through with no mishap, even where traffic was thickest.



busy that Lester saw very little of him, and therefore had no opportunity to describe to him the various adventures of that wonderful ride. Of course he told Mrs. Roberts about it as soon as he got back.

"And gee, Mother! you ought to have seen that motor-cycle!" was Lester's conclusion to his narrative. "It was a regular lallapaloozaler!"

"Lester!" gasped his mother. "Where did you get that horrible word?"

"And that fellow that started me going again was a dandy chap, too," the boy went on, not heeding the interruption.



"STANDING BY A TELEPHONE, WATCH IN HAND." "YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! EXCLAIMED MR. ROBERTS."

The first person Lester saw, as he entered the large open hall of the court-house, was his father, standing nervously by a telephone, watch in hand.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts, at sight of his hatless, dusty son. "You're just in time! there was not another minute to lose!" and, seizing the papers, Mr. Roberts fairly ran towards the elevator.

"Gee!" mused Lester, as he retraced his way down the massive marble steps, "I reckon Dad was in some hurry, from the way he acted. But he did n't hustle as fast as I did, at that."

With the big weight of responsibility lifted from his shoulders, Lester felt quite care-free and not a little self-satisfied. There was no occasion for further hurry, and accordingly he waited to regale himself with a couple of chocolate ice-cream sodas at a convenient drug-store. They served very well to wash the dust from his throat.

During the next few days Mr. Roberts was so

"It certainly was very kind of him to stop and help you as he did," agreed Mrs. Roberts. "Not every one would go to so much trouble for a boy he had never seen before."

"Oh, that's the way all motor-cycle riders do," answered Lester wisely. "They never go by a fellow that's stalled without stopping."

Shortly after dinner one day, about a week later, the Roberts telephone rang. Lester answered it.

"That you, Les?" said a voice. "Well, come down to the shop. Got something I want to show you."

The speaker was Joe Parker, who ran the local sporting-goods store.

Lester lost no time in obeying the summons. Mr. Parker had just finished uncrating a new motor-cycle (his up-to-date little store represented a popular make of machine) and was even then in the act of straining gasoline into the tank. The motor-cycle was just like the one Lester

had described in such glowing terms to his mother.

"Some boat, eh, Les?" remarked Joe with enthusiasm.

"You bet!" was all Lester could say.

With hungry eyes he watched while Joe fixed up the machine for the road. How he longed for even a short ride on that wonderful motor-cycle!

"Tell you what, Les," said Mr. Parker, with a confidential wink. "S'pose you ride the bus around this afternoon. Show it to your dad to-night and see if you can't get him to buy it for you."

Lester almost jumped out of his shoes. Then his heart sank, for he knew the price of that luxurious model.

"I 'm afraid dad won't," the boy said mournfully; then he added hastily, as if fearing that Mr. Joe Parker would repent of his generous offer, "but I 'd like mighty well to try it, anyway! I 'll be awfully careful, too," and Lester lovingly passed his hand over the beautiful, satiny enamel of the gasolene tank.

"Sure, I know you will," rejoined the agent affably, "or I would n't let it go out."

Joe quickly showed Lester how to manage the new machine, which was the same make as Jim's, and a few minutes later the boy started away. Without exception that afternoon was the happiest in Lester's life. He had no idea that his father would buy the motor-cycle for him, but that could not detract from the pleasure of the moment.

When he finally rode back home to supper, Mr. Roberts was on the front porch reading the paper. Naturally he manifested considerable surprise at seeing his son in possession of such a

vehicle. Lester briefly stated the facts in the case, as Joe had proposed it.

"Um!" mused Mr. Roberts. "What 's the price of a machine like that?"

"Three hundred dollars," whispered Lester, feeling horribly guilty.

"What!" shouted his father. "Why, that 's a lot of money! I can't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!"

"That 's just what I told Joe, sir," returned Lester quite frankly, "but he told me to go ahead and ride it just the same."

"Well, you 'd better take it back after supper."

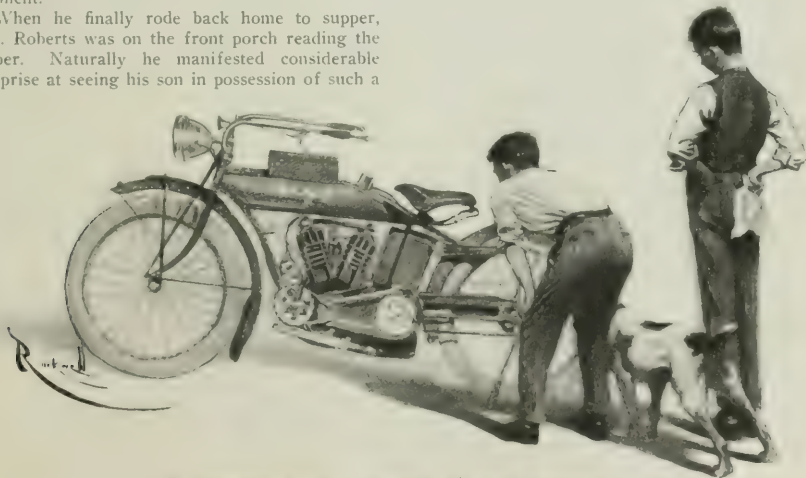
"Yes, sir," rejoined the boy.

That was exactly what Lester had known would happen, but he did feel very much disappointed nevertheless, for he had entertained a faint hope that the motor-cycle would be his. He wished Joe had selected a less expensive machine, for a first-class motor-cycle could be bought at a far lower figure.

Lester purposely waited until dark before returning to the shop, so that he could enjoy the pleasure of riding behind the brilliant beams thrown by the powerful electric searchlight. Joe did not seem discouraged at the loss of the sale.

"Look here, Les," he suggested, with one of his confidential winks. "You keep that machine for a day longer, and see if your dad don't change his mind. I want you to own that motor-cycle."

"What 's the use?" protested the boy. "I guess I know dad well enough to know when he 's made



"SOME BOAT, EH, LES," HE MARKED JOE WITH ENTHUSIASM.

up his mind. He 's not buying any motor-cycles right away."

"Well, can't I take a chance on it if I want to?" demanded Mr. Parker, banging his fist forcefully down on the saddle. "You don't stand to lose anything, do you? You get to ride the machine, and if your dad don't come across, bring it back, and there 's no hard feelings. What 's the matter with that offer? What?"

Of course no one could complain of such an offer, and, when Joe put the matter as he did, Lester really could not resist longer. Therefore the motor-cycle again went back to the Roberts home, where it found comfortable quarters in the woodshed.

"Did you bring that motor-cycle back with you?" demanded Mr. Roberts, as Lester entered the room.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy meekly, "but I could n't help myself. Joe would n't let me leave it there."

"Well!" grumbled Mr. Roberts. "I must say that this Joe Parker is a very persistent sort of chap. If persistency were the only quality essential to success, he ought to be very far removed from failure."

Lester hardly knew what to make of that remark and so said nothing, but his mother sud-

denly looked up from the magazine she was reading.

"It 's a shame to tease the poor boy so!" she declared, "and I 'm going to tell him. Lester, that motor-cycle is yours. Your father paid Mr. Parker for it this morning, and between them they fixed up this way of fooling you. I guess you 'll forgive them, though."

For a moment Lester was absolutely dumb. Then he found his voice.

"B-but—you—you said you could n't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!" he stammered.

"Well, I could n't," answered Mr. Roberts. "I 'd just paid that much for one, and another would have meant six hundred dollars."

"But I thought you did n't approve of motor-cycles, Dad," said Lester slyly, after the family had been talking the affair over for ten or fifteen minutes.

"Well," replied Mr. Roberts judicially, "to tell the truth I did n't. I said that you could n't show me a first-class argument in their favor. Then, after you had done so well in convincing me that I was altogether wrong, the only decent thing for me to do was to buy you a first-class machine. Don't you agree with me in that?"

And Lester did agree—most heartily.

THE SPRING OF LIFE

BY ODELL SHEPARD

HAVE we never a song of delight, my lads,

Have we never a song to sing

When April comes wandering up the world

Decked in the splendor of spring,

And out of the quivers of lakes and of rivers

The wild-goose arrows wing?

Through the blithe young dawn of the year, my lads,

Let us wander in jubilant throngs,

And over the hills of the weary world's ills

We will carol our rollicking songs,

We will go forth singing our rapture and bringing

Right to the old world's wrongs.

'T is a heavy price that we pay, my lads,

If we barter our visions sweet

For aught that the world can ever give

That quiets the dancing feet.

The roads of time are slow to climb,

But the dreams of youth are fleet.

The dreams of youth are fleet, my lads,

As the clouds that the winds of dawn

Hurry and shift like thistle-down drift

Tinted with amber and fawn,

As the clouds that wither and vanish whither

All dear dead dreams have gone.

But more than the winter needs the spring,

And more than the dust the dew,

More than the midnight needs the dawn,

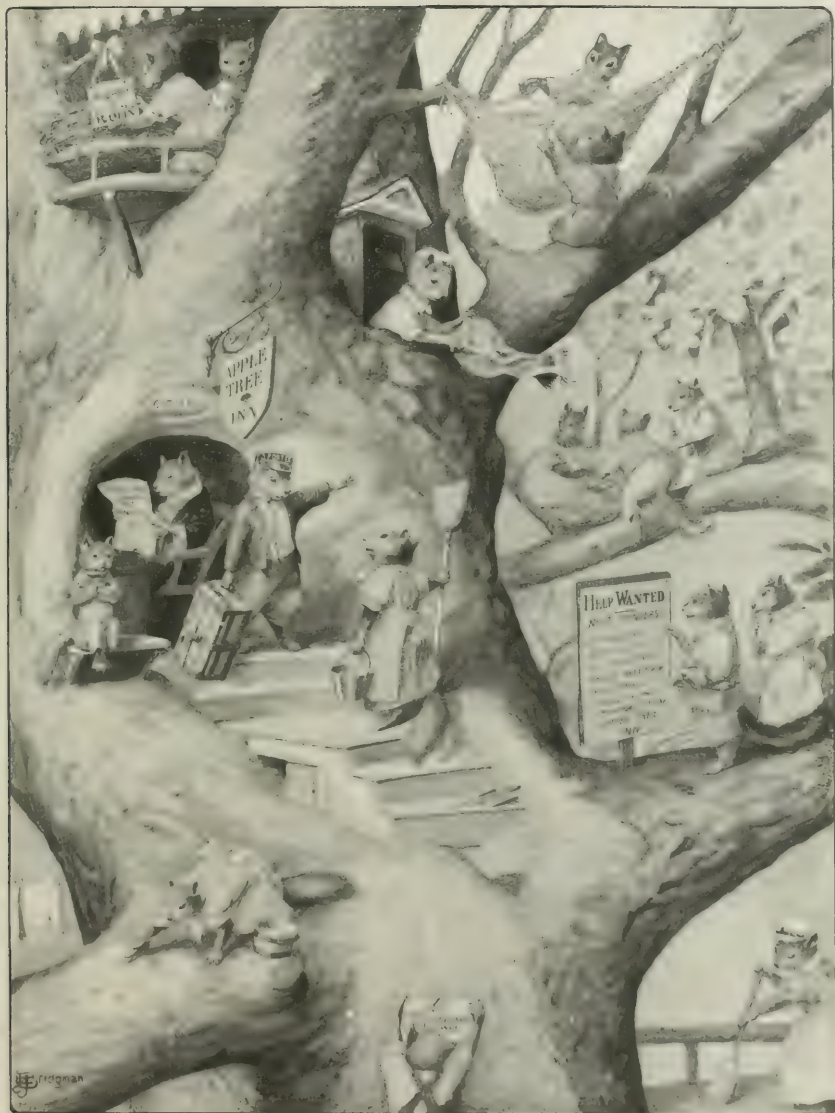
The weary world needs you.

Then lift us a song of the spring, my lads,

Over the tumult and strife,

For the spring is the youth of the year, my lads,

And youth is the spring of life!



AT THE APPLE TREE INN. MAKING READY FOR SUMMER PATRONS.

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

CHAPTER IX

THE MEMORIES OF GREAT-AUNT LUCIA

CYNTHIA sat at her desk in high school, alternately staring out of the window, gazing intently across the room at Joyce, and scowling at the blackboard where the cryptic symbols

$$(a+b)^2=a^2+2ab+b^2$$

were being laboriously expounded by the professor of mathematics. Of this exposition, it is safe to say, Cynthia comprehended not a word for the following simple reason. Early that morning Joyce had returned from the visit to her great-aunt Lucia and had entered the class-room late. Cynthia had not yet had a moment in which to speak with her alone. It was now the last period of the day, and her impatience had completely conquered her usual absorbed attention to her studies.

The professor droned on. The class feverishly copied more cryptic symbols in its notebooks. But at last the closing-bell rang, and, after what seemed interminable and totally unnecessary delays, Cynthia found herself out of doors, arm-in-arm with Joyce. Then all she could find to say was:

"Now—tell me!" But Joyce was very serious, and very mysterious too.

"Not here," she answered. "I could n't! Wait!"

"Well, where and when, then?" cried Cynthia.

"Home," said Joyce. Then, after a moment,—
"No, I'll tell you in the Boarded-up House! That's the most appropriate place. We'll go there straight after we get home." So Cynthia was obliged to repress her impatience a little longer. But at length they had crept through the cellar window, lighted their candles, and were proceeding upstairs.

"Come into the library," said Joyce. "I want to stand right where I can look at the Lovely Lady when I tell you this. It's all so strange—so different from what we thought!" So they went through the drawing-room, entered the library, and placed their candlesticks on the mantel where the light would best illuminate the portrait of the Lovely Lady. Then Joyce began.

"Great-aunt Lucia is very old and very feeble. She seemed so glad to see us all,—especially me. She talked to me a great deal, but I did not have

a chance to mention this place to her at all till the last evening we were there. Mother and Father had gone out to call on some friends, but it was raining and I had a sore throat, so they decided not to take me. I was so glad, because then I could stay home and talk to great-aunt Lucia, and it was the first time I'd been with her long alone.

"She had been telling me a lot about when she was a little girl, and asking me about myself. And I had told her about you and how we'd been together so many years, and what we did when we were n't in school. And finally I mentioned, just casually, that we often played in the grounds of this old house next door and described the place a little to her. Well, that started her, as I was sure it would! She began telling me that it was so strange,—that she had been in this house once, and curiously enough, just before it was closed for good. Then, you can warrant, I listened with all my ears!

"She said she had become acquainted with the lady through meeting her a short time before at the house of a friend in New York. This friend had then introduced them,—Mrs. Hubert Kenway—Mrs. Fairfax Collingwood!"

"Mrs. Collingwood!" cried Cynthia. "And we thought she was n't married!"

"Well, she was,—and we've made several mistakes beside that, Cynthia Sprague, as you'll find out later! It seems that great-aunt Lucia took quite a fancy to young Mrs. Collingwood. She was so sweet and gracious and charmingly pretty. Later, great-aunt Lucia discovered that she was a widow, living out here. Her husband had been dead a number of years,—ten, I think. She was a Southerner having come originally from South Carolina.

"Great-aunt Lucia did not see her again till a few weeks later, when she received an invitation to go with her friend, take luncheon, and spend the day at Mrs. Collingwood's. There were several others invited, about a dozen in all. They all came out by train and drove here in hired carriages from the station, which was a long way off then. It was a beautiful, soft, balmy April day, and spring seemed well begun.

"Great-aunt Lucia said the place was delightful,—an old, Colonial house (it seemed so strange to hear her describe everything just as we've

seen it!). And Mrs. Collingwood was a charming hostess. But they were just finishing luncheon when the strangest thing happened!

"A servant came in and handed Mrs. Collingwood a telegram as she sat at the head of the table. She excused herself to them, tore open the envelope and read it. Then, to their astonishment, she turned first a fiery red, and afterward white as a sheet. Then she sprang to her feet saying, 'Oh!' in a sort of stifled voice. Everyone jumped up too, some so quickly that they knocked over their chairs, and asked if anything dreadful was the matter. Then, all of a sudden, she toppled over and slipped to the floor in a dead faint."

"Did n't I tell you so, long ago!" exclaimed Cynthia. "I said she probably fainted!"

"Yes, you were right. Well, two or three began to chafe her hands and face, and the rest sent the servants flying for smelling-salts and vinegar. Everything was confusion for a few minutes, till she presently came to. Then they all began again to question her about what was the matter, but she would n't tell them. She just said:

"I've had bad news, dear friends, and it has made me feel quite ill. It is something I cannot speak about. I hope you will not think me thoroughly inhospitable, if I go to my room for a while.' They all told her she must certainly go and lie down, and that they would leave immediately. She begged them not to hurry, but of course they saw that it was n't best to stay, since she would n't let them do anything for her. So, fifteen minutes later they were all driving away in the carriages which had remained for them at the house. And—" here Joyce paused dramatically,—"not one of them, except my great-aunt's friend, Mrs. Durand, ever saw her again!"

"But—but—" began Cynthia.

"Wait," said Joyce. "I have n't finished yet! Of course, all of them were crazy to know what happened, but most of them never did,—not till long, long afterward, anyway. There was one that did know soon, however, and that was Mrs. Durand. Two nights afterward, Mrs. Durand was astounded to have Mrs. Collingwood arrive at her house in New York, and beg to be allowed to stay there a day or two. She was dressed entirely in black, and carried only a small grip. Of course, Mrs. Durand took her right in, and that night Mrs. Collingwood told her what had happened.

"But first, I must tell you that Mrs. Collingwood had a son—"

"What?" gasped Cynthia, staring up at the girlish picture.

"Yes, a son! And not a baby, either, but a fine, handsome young fellow of seventeen. Great-aunt Lucia says that Mrs. Collingwood was married when she was only seventeen, and that she was thirty-five when all this happened. But she looked much younger. So that accounts for our mistake! The son was away at Harvard College,—or at least they *thought* he was, at the time of the luncheon. But great-aunt Lucia says that the same afternoon, as they were driving to the station, they met a splendid young fellow with yellow hair and bright brown eyes, hurrying along the road in the opposite direction. He took off his cap to them gaily, and Mrs. Durand whispered that it was young Fairfax Collingwood, evidently coming home unexpectedly. Great-aunt Lucia says she will never forget his excited, happy look!

"Now, I'll go back to Mrs. Durand and Mrs. Collingwood. (And all that follows, Mrs. Durand told great-aunt Lucia long, long afterward.) Mrs. Collingwood came into the house, and her face looked set like a stone, and she seemed twenty years older than when she was having the luncheon. And Mrs. Durand cried:

"Oh, my dear, you have lost some one? You are dressed in mourning!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Collingwood. "I have lost my son! I am going away." And Mrs. Durand said:

"Oh, how—how sudden! He can't be dead! We saw him! And Mrs. Collingwood answered:

"He is dead to me! And for the longest time, Mrs. Durand could n't get another word from her, except that she had shut up the house and was going home South, to live for good. Well, Mrs. Durand put her right to bed,—she was fairly sick with nervousness and exhaustion. And late that night, she broke down and cried and cried, and told Mrs. Durand everything.

"And, oh, Cynthia! *What* do you think it was? You'd never guess!—You know, the Civil War had just broken out,—Fort Sumter had surrendered, and Mrs. Collingwood was a South Carolina woman, and was heart and soul with the Confederacy. She had married a Northern man, and had lived ever since up here, but that did n't make any difference. And all the time war had been threatening, she had been planning to raise a company in South Carolina for her son Fairfax, and put him in command of it. They did those things at that time. Her son did n't know about it, however. She was keeping the news to surprise him.

"And then, that day at luncheon, she received a telegram from him saying he had left college and enlisted—in the Union army—and was com-

ing home at once to bid her good-bye before going to the front! The shock of it almost killed her! But later she thought that surely, when he came, she could persuade him out of it.

"And he came that very afternoon. The ladies had met him walking up from the train. She would not tell Mrs. Durand just what happened, but intimated that they had had a dreadful scene. You see, the young fellow had been born and brought up in the North, and *his* sympathies were all with *that* side, and he was just as enthusiastic about it as his mother was about the other. And besides, she 'd never talked to him much about the Southern cause, so he did n't realize how she felt. At last, when he would n't give in, she admitted to Mrs. Durand that she disowned him, and told him never to see her face again.

"When he had gone to his room to pack his things, she went and dismissed her servants, and told them to go at once. Then she locked herself in her room till her boy went away. She never saw him again! After he had gone, that night, she collected all her silver and hid it, and partially packed her own things, and then decided she would n't take them with her. And when she had gone around shutting up the house, it was morning. As soon as it was daylight, she went out and got an old colored carpenter who lived nearby to come and board up the windows and doors. She had the boarding all in the cellar, for it had been made two years before when she went to Europe for six months. It took him nearly all day to finish the work, while she stood around and gave directions. I don't see how she had the strength to do it! When it was all done, she locked the door, walked to the station, took the train for New York, and came to Mrs. Durand." Joyce paused in her recital, from sheer lack of breath, and Cynthia took advantage of the silence.

"So *that* was the way of it! And *we* thought it was her brother, and that he 'd done something awful,—committed a robbery or forged something! I don't see why that young Fairfax should have been treated so! I think what he did was fine!"

"You must remember," said Joyce, "that people felt so differently about such things in those days. We can't quite realize it now, and should n't judge them for the way they acted. I suppose Mrs. Collingwood could have forgiven him more easily if he 'd committed a burglary instead! And great-aunt Lucia says she was terribly high-tempered, too."

"I *can't* understand it, even so!" insisted Cynthia. "But did your great-aunt say anything about those pictures?"

"No, but I asked her if Mrs. Collingwood had any other children, and she said she understood that Fairfax had been a twin, but his little sister had died when she was n't much more than three years old. So that 's the explanation of the two babies in the other room. I suppose Mrs. Collingwood did n't tell all,—in fact I said she did n't tell any details about what happened that night. Probably she turned the portrait around and tore out the miniature when she was alone. But I have n't finished my story yet!"

"Oh, do go on then!" implored Cynthia.

"Mrs. Collingwood stayed at her friend's house two days," continued Joyce, "and then left for her old home in a little town in South Carolina and never came North again. Mrs. Durand never saw her again, either, but used to hear from her at very long intervals. But here 's where the awful thing comes in. After the battle of Shiloh, a year later, when the papers published the list of killed—Fairfax Collingwood's name was among the first! So he did not live very long, you see. But what a terrible thing for the poor mother to think that she and her son had parted in anger, and now were never, never to meet again, and make it all up! Oh, I can hardly bear to think of it!" Joyce's eyes were full of tears, as she gazed up at the proud, beautiful face above them.

"Well, that 's the end of the story, and that 's the tragedy and mystery about this Boarded-up House. Oh!—there 's one other thing,—great-aunt Lucia says she thinks Mrs. Collingwood is still alive,—a very old lady, living down in the little old South Carolina town of Chesterton. She will never allow this old house to be touched nor let any one enter it. But she has made a will, leaving it to the Southern Society when she dies. That 's positively all, and you see everything is explained."

"No it is n't!" retorted Cynthia. "You have n't explained *one* thing, at all!"

"What 's that?" asked Joyce.

"The mystery of the locked-up room!" replied Cynthia.

CHAPTER X

AN EXCITING DISCOVERY

THE autumn of that year ended, the winter months came and went with all their holiday festivities, and spring entered in her appointed time. The passing winter had been filled with such varied outside activities for the two girls, that there was little time to think of the Boarded-up House, and still less to do any further investigating within it. Added to that, the cold had been so constant and intense that it would have

been unsafe to venture into the unlighted, unheated, and unventilated old mansion.

But, in spite of these things, its haunting story was never out of their minds for long, and they discussed and re-discussed it in many a spare hour when they crouched cozily by themselves over the open fire during that long winter. It was a wonderful and appealing secret that they somehow felt was all their own. It was better, more interesting than the most engrossing story they had ever read. And the fascination of it was that, though they now knew so much, they did not yet know all. The mystery of the locked room always confronted them, always lured them on!

Once, on a day that was unusually mild, they ventured into the old house for a few moments, and looked long and intently at the *Lovely Lady* over the library mantel, and at the two pretty children in the drawing-room.

"Yes, that is the boy," said Cynthia. "You can see, even there, what a fine young fellow he must have made, with those big brown eyes and that curly golden hair. Oh, the poor mother!—How she must have grieved, all these years! You can see that she has never gotten over it, or she would have come back here sometime. I wonder if she is alive yet!"

In the library, Joyce picked up the paper that had been discovered through the help of Goliath, and looked it over curiously.

"Why in the world did n't we read this paper when we found it!" she exclaimed disgustedly. "Just see here,—the big headlines,—'Fort Sumter Surrenders. War Formally Declared. Troops Rushing To Washington!' Why, Cynthia, it would surely have given us the clue!"

"I don't think it would have," declared Cynthia, sceptically. "I never would have connected anything in the paper with what happened here."

"Sherlock Holmes would have," mused Joyce. "Well, anyway, we got at the story in another fashion. But oh, Cynthia, will we ever know about the locked-up room?" As Cynthia could cast no further light on this vexed question, they were forced to drop it.



"OH, I WISH I WERE SHERLOCK HOLMES!"

Then came spring, and the ancient cherry-trees in the enclosure back of the Boarded-Up House blossomed anew. One brilliant Saturday morning early in May, the girls clambered through the fence with their books and fancywork, to spend some of the shining hour under the white canopy of blossoms. They were reading aloud the "Sign of Four," (they inclined much toward mystery

and detective stories at this time) turn and turn about, while the one who did not have the book sewed or embroidered. Presently Joyce laid down the volume with a big sigh.

"Oh, I *wish* I were Sherlock Holmes!"

"Mercy! what for?" cried Cynthia. "I'm sure I don't!"

"Why, do you suppose Sherlock would have been all this time getting at the final facts about our Boarded-up House? Of course not! He'd have had it all worked out and proved by now!" Joyce got to her feet and began roaming about restlessly. Suddenly she stopped in front of her companion.

"I tell you, Cynthia, it *haunts* me! I can't explain to you why, but I feel there is something we have n't discovered yet,—something we *ought* to know. It is n't just 'idle curiosity' as Professor Marlow would call it! I never knew or heard of anything that went so—so *deep* in me as this thing has. That poor, loving, proud mother, and her terrible misunderstanding with her splendid son!—He was *right*, too, I can't help but think. But was she in the wrong? I suppose we can't judge about how people felt in those days. The whole thing is so different now,—all forgotten and forgiven! But I've read that the Confederates considered their cause almost a—a *religion*. So of course she would have felt the shock of what her son did, terribly. And think how he must have felt, too!"

"And then to lose his life, almost in the beginning! Perhaps he and his mother might have made it all up after the war was over, if he'd only lived. It's—it's the saddest thing I ever heard!" Cynthia had risen too, and they linked arms, strolling up and down the little orchard as they talked.

"I feel exactly as you do about it, though I don't often speak of it," said Cynthia. "But, by the way, did it ever strike you that we might find it interesting to look over some of the books in that old library? Some of them looked very attractive to me. And even if it did n't lead to anything, at least it would be good fun to examine them. I love old books! Why not do it this afternoon?"

"Just the thing!" agreed Joyce. "I've thought of that too, but we've never had much chance to do it, till now. This afternoon, right after lunch!"

So the afternoon found them again in the dim, musty old library, illuminating the scene extravagantly with five candles. Three sides of the room were lined with bookshelves, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The girls surveyed the bewildering rows of books, puzzled where to begin.

"Oh, come over here!" decided Joyce, choosing the side opposite the fireplace. "These big volumes look so interesting." She brushed the thick dust off their backs, revealing the titles. "Look!—They're all alike, with red backs and mottled sides." She opened one curiously. "Why!—they're called 'Punch'! What a strange name! What kind of books can they be?" And then, on further examination,—*"Oh! I see. It's a collection of English papers full of jokes and politics and that sort of thing. And this one is from way back in 1850. Why, Cynthia, these are the most interesting things!"*

But Cynthia had already extracted another volume and was absorbed in it, chuckling softly over the old-time humor. Joyce grouped the five candles on the floor and they sat down beside them, from time to time pulling out fresh volumes, reading aloud clever jokes to each other, and enjoying themselves immensely, utterly unconscious of the passing moments.

At length they found they had skimmed through all the volumes of "Punch," the last of which was dated 1860, and had them piled up on the floor beside them. This left a long space on the shelf from which they came, and the methodical Cynthia presently rose to put them back. As she fitted in the first volume, her eye was suddenly caught by something back of the shelves, illuminated in the flickering candle-light.

"Joyce, come here!" she called in a voice of suppressed excitement. And Joyce, who had wandered to another corner, came over in a hurry. "What is it?"

"Look in there!" Joyce snatched a candle and held it close to the opening made by the books. Then she gave a long, low whistle.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Cynthia.

"Just what it is! And that's as 'plain as a pikestaff'—a *keyhole*!" Cynthia nodded.

"Yes, but what a strange place for it—back of those shelves!" They brought another candle and examined the wall back of the shelves more carefully. There was certainly a keyhole—a rather small one—and around it what appeared to be the paneling of a door, only partially visible through the shreds of old, torn wall-paper that had once covered it.

"I have it!" cried Joyce, at length. "At least, I think this may be an explanation. That's a small door, without a doubt,—perhaps to some unused closet. Maybe there was a time, when this house was new, when this room was n't a library. Then somebody wanted to make it into a library, and fill all this side of the room with bookshelves. But that door was in the way. So they had it all papered over, and just put the shelves in front of

it, as though it had never been there. You see the paper has fallen away, probably through dampness,—and the mice seem to have eaten it too. And here 's the keyhole! Is n't it *lucky* we just happened to take the books out that were in front of it!"

"But what are we going to do about it?" questioned Cynthia.

"Do? Why there 's just one thing to do, and that is move the shelves out somehow,—they seem to be movable, just resting on those end-supports, —and get at that door!"

"But suppose it 's locked?"

"We 'll have to take a chance on that! Come on! We can't move these books and shelves away fast enough to suit me!"

They fell to work with a zest the like of which they had not known since their first entrance into the Boarded-up House. It was no easy task to remove the armfuls of books necessary to get at the door behind, and then push and shove and struggle with the dusty shelves. In a comparatively short time, however, the floor behind them was littered with volumes hastily deposited, and the shelves for a space nearly as high as their heads were removed. Then they tore at the mouldy shreds of wall-paper till the entire frame of the paneled wooden doorway was free. Han-

dle there was none, it having doubtless been removed when the place was papered. There seemed, consequently, no way to open the door. But Cynthia was equal to this emergency.

"I 've seen an old chisel in the kitchen. We might pry it open with that," she suggested.

"Go and get it!" commanded Joyce, bursting with excitement. "I think this is going to be either a secret cupboard or room!"

Cynthia seized a candle and hurried away, coming back breathless with the rusty tool.

"Now for it!" muttered Joyce. She grasped the chisel and inserted it in the crack, pushing on it with all her might. But the door resisted, and Cynthia was just uttering the despairing cry,—

"Oh, it 's locked too!" when it suddenly gave way, with a wholly unexpected jerk, and flew open emitting a cloud of dust.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Joyce, between two sneezes, "That almost knocked me off my feet. Did you ever see so much dust!" Snatching the candles again, they both sprang forward, expecting to gaze into the dusty interior of some long unused cupboard or closet. They had no sooner put their heads into the opening, than they started back with a simultaneous cry.

The door opened on a tiny, narrow stairway, ascending into the dimness above!

(To be continued.)

THE CIRCUS

BY DAN F. MILLER

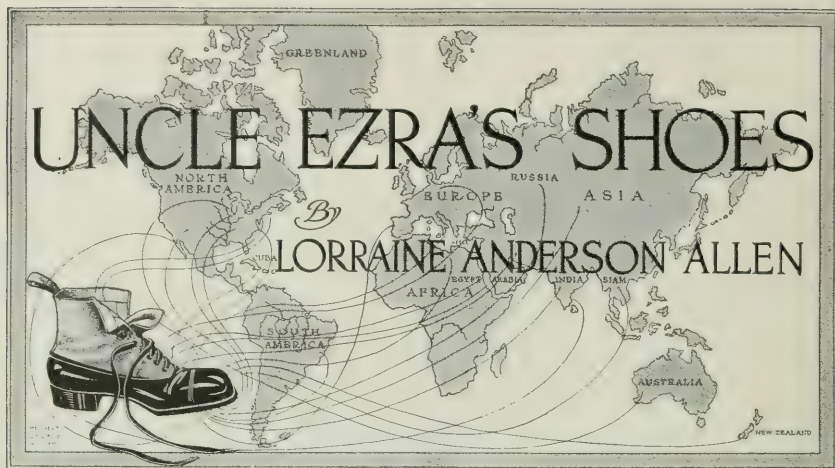
WHENEVER the circus comes to town,
On Father's face is a solemn frown,
And he says to me as he shakes his head:
"Here 's a task that I really dread;
Some one must take you, it 's plain to see,
And I 'm sorry to say that it 's up to me;
I 'm shirking the office work, I know,
But since I must do it, come on; let 's go."

Then, just as soon as he hears the bands,
He hardly can keep from clapping his hands,
And I hear him mutter: "Well! Is n't that
great!"
And he 's likely to say: "I 'm afraid we 're late."

The "Parade of Nations" is "not so bad,"
He "used to like it," he says—"when a lad,"
And it seems to me, as I watch his face,
That he is n't displeased by the chariot-race.
He really grins at the funny clown
Whenever the ring-master tumbles him down,
And the tricks of the monkeys and tall giraffe,
Well, they almost seem to make him laugh;

But when it 's over, you 'll hear him say,
In a sort of bored and offhand way:
"The same old nonsense and fol-de-rol;
When you 've been to one, you have seen
them all!"

Yet sometimes I wonder—for nobody knows—
If because *I* like it is why *he* goes!



It was a rainy day. Besides, Bobby had a cold, so his mother would n't let him go out. He stood by the sitting-room window looking out into the wet garden with a very cross expression on his face; indeed, his mouth looked very much as if he were pouting. He leaned first on one foot and then on the other, and drummed every now and then on the window-pane. He did n't *feel* cold, and he wanted very, very much to go out.

"Why don't you try to think about something else, Bobby?" said his mother, glancing up at him from the pile of stockings that she was darning.

"What?" growled Bobby, without turning around.

"Something interesting," answered his mother.

"There 's nothing interesting in the house," said Bobby, in the same tone. "There never is."

"Whew!" whistled his Uncle Ezra, who was reading the newspaper by the other window. "Why don't you think about your shoes?"

"My shoes!" cried Bobby, turning around this time, he was so astonished. "What would I think about my shoes?"

Uncle Ezra put down his paper. "Not much on geography, are you?" he said.

Bobby straightened. "I just guess I am!" he exclaimed. "I 'm head of my geography class."

"Can't seem to believe it when you 'feel' that way about shoes," said Uncle Ezra, his eyes twinkling.

Malcolm and Ned, Bobby's older brothers, came in from the hall just then to ask where their rubbers were. They were on their way to the barn

to have some fun, but, when they saw that Uncle Ezra was going to talk, they sat down. Uncle Ezra always had something to say that boys wanted to listen to.

"Here is a young man," said Uncle Ezra, addressing them, "who tells me that he is the head of his geography class, and yet can't find anything interesting in his shoes. Now what have you got to say about that?"

"I 'm with him," said Malcolm.

"So am I," said Ned. "Shoes are just—shoes, are n't they?"

"Maybe yours are," agreed Uncle Ezra, "but I 'll tell you about mine." He put his foot on a hassock. "My shoes," he began, "are so wonderful that, when I get to thinking about them, I can hardly believe that they are mine. Look at that heel. Do you know that not so very long ago that heel was part of a Calcutta buffalo racing around in East India? That buffalo never thought he would have anything to do with an Illinois corn-field—not much. But the stuff that keeps those lifts together is dextrine—"

"I know what dextrine is," interrupted Bobby, proudly. "It 's made from starch, and, when you mix water with it, it 's called British gum, and we use it on the backs of postage-stamps and on envelopes."

"That 's right, Bobby!" cried Uncle Ezra. "You *do* know some geography, after all. A little bit—we 'll see how much more. Well, a lot of dextrine is made from the corn in Illinois.

"Now, to jump from the heel to the toe, how

do you suppose they get these box-toes as hard as that? You can't dent it in to save yourself."

"Give it up," said Bobby. "What do they use?"

"Shellac," said Uncle Ezra.

"I know about shellac!" exclaimed Ned. "*That* comes from the East Indies and Siam. It's a kind of resin that they find on some of the trees there. Insects that eat the sap, sting the tree, and then the resin comes out and covers the twigs all over, and then people come and cut them off and melt off the resin, and purify it, and that makes it shellac. I knew that we used it for sealing-wax, and varnish, and things like that, but I did n't suppose there was any in our shoes."

"Of course you did n't!" chuckled Uncle Ezra. "You said shoes were—just shoes!"

"When the heels of my shoes," Uncle Ezra went on, "were racing around in East India, in the form of a Calcutta buffalo, the tops of them were skipping about in South America, the happy goat having no idea he was booked for a Philadelphia tannery, or that there were hundreds of people 'way off, up in a State called Michigan, all busy making wool-oil to rub him down with after he'd been tanned to make him nice and soft like this."

"Where did the tongue come from, Ezra?" asked Bobby's mother, laying down her darning and joining the group about Uncle Ezra. "I always think the tongues of shoes are funny things."

"The tongue," said Uncle Ezra, "came from Australia. It was once a kangaroo."

"Why, that's three animals in one shoe!" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Let 's count and see how many there are!" cried Bobby. "Go on, Uncle Ezra, please."

"I thought there was n't anything interesting to think about a pair of shoes," laughed Uncle Ezra. "Well, the next animal we find is in the patent-leather vamp: that was once a horse 'way off in Russia. It came over—as a skin, of course—in one boat, and the bichromate of potash to tan it with came over from Germany on another."

"I am going to count the countries," declared Malcolm. "Let me see how many we've got already: India, the United States, Siam, South America, Australia, Russia, and Germany—seven."

"And I'll count the different materials," said Ned. "We've had, so far, dextrine, shellac, wool-oil, and bichromate of potash—four, not counting the different leathers, which I will let Bobby have for his animals."

"The outer soles," went on Uncle Ezra, "were once the back of a Texas steer. It was sent to Kentucky for tanning, and the bark they used in

tanning it came from Tennessee. Better count the States, too, Malcolm, along with the countries."

"The inner sole was made from the hides of California cattle. And you know that lovely polish that they always put on new soles? Well, that polish came over to my shoes from India. It was made of bayberry-tallow, from the fruit of the Indian bay-tree, mixed with native honey, beeswax, and turpentine."

"Every one gets something out of that," laughed Bobby's mother.

"I don't," said Bobby, disappointed. "I'm keeping the animals' count."

"Are n't you going to count the honey and the beeswax?" asked Uncle Ezra. "To be sure, the bees are not in the shoes, but they helped to make them."

"Sure enough!" cried Bobby. "Of course I'm going to count the bees. Go on, Uncle Ezra."

Bobby was so interested, he did n't know that he was urging Uncle Ezra on every time he hesitated.

"Anybody here know what tragacanth is?" inquired Uncle Ezra.

They all shook their heads. "Well, that's what was used to clean the top and the tongue with. That came from Persia. It is obtained from a spiny, leguminous shrub that grows in the west of Asia. It comes in hard whitish or yellowish flakes that are very, very difficult to dissolve in water, but that, after a while, will swell slowly into a mucilaginous (sticky, Bobby!) mass."

"My shoes have to get pretty wet to leak: there's cork in them that keeps out the moisture. That comes from Portugal, from the cork-tree."

"The lining of my shoes did a lot of traveling before I began to carry it about," Uncle Ezra went on. "In the first place, it grew in Texas, in the cotton-fields. From Texas it was shipped to Massachusetts, where it went into one of the great cotton-mills, and was woven into cloth. Then it was freighted to Philadelphia, where it was stiffened with the preparation that grew in Kansas, in the wheat-fields, before it, too, was freighted to Philadelphia. The thread that the top stitching is sewed with is made from Sea Island cotton, and the lace is dyed with logwood from Yucatan. Do you know why it is called logwood, Bobby?" asked Uncle Ezra.

"Because it is sent to other countries in logs," answered Bobby, promptly, pleased to show some more of his knowledge.

"That's right," said Uncle Ezra. "And one thing more: do you know where that patent-leather of mine got its beautiful shine?"

Bobby's mother laughed. "Why, Ezra!" she

cried, "you 're not going to tell us, are you, that the shine has a story, too?"

"It certainly has," said Uncle Ezra. "The shine has almost as much geography in it as my whole shoe. The shine is made up of lamp-black and turpentine from North Carolina, linseed-oil from Ohio, dammar-resin from New Zealand, asphalt from South America—"

"Asphalt!" exclaimed Ned. "I thought asphalt was only used for making roads?"

"It 's a preservative," said Uncle Ezra. "The Egyptians used it for embalming their dead; that is what makes mummies so black and hard—the bitumen in them. And asphalt is what we call bitumen when it is very hard. But to go on with my shoes: wood-naphtha from Michigan, benzene from Pennsylvania, amber from the shores of the Baltic, sandarac from Africa, mastic from the island of Scio, Greece, elemi from Asia, and, finally, lac from Cuba—all helped to make my

shine. Some day, when we 've more time, I 'll tell you about all those queer things you 've never even heard of; but now you 'll have just time to count up your tallies before the sun comes out."

"How many have you got?" asked Bobby's mother a moment later, as the three boys looked up from their lists.

"Six animals," said Bobby.

"Twenty-six materials," said Ned.

"Twenty-eight countries and states!" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Something to think about in a pair of shoes, eh, Bobby?" said Uncle Ezra.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Bobby.

"And now I see by your mother's face, and by the way the sun has slipped out from behind those clouds, that you may all run out to the barn and have some fun."

"This was fun!" cried Bobby, as they all started to go. "I take back all the cross things I said."

ON SUNDAY MORNING

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

ON a sunny Sunday morning when the bells begin to ring,
In the tall trees all around us, then the birds begin to sing.
And the birds and bells together make the day seem twice as fair,
As we go, on Sunday morning, to the church across the square.

Long before the bells have finished, we have reached the carved door.
There 's a long, long aisle to follow—every step sounds on the floor.
From my quiet little corner at the end of the long pew,
I can see most lovely windows, crimson, purple, gold, and blue.

'Way, 'way off, I hear the music, it grows nearer still, and higher.
With the golden cross before them, through the doorway comes the choir.
Men and boys with sober faces, singing as they march along;
Though I cannot march beside them, I can join their happy song.

When it 's time to hear the sermon, my eyes always want to close.
Just above our pew 's a window that is colored like a rose,
And within a golden border is a shepherd and his sheep—
He looks down upon me kindly as I slowly fall asleep.

So I never hear the sermon, but I always wake in time
For the offering, and I 'm always glad to give my silver dime.
There are prayers and there is singing, even sweeter than before,
As the choir come marching past us, and then vanish through the door.

It 's so very sweet and peaceful that I do not want to go,
I should like to stay and listen to the organ soft and low.
Seems to me on Sunday morning that the weather 's always fair,
And the birds are always singing as we go across the square.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

"CITIES AND FACES"

THE hours of Marco's unexplained absence had been terrible to Loristan and to Lazarus. They had reason for fears which it was not possible for them to express. As the night drew on, the fears took stronger form. They forgot the existence of The Rat, who sat biting his nails in the bedroom, afraid to go out lest he might lose the chance of being given some errand to do but also afraid to show himself lest he should seem in the way.

"I 'll stay upstairs," he had said to Lazarus. "If you just whistle, I 'll come."

The anguish he passed through as the day went by and Lazarus went out and came in and he himself received no orders, could not have been expressed in any ordinary words. He writhed in his chair, he bit his nails to the quick, he wrought himself into a frenzy of misery and terror by recalling one by one all the crimes his knowledge of London police-courts supplied him with. He was doing nothing, yet he dare not leave his post. It was his post after all, though they had not given it to him. He must do something.

In the middle of the night Loristan opened the door of the back sitting-room, because he knew he must at least go upstairs and throw himself upon his bed even if he could not sleep.

He started back as the door opened. The Rat was sitting huddled on the floor near it with his back against the wall. He had a piece of paper in his hand and his twisted face was a weird thing to see.

"Why are you here?" Loristan asked.

"I 've been here three hours, sir. I knew you 'd have to come out sometime and I thought you 'd let me speak to you. Will you—will you?"

"Come into the room," said Loristan. "I will listen to anything you want to say. What have you been drawing on that paper?" as The Rat got up in the wonderful way he had taught himself. The paper was covered with lines which showed it to be another of his plans.

"Please look at it," he begged. "I dare n't go out lest you might want to send me somewhere. I dare n't sit doing nothing. I began remembering and thinking things out. I put down all the

streets and squares he *might* have walked through on his way home. I 've not missed one. If you 'll let me start out and walk through every one of them and talk to the policemen on the beat and look at the houses—and think out things and work at them—I 'll not miss an inch—I 'll not miss a brick or a flagstone—I 'll—" His voice had a hard sound but it shook, and he himself shook.

Loristan touched his arm gently.

"You are a good comrade," he said. "It is well for us that you are here. You have thought of a good thing."

"May I go now?" said The Rat.

"This moment, if you are ready," was the answer. The Rat swung himself to the door.

Loristan said to him a thing which was like the sudden lighting of a great light in the very center of his being.

"You are one of us. Now that I know you are doing this I may even sleep. You are one of us." And it was because he was following this plan that The Rat had turned into Brandon Terrace and heard the Samavian song ringing out from the locked basement of Number 10.

"Yes, he is one of us," Loristan said, when he told this part of the story to Marco as they sat by the fire. "I had not been sure before. I wanted to be very sure. Last night I saw into the depths of him and *knew*. He may be trusted."

From that day The Rat held a new place. Lazarus himself, strangely enough, did not resent his holding it. The boy was allowed to be near Loristan as he had never dared to hope to be near. It was not merely that he was allowed to serve him in many ways, but he was taken into the intimacy which had before enclosed only the three. Loristan talked to him as he talked to Marco, drawing him within the circle which held so much that was comprehended without speech. The Rat knew that he was being trained and observed and he realized it with exaltation. His idol had said that he was "one of them" and he was watching and putting him to tests so that he might find out how much he was one of them. And he was doing it for some grave reason of his own. This thought possessed The Rat's whole mind. Perhaps he was wondering if he should find out that he was to be trusted, as a rock is to be trusted. That he should even think that per-

haps he might find that he was like a rock, was inspiration enough.

"Sir," he said one night when they were alone together, because The Rat had been copying a road-map. His voice was very low—"do you think that—sometime—you could trust me as you trust Marco? Could it ever be like that—ever?"

"The time has come," and Loristan's voice was almost as low as his own, though strong and deep feeling underlay its quiet—"the time has come when I can trust you with Marco—to be his companion—to care for him, to stand by his side at any moment. And Marco is—Marco is my son." That was enough to uplift The Rat to the skies. But there was more to follow.

"It may not be long before it may be his part to do work in which he will need a comrade who can be trusted—as a rock can be trusted."

He had said the very words The Rat's own mind had given to him.

"A Rock! A Rock!" the boy broke out. "Let me show you, sir. Send me with him for a servant. The crutches are nothing. You've seen that they're as good as legs, have n't you? I've trained myself."

"I know, I know, dear lad." Marco had told him all of it. He gave him a gracious smile which seemed as if it held a sort of fine secret. "You shall go as his Aide-de-Camp. It shall be part of the game."

He had always encouraged "the game," and during the last weeks had even found time to help them in their plans for the mysterious journey of the Secret Two. He had been so interested that once or twice he had called on Lazarus as an old soldier and Samavian to give his opinions of certain routes—and of the customs and habits of people in towns and villages by the way. Here they would find simple pastoral folk who danced, sang after their day's work, and who would tell all they knew; here they would find those who served or feared the Maranovitch and who would not talk at all. In one place they would meet with hospitality, in another with unfriendly suspicion of all strangers. Through talk and stories The Rat began to know the country almost as Marco knew it. That was part of the game too—because it was always "the game," they called it. Another part was The Rat's training of his memory, and bringing home his proofs of advance at night when he returned from his walk and could describe, or recite, or roughly sketch all he had seen in his passage from one place to another. Marco's part was to recall and sketch faces. Loristan one night gave him a number of photographs of people to commit to memory. Under each face was written the name of a place.

"Learn these faces," he said, "until you would know each one of them at once wheresoever you met it. Fix them upon your mind, so that it will be impossible for you to forget them. You must be able to sketch any one of them and recall the city or town or neighborhood connected with it."

Even this was still called "the game," but Marco began to know in his secret heart that it was so much more, that his hand sometimes trembled with excitement as he made his sketches over and over again. To make each one many times was the best way to imbed it in his memory. The Rat knew, too, though he had no reason for knowing, but mere instinct. He used to lie awake in the night and think it over and remember what Loristan had said of the time coming when Marco might need a comrade in his work. What was his work to be? It was to be something like "the game." And they were being prepared for it. And though Marco often lay awake on his bed when The Rat lay awake on his sofa, neither boy spoke to the other of the thing his mind dwelt on. And Marco worked as he had never worked before. The game was very exciting when he could prove his prowess. The four gathered together at night in the back sitting-room. Lazarus was obliged to be with them because a second judge was needed. Loristan would mention the name of a place, perhaps a street in Paris or a hotel in Vienna, and Marco would at once make a rapid sketch of the face under whose photograph the name of the locality had been written. It was not long before he could begin his sketch without more than a moment's hesitation. And yet even when this had become the case, they still played the game night after night. There was a great hotel near the Place de la Concorde in Paris, of which Marco felt he should never hear the name during all his life without there starting up before his mental vision a tall woman with fierce black eyes and a delicate high-bridged nose across which the strong eyebrows almost met. In Vienna there was a palace which would always bring back at once a pale cold-faced man with a heavy blonde lock which fell over his forehead. A certain street in Munich meant a stout genial old aristocrat with a sly smile; a village in Bavaria, a peasant with a vacant countenance. A curled and smoothed man who looked like a hairdresser brought up a place in an Austrian mountain town. He knew them all as he knew his own face and No. 7 Phillibert Place.

But still night after night the game was played.

Then came a night when, out of a deep sleep, he was awakened by Lazarus touching him. He had so long been secretly ready to answer any call that he sat up straight in bed at the first touch.

"Dress quickly and come down stairs," Lazarus said. "The Prince is here and wishes to speak with you."

Marco made no answer but got out of bed and began to slip on his clothes.

Lazarus touched The Rat.

The Rat was as ready as Marco and sat upright as he had done.

"Come down with the young Master," he commanded. "It is necessary that you should be seen and spoken to." And having given the order he went away.

No one heard the shoeless feet of the two boys as they stole down the stairs.

An elderly man in ordinary clothes, but with an unmistakable face, was sitting quietly talking to Loristan who with a gesture called both forward.

"The Prince has been much interested in what I have told him of your game," he said in his low-est voice. "He wishes to see you make your sketches, Marco."

Marco looked very straight into the Prince's eyes which were fixed intently on him as he made his bow.

"His Highness does me honor," he said, as his father might have said it. He went to the table at once and took from a drawer his pencils and pieces of cardboard.

"I should know he was your son and a Samavian," the Prince remarked.

Then his keen and deep-set eyes turned themselves on the boy with the crutches.

"This," said Loristan, "is the one who calls himself The Rat. He is one of us."

The Rat saluted.

"Please tell him, sir," he whispered, "that the crutches don't matter."

"He has trained himself to an extraordinary activity," Loristan said. "He can do anything."

The keen eyes were still taking The Rat in.

"They are an advantage," said the Prince at last.

Lazarus had nailed together a light rough easel which Marco used in making his sketches when the game was played. Lazarus was standing in state at the door, and he came forward, brought the easel from its corner, and arranged the necessary drawing materials upon it.

Marco stood near it and waited the pleasure of his father and his visitor. They were speaking together in low tones and he waited several minutes. What The Rat noticed was what he had noticed before—that the big boy could stand still in perfect ease and silence. It was not necessary for him to say things or to ask questions—to look at people as if he felt restless if they did not speak to or notice him. He did not seem to re-

quire notice, and The Rat felt vaguely that, young as he was, this very freedom from any anxiety to be looked at or addressed made him somehow look like a great gentleman.

Loristan and the Prince advanced to where he stood.

"L'Hôtel de Marigny," Loristan said.

Marco began to sketch rapidly. He began the portrait of the handsome woman with the delicate high-bridged nose and the black brows which almost met. As he did it, the Prince drew nearer and watched the work over his shoulder. It did not take very long and, when it was finished, the inspector turned, and after giving Loristan a long and strange look, nodded twice.

"It is a remarkable thing," he said. "In that rough sketch she is not to be mistaken."

Loristan bent his head.

Then he mentioned the name of another street in another place—and Marco sketched again. This time it was the peasant with the simple face. The Prince bowed again. Then Loristan gave another name, and after that another and another; and Marco did his work until it was at an end, and Lazarus stood near with a handful of sketches which he had silently taken charge of as each was laid aside.

"You would know these faces wheresoever you saw them?" said the Prince. "If you passed one in Bond Street or in the Marylebone Road, you would recognize it at once?"

"As I know yours, sir," Marco answered.

Then followed a number of questions. Loristan asked them as he had often asked them before. They were questions as to the height and build of the originals of the pictures, of the color of their hair and eyes, and the order of their complexions. Marco answered them all. He knew all but the names of these people, and it was plainly not necessary that he should know them, as his father had never uttered them.

After this questioning was at an end the Prince pointed to The Rat who had leaned on his crutches against the wall, his eyes fiercely eager like a ferret's.

"And he?" the Prince said. "What can he do?"

"Let me try," said The Rat. "Marco knows."

Marco looked at his father.

"May I help him to show you?" he asked.

"Yes," Loristan answered, and then, as he turned to the Prince, he said again in his low voice: "*He is one of us.*"

Then Marco began a new form of the game. He held up one of the pictured faces before The Rat, and The Rat named at once the city and place connected with it, he detailed the color of eyes

and hair, the height, the build, all the personal details as Marco himself had detailed them. To these he added descriptions of the cities, and points concerning the police system, the palaces, the people. His face twisted itself, his eyes burned, his voice shook, but he was amazing in his readiness of reply and his exactness of memory.

"I can't draw," he said at the end. "But I can remember. I did n't want any one to be bothered with thinking I was trying to learn it. So only Marco knew."

This he said to Loristan with appeal in his voice.

"It was he who invented 'the game,'" said Loristan. "I showed you his strange maps and plans."

"It is a good game," the Prince answered in the manner of a man extraordinarily interested and impressed. "They know it well. They can be trusted."

"No such thing has ever been done before," Loristan said. "It is as new as it is daring and simple."

"Therein lies its safety," the Prince answered.

"Perhaps only boyhood," said Loristan, "could have dared to imagine it."

"The Prince thanks you," he said after a few more words spoken aside to his visitor. "We both thank you. You may go back to your beds."

And the boys went.

CHAPTER XIX

"THAT IS ONE!"

A WEEK had not passed before Marco brought to The Rat in their bedroom an envelope containing a number of slips of paper on each of which was written something.

"This is another part of the game," he said gravely. "Let us sit down together by the table and study it."

They sat down and examined what was written on the slips. At the head of each was the name of one of the places with which Marco had connected a face he had sketched. Below, were clear and concise directions as to how it was to be reached and the words to be said when each individual was encountered.

"This person is to be found at his stall in the market," was written of the vacant-faced peasant. "You will first attract his attention by asking the price of something. When he is looking at you, touch your left thumb lightly with the forefinger of your right hand. Then utter in a low distinct tone the words 'The Lamp is lighted.' That is all you are to do."

Sometimes the directions were not quite so simple, but they were all instructions of the same order. The originals of the sketches were to be sought out—always with precaution which should conceal that they were being sought at all, and always in such a manner as would cause an encounter to appear to be mere chance. Then certain words were to be uttered, but always without attracting the attention of any bystander or passer-by.

The boys worked at their task through the entire day. They concentrated all their powers upon it. They wrote and re-wrote—they repeated to each other what they committed to memory as if it were a lesson. Marco worked with the greater ease and more rapidly, because exercise of this order had been his practice and entertainment from his babyhood. The Rat, however, almost kept pace with him, as he had been born with a phenomenal memory and his eagerness and desire were a fury.

But throughout the entire day neither of them once referred to what they were doing as anything but "the game."

At night, it is true, each found himself lying awake and thinking. It was The Rat who broke the silence from his sofa.

"It is what the messengers of the Secret Party would be ordered to do when they were sent out to give the Sign for the Rising," he said. "I made that up the first day I invented the party, did n't I?"

"Yes," answered Marco.

AFTER a third day's concentration they knew by heart everything given to them to learn. That night Loristan put them through an examination.

"Can you write these things?" he asked, after each had repeated them and emerged safely from all cross-questioning.

Each boy wrote them correctly from memory.

"Write yours in French—in German—in Russian—in Samavian," Loristan said to Marco.

"All you have told me to do and to learn is part of myself, Father," Marco said in the end. "It is part of me, as if it were my hand or my eyes—or my heart."

"I believe that is true," answered Loristan.

He was pale that night and there was a shadow on his face. His eyes held a great longing as they rested on Marco. It was a yearning which had a sort of dread in it.

Lazarus also did not seem quite himself. He was red instead of pale, and his movements were uncertain and restless. He cleared his throat nervously at intervals and more than once left his chair as if to look for something.

It was almost midnight when Loristan, standing near Marco, put his arm round his shoulders.

"The Game"—he began, and then was silent a few moments while Marco felt his arm tighten its hold. Both Marco and The Rat felt a hard quick beat in their breasts, and, because of this and because the pause seemed long, Marco spoke.

"The Game—yes, Father?" he said.

"The Game is about to give you work to do—both of you," Loristan answered.

Lazarus cleared his throat and walked to the easel in the corner of the room. But he only changed the position of a piece of drawing-paper on it and then came back.

"In two days you are to go to Paris—as you," to The Rat, "planned in the game."

"As I planned?" The Rat barely breathed the words.

"Yes," answered Loristan. "The instructions you have learned you will carry out. There is no more to be done than to manage to approach certain persons closely enough to be able to utter certain words to them."

"Only two young strollers whom no man could suspect," put in Lazarus in an astonishingly rough and shaky voice. "They could pass near the Emperor himself without danger. The young Master—" his voice became so hoarse that he was obliged to clear it loudly—"the young Master must carry himself less finely. It would be well to shuffle a little and slouch as if he were of the common people."

"Yes," said The Rat hastily. "He must do that. I can teach him. He holds his head and his shoulders like a gentleman. He must look like a street lad."

"I will look like one," said Marco, with determination.

"I will trust you to remind him," Loristan said to The Rat, and he said it with gravity. "That will be your charge."

As he lay upon his pillow that night, it seemed to Marco as if a load had lifted itself from his heart. It was the load of uncertainty and longing. He had so long borne the pain of feeling that he was too young to be allowed to serve in any way. His dreams had never been wild ones—they had in fact always been boyish and modest, howsoever romantic. But now no dream which could have passed through his brain would have seemed so wonderful as this—that the hour had come—the hour had come—and that he, Marco, was to be its messenger. He was to do no dramatic deed and be announced by no flourish of heralds. No one would know what he did. What he achieved could only be attained if he remained obscure and unknown and seemed to every one only a common

ordinary boy who knew nothing whatever of important things. But his father had given to him a gift so splendid that he trembled with awe and joy as he thought of it. The Game had become real. He and The Rat were to carry with them The Sign, and it would be like carrying a tiny lamp to set aflame lights which would blaze from one mountain-top to another until half the world seemed on fire.

As he had awakened out of his sleep when Lazarus touched him, so he awakened in the middle of the night again. But he was not aroused by a touch. When he opened his eyes he knew it was a look which had penetrated his sleep—a look in the eyes of his father who was standing by his side. In the road outside there was the utter silence he had noticed the night of the Prince's first visit—the only light was that of the lamp in the street, but he could see Loristan's face clearly enough to know that the mere intensity of his gaze had awakened him. The Rat was sleeping profoundly. Loristan spoke in Samavian and under his breath.

"Beloved one," he said. "You are very young. Because I am your father—just at this hour I can feel nothing else. I have trained you for this through all the years of your life. I am proud of your young maturity and strength but—Beloved—you are a child! Can I do this thing!"

For the moment, his face and his voice were scarcely like his own.

He kneeled by the bedside, and, as he did it, Marco half sitting up caught his hand and held it hard against his breast.

"Father, I know!" he cried under his breath also. "It is true. I am a child but am I not a man also? You yourself said it. I always knew that you were teaching me to be one—for some reason. It was my secret that I knew it. I learned well because I never forgot it. And I learned. Did I not?"

He was so eager that he looked more like a boy than ever. But his young strength and courage were splendid to see. Loristan knew him through and through and read every boyish thought of him.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "You did your part—and now if I—drew back—you would feel that *I had failed you—failed you.*"

"You!" Marco breathed it proudly. "You could not fail even the weakest thing in the world."

There was a moment's silence in which the two pairs of eyes dwelt on each other with the deepest meaning, and then Loristan rose to his feet.

"The end will be all that our hearts most wish," he said. "To-morrow you may begin the new part of 'the Game.' You may go to Paris."



"AS SHE MOVED TOWARD THE CARRIAGE WITH HIM, HE SPOKE A FEW WORDS IN — SSAN
— PAGE 693 —

WHEN the train which was to meet the boat that crossed from Dover to Calais steamed out of the noisy Charing Cross Station, it carried in a third-class carriage two shabby boys. One of them would have been a handsome lad if he had not carried himself slouchingly and walked with a street lad's careless shuffling gait. The other was a cripple who moved slowly, and apparently with difficulty, on crutches. There was nothing remarkable or picturesque enough about them to attract attention. They sat in the corner of the carriage and neither talked much nor seemed to be particularly interested in the journey or each other. When they went on board the steamer, they were soon lost among the commoner passengers and in fact found for themselves a secluded place which was not advantageous enough to be wanted by any one else.

"What can such a poor-looking pair of lads be going to Paris for?" some one asked his companion.

"Not for pleasure, certainly; perhaps to get work," was the casual answer.

In the evening they reached Paris, and Marco led the way to a small café in a side-street where they got some cheap food. In the same side-street they found a bed they could share for the night in a tiny room over a baker's shop.

The Rat was too much excited to be ready to go to bed early. He begged Marco to guide him about the brilliant streets. They went slowly along the broad Avenue des Champs Elysées under the lights glittering among the horse-chestnut trees. The Rat's sharp eyes took it all in—the light of the cafés among the embowering trees, the many carriages rolling by, the people who loitered and laughed or sat at little tables drinking wine and listening to music, the broad stream of life which flowed on to the Arc de Triomphe and back again.

"It's brighter and clearer than London," he said to Marco. "The people look as if they were having more fun than they do in England."

The Place de la Concorde spreading its stately spaces—a world of illumination, movement, and majestic beauty—held him as though by a fascination. He wanted to stand still and stare at it, first from one point of view and then from another. It was bigger and more wonderful than he had been able to picture it when Marco had described it to him and told him of the part it had played in the days of the French Revolution when the guillotine had stood in it and the tumbrils had emptied themselves at the foot of its steps. He stood near the Obelisk a long time without speaking.

"I can see it all happening," he said at last, and he pulled Marco away.

Before they returned home, they found their way to a large house which stood in a courtyard. In the iron work of the handsome gates which shut it in was wrought a gilded coronet. The gates were closed and the house was not brightly lighted.

They walked past it and round it without speaking, but, when they neared the entrance for the second time, The Rat said in a low tone:

"She is five feet seven, has black hair, a nose with a high bridge, her eyebrows are black and almost meet across it, she has a pale olive skin and holds her head proudly."

"That is the one," Marco answered.

They were a week in Paris and each day passed this big house. There were certain hours when great ladies were more likely to go out and come in than they were at others. Marco knew this, and they managed to be within sight of the house or to pass it at these hours. For two days they saw no sign of the person they wished to see, but one morning the gates were thrown open and they saw flowers and palms being taken in.

"She has been away and is coming back," said Marco. The next day they passed three times—once at the hour when fashionable women drive out to do their shopping, once at the time when afternoon visiting is most likely to begin, and once when the streets were brilliant with lights and the carriages had begun to roll by to dinner-parties and theaters.

Then, as they stood at a little distance from the iron gates, a carriage drove through them and stopped before the big door which was thrown open by two tall footmen in splendid livery.

"She is coming out," said The Rat.

They would be able to see her plainly when she came, because the lights over the entrance were so bright.

Marco slipped from under his coat sleeve a carefully-made sketch. He looked at it and The Rat looked at it.

A footman stood erect on each side of the open door. The footman who sat with the coachman had got down and was waiting by the carriage. Marco and The Rat glanced again with furtive haste at the sketch. A handsome woman appeared upon the threshold. She paused and gave some order to the footman who stood on the right. Then she came out in the full light and got into the carriage which drove out of the courtyard and quite near the place where the two boys waited.

When it was gone, Marco drew a long breath as he tore the sketch into very small pieces indeed. He did not throw them away then but put them into his pocket.

The Rat drew a long breath also.

"Yes," he said positively.

"Yes," said Marco.

When they were safely shut up in their room over the baker's shop, they discussed the chances of their being able to pass her in such a way as would seem accidental. Two common boys could not enter the courtyard. There was a back entrance for tradespeople and messengers. When she drove, she would always enter her carriage from the same place. Unless she sometimes walked, they could not approach her. What should be done? The thing was difficult. After they had talked some time, The Rat sat and gnawed his nails.

"To-morrow afternoon," he broke out at last, "we'll watch and see if her carriage drives in for her—then, when she comes to the door, I'll go in and begin to beg. The servant will think I'm a foreigner and don't know what I'm doing. You can come after me to tell me to come away, because you know better than I do that I shall be ordered out. She may be a good-natured woman and listen to us—and you might get near her."

"We might try it," Marco answered. "It might work. We will try it."

The Rat never failed to treat him as his leader. He had begged Loristan to let him come with Marco as his servant, and his servant he had been more than willing to be. When Loristan had said he should be his aide-de-camp, he had felt his trust lifted to a military dignity which uplifted him with it. As his aide-de-camp he must serve him, watch him, obey his lightest wish, make everything easy for him. Sometimes, Marco was troubled by the way in which he insisted on serving him, this queer, once dictatorial and cantankerous lad who had begun by throwing stones at him.

"You must not wait on me," he said to him. "I must wait upon myself."

The Rat rather flushed.

"He told me that he would let me come with you as your Aide-de-camp," he said. "It—it's part of the game. It makes things easier if we keep up the game."

It would have attracted attention if they had spent too much time in the vicinity of the big house. So it happened that the next afternoon the great lady evidently drove out at an hour when they were not watching for her. They were on their way to try if they could carry out their plan, when, as they walked together along the Rue Royale, The Rat suddenly touched Marco's elbow.

"The carriage stands before the shop with lace in the windows," he whispered hurriedly.

Marco saw and recognized it at once. The owner had evidently gone into the shop to buy something. This was a better chance than they had hoped for, and, when they approached the carriage itself, they saw that there was another point in their favor. Inside were no less than three beautiful little Pekingese spaniels that looked exactly alike. They were all trying to look out of the window and were pushing against each other. They were so perfect and so pretty that few people passed by without looking at them. What better excuse could two boys have for lingering about a place?

They stopped and, standing a little distance away, began to look at and discuss them and laugh at their excited little antics. Through the shop-window Marco caught a glimpse of the great lady.

"She does not look much interested. She won't stay long," he whispered, and added aloud, "that little one is the master. See how he pushes the others aside! He is stronger than the other two though he is so small."

"He can snap, too," said The Rat.

"She is coming now," warned Marco, and then laughed aloud as if at the Pekingese, which, catching sight of their mistress at the shop-door, began to leap and yelp for joy.

Their mistress herself smiled, and was smiling as Marco drew near her.

"May we look at them, Madame?" he said in French, and, as she made an amiable gesture of acquiescence and moved toward the carriage with him, he spoke a few words, very low but very distinctly, in Russian.

"The Lamp is lighted," he said.

The Rat was looking at her keenly, but he did not see her face change at all. What he noticed most throughout their journey was that each person to whom they gave the Sign had complete control over his or her countenance, if there were bystanders, and never betrayed by any change of expression that the words meant anything unusual.

The great lady merely went on smiling, and spoke only of the dogs, allowing Marco and himself to look at them through the window of the carriage as the footman opened the door for her to enter.

"They are beautiful little creatures," Marco said lifting his cap, and, as the footman turned away, he uttered his few Russian words once more and moved off without even glancing at the lady again.

"That is *one!*" he said to The Rat that night before they went to sleep, and with a match he burned the scraps of the sketch he had torn and put into his pocket.

CHAPTER XX

MARCO GOES TO THE OPERA

THEIR next journey was to Munich, but the night before they left Paris an unexpected thing happened.

To reach the narrow staircase which led to their bedroom it was necessary to pass through the baker's shop itself. The baker's wife was a friendly woman who liked the two boy lodgers who were so quiet and gave no trouble. More than once she had given them a hot roll or so or a freshly baked little tartlet with fruit in the center. When Marco came in this evening, she greeted him with a nod and handed him a small parcel as he passed through.

"This was left for you this afternoon," she said. "I see you are making purchases for your journey. My man and I are sorry you are going."

"Thank you, Madame. We also are sorry," Marco answered, taking the parcel. "They are not large purchases, you see," smiling.

But neither he nor The Rat had bought anything at all, though the ordinary-looking little package was plainly addressed to him and bore the name of one of the big cheap shops. It felt as if it contained something soft.

When he reached their bedroom, The Rat was gazing out of the window watching every living thing which passed in the street below. He who had never seen anything but London was absorbed by the spell of Paris and was learning it by heart.

"Something has been sent to us. Look at this," said Marco.

The Rat was at his side at once. "What is it? Where did it come from?"

They opened the package and at first sight saw only several pairs of quite common woolen socks. As Marco took up the sock in the middle of the parcel, he felt that there was something inside it—something laid flat and carefully. He put his hand in and drew out a number of five-franc notes—not new ones, because new ones would have betrayed themselves by crackling. These were old enough to be soft. But there were enough of them to amount to a substantial sum.

"It is in small notes because poor boys would have only small ones. No one will be surprised when we change these," The Rat said.

Each of them believed the package had been sent by the great lady, but it had been done so carefully that not the slightest clue was furnished.

To The Rat, part of the deep excitement of "the game" was the working out of the plans and methods of each person concerned. He could not have slept without working out some scheme

which might have been used in this case. It thrilled him to contemplate the difficulties the great lady might have found herself obliged to overcome.

"Perhaps," he said, after thinking it over for some time, "she went to a big common shop dressed as if she were an ordinary woman and bought the socks and pretended she was going to carry them home herself. She would do that so that she could take them into some corner and slip the money in. Then, as she wanted to have them sent from the shop, perhaps she bought some other things and asked the people to deliver the packages to different places. The socks were sent to us and the other things to some one else. She would go to a shop where no one knew her and no one would expect to see her and she would wear clothes which looked neither rich nor too poor."

He created the whole episode with all its details and explained them to Marco. It fascinated him for the entire evening and he felt relieved after it and slept well.

Even before they had left London, certain newspapers had swept out of existence the story of the descendant of the Lost Prince. This had been done by derision and light handling—by treating it as a romantic legend.

At first, The Rat had resented this bitterly, but one day at a meal, when he had been producing arguments to prove that the story must be a true one, Loristan somehow checked him by his own silence.

"If there is such a man," he said after a pause, "it is well for him that his existence should not be believed in—for some time at least."

The Rat came to a dead stop. He felt hot for a moment and then felt cold. He saw a new idea all at once. He had been making a mistake in tactics.

No more was said but, when they were alone afterward, he poured himself forth to Marco.

"I was a fool!" he cried out. "Why could n't I see it for myself! Shall I tell you what I believe has been done? There is some one who has influence in England and who is a friend to Samavia. They've got the newspapers to make fun of the story so that it won't be believed. If it was believed, both the Iarovitch and the Maranovitch would be on the lookout, and the Secret Party would lose their chances. What a fool I was not to think of it! There's some one watching and working here who is a friend to Samavia."

"But there is some one in Samavia who has begun to suspect that it might be true," Marco answered. "If there were not, I should not have

been shut in the cellar. Some one thought my father knew something. The spies had orders to find out what it was."

"Yes. Yes. That 's true too!" The Rat answered anxiously. "We shall have to be very careful."

In the lining of the sleeve of Marco's coat there was a slit into which he could slip any small thing he wished to conceal and also wished to be able to reach without trouble. In this he had carried the sketch of the lady which he had torn up in Paris. When they walked in the streets of Munich, the morning after their arrival, he carried still another sketch. It was the one picturing the genial-looking old aristocrat with the sly smile.

One of the things they had learned about this one was that his chief characteristic was his passion for music. He was a patron of musicians and he spent much time in Munich because he loved its musical atmosphere and the earnestness of its opera-goers.

"The military band plays in the Feldherrnhalle at midday. When something very good is being played, sometimes people stop their carriages so that they can listen. We will go there," said Marco.

"It 's a chance," said The Rat. "We must n't lose anything like a chance."

The day was brilliant and sunny, the people passing through the streets looked comfortable and homely, the mixture of old streets and modern ones, of ancient corners and shops and houses of the day was picturesque and cheerful. The Rat swinging through the crowd on his crutches was full of interest and exhilaration. He had begun to grow, and the change in his face and expression which had begun in London had become more noticeable. He had been given his "place," and a work to do which entitled him to hold it.

No one could have suspected them of carrying a strange and vital secret with them as they strolled along together. They seemed only two ordinary boys who looked in at shop windows and talked over their contents, and who loitered with upturned faces in the Marien-Platz before the ornate Gothic Rathaus to hear the eleven o'clock chimes play and see the painted figures of the King and Queen watch from their balcony the passing before them of the automatic tournament procession with its trumpeters and tilting knights. When the show was over and the automatic cock broke forth into his lusty farewell crow, they laughed just as any other boys would have laughed. Sometimes it would have been easy for The Rat to forget that there was anything graver in the world than the new places and new won-

ders he was seeing, as if he were a wandering minstrel in a story.

But in Samavia bloody battles were being fought, and bloody plans were being wrought out, and in anguished anxiety the Secret Party and the Forgers of the Sword waited breathless for the Sign for which they had waited so long. And inside the lining of Marco's coat was hidden the sketched face, as the two unnoticed lads made their way to the Feldherrnhalle to hear the band play and see who might chance to be among the audience.

Because the day was sunny, and also because the band was playing a specially fine programme, the crowd in the square was larger than usual. Several vehicles had stopped, and among them were one or two which were not merely hired cabs but were the carriages of private persons.

One of them had evidently arrived early, as it was drawn up in a good position when the boys reached the corner. It was a big open carriage and a grand one, luxuriously upholstered in green. The footman and coachman wore green and silver liveries and seemed to know that people were looking at them and their master. He was a stout, genial-looking old aristocrat with a sly smile, though, as he listened to the music, it almost forgot to be sly. In the carriage with him were a young officer and a little boy, and they also listened attentively. Standing near the carriage door were several people who were plainly friends or acquaintances, as they occasionally spoke to him. Marco touched The Rat's coat sleeve as the two boys approached.

"It would not be easy to get near him," he said. "Let us go and stand as close to the carriage as we can get without pushing. Perhaps we may hear some one say something about where he is going after the music is over."

Yes, there was no mistaking him. He was the right man. Each of them knew by heart the creases on his stout face and the sweep of his big gray moustache. But there was nothing noticeable in a boy looking for a moment at a piece of paper, and Marco sauntered a few steps to a bit of space left bare by the crowd and took a last glance at his sketch. His rule was to make sure at the final moment. The music was very good and the group about the carriage was evidently enthusiastic. There was talk and praise and comment, and the old aristocrat nodded his head repeatedly in applause.

"The Chancellor is music mad," a looker-on near the boys said to another. "At the opera every night unless serious affairs keep him away! There you may see him nodding his old head and bursting his gloves with applauding when a good

thing is done. He ought to have led an orchestra or played a 'cello. He is too big for first violin."

There was a group about the carriage to the last, when the music came to an end and it drove away. There had been no possible opportunity of passing close to it even had the presence of the young officer and the boy not presented an insurmountable obstacle.

Marco and The Rat went on their way and passed by the Hof-Theater and read the bills. "Tristan and Isolde" was to be presented at night and a great singer would sing *Isolde*.

"He will go to hear that," both boys said at once. "He will be sure to go."

It was decided between them that Marco should go on his quest alone when night came. One boy who hung about the entrance of the Opera would be observed less than two.

"People notice crutches more than they notice legs," The Rat said. "I 'd better keep out of the way unless you need me. My time has n't come yet. Even if it does n't come at all I 've—I 've been on duty. I 've gone with you and I 've been ready—that 's what an Aide-de-Camp does."

He stayed at home and read such English papers as he could lay hands on and he drew plans and re-fought battles on paper.

Marco went to the opera. Even if he had not known his way to the square near the place where the Hof-Theater stood, he could easily have found it by following the groups of people in the streets who all seemed walking in one direction. There were students in their odd caps walking three or four abreast, there were young couples and older ones, and here and there whole families; there were soldiers of all ages, officers and privates; and, when talk was to be heard in passing, it was always talk about music.

For some time Marco waited in the square and watched the carriages roll up and pass under the huge pillared portico to deposit their contents at the entrance and at once drive away in orderly sequence. He must make sure that the grand carriage with the green and silver liveries rolled up with the rest. If it came, he would buy a cheap ticket and go inside.

It was rather late when it arrived. People in Munich are not late for the opera if it can be helped, and the coachman drove up hurriedly. The green and silver footman leaped to the ground and opened the carriage door almost before it stopped. The Chancellor got out looking less genial than usual because he was afraid that he might lose some of the overture. A rosy-cheeked girl in a white frock was with him and she was evidently trying to soothe him.

"I do not think we are really late, Father," she said. "Don't feel cross, dear. It will spoil the music for you."

This was not a time in which a man's attention could be attracted quietly. Marco ran to get the ticket which would give him a place among the rows of young soldiers, artists, male and female students, and musicians who were willing to stand four or five deep throughout the performance of even the longest opera. He knew that, unless they were in one of the few boxes which belonged only to the court, the Chancellor and his rosy-cheeked daughter would be in the best seats in the front curve of the balcony which were the most desirable of the house. He soon saw them. They had secured the central places directly below the large royal box where two quiet princesses and their attendants were already seated.

When he found he was not too late to hear the overture, the Chancellor's face became more genial than ever. He settled himself down to an evening of enjoyment and evidently forgot everything else in the world. Marco did not lose sight of him. When the audience went out between the acts to promenade in the corridors, he might go also and there might be a chance to pass near to him in the crowd. He watched him closely. Sometimes his fine old face saddened at the beautiful woe of the music, sometimes it looked enraptured, and it was always evident that every note reached his soul.

The pretty daughter who sat beside him was attentive but not so enthralled. After the first act two glittering young officers appeared and made elegant and low bows, drawing their heels together as they kissed her hand. They looked sorry when they were obliged to return to their seats again.

After the second act the Chancellor sat for a few minutes as if he were in a dream. The people in the seats near him began to rise from their chairs and file out into the corridors. The young officers were to be seen rising also. The rosy daughter leaned forward and touched her father's arm gently.

"She wants him to take her out," Marco thought. "He will take her because he is good-natured."

He saw him recall himself from his dream with a smile and then he rose and, after helping to arrange a silvery blue scarf round the girl's shoulders, gave her his arm just as Marco skipped out of his fourth-row standing-place.

It was a rather warm night and the corridors were full. By the time Marco had reached the balcony floor, the pair had issued from the little



"A MOMENT LATER A HAND LIGHTLY TOUCHED HIM."

door and were temporarily lost in the moving numbers.

Marco quietly made his way among the crowd trying to look as if he belonged to somebody. Once or twice his strong body and his dense black eyes and lashes made people glance at him, but he was not the only boy who had been brought to the opera so he felt safe enough to stop at the foot of the stairs and watch those who went up and those who passed by. Such a miscellaneous crowd as it was made up of—good unfashionable music-lovers mixed here and there with grand people of the court and the gay world.

Suddenly he heard a low laugh and a moment later a hand lightly touched him.

"You *did* get out, then?" a soft voice said.

When he turned he felt his muscles stiffen. He ceased to slouch and did not smile as he looked at the speaker. What he felt was a wave of fierce and haughty anger. It swept over him before he had time to control it.

A lovely person who seemed swathed in several shades of soft violet drapery was smiling at him with long, lovely eyes.

It was the woman who had trapped him into No. 10 Brandon Terrace.

(Continued)

THE GRASSHOPPER VANE

BY TUDOR JENKS

THE February ST. NICHOLAS tells of the grasshopper that forms the vane on Faneuil Hall, Boston, and assumes that the device was only a notion of its maker.

But it is possible that this figure was chosen for another reason.



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER ON THE TOWER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Faneuil Hall was the business center of the early city, and so may have been considered the Exchange. Now, the London Royal Exchange also had a grasshopper vane, and this was adopted

in compliment to its founder, Sir Thomas Gresham, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being knighted by her in 1565. The grasshopper is taken from his coat-of-arms, and its use as a bearing is probably due to the resemblance of the old name, "grasshop" (sometimes spelled "gresshop," as the Century Dictionary tells us) as given to the insect, and the name "Gresham." The pun is a very weak one, but puns far worse than this will be found to have found favor with heralds of the time, and were quite usual.

The grasshopper having been for nearly two hundred years a familiar symbol of the Royal Exchange in London would seem a fitting sign for the building of a similar character in the city of Boston.

Sir Thomas Gresham's name remains well known to this day, as it is given to the "Gresham Law," said to be due to him; namely, the rule or law that of two forms of currency the worse will circulate more freely. An example of this that young people will readily understand occurs when, for instance, your father gives you a dollar in four quarters, one of them bright and new, and the others thin and worn. If you have to spend only three of them, you will be likely to choose out the bright new one to keep. Since others do the same thing, as a rule, the poorer or older currency circulates faster and oftener than the new. So, to keep paper currency clean and good, it is necessary to destroy the old (or wash it, as described in the last January number of ST. NICHOLAS) as fast as it gets into the hands of banks or the government, and to issue new, clean bills.

Sir Thomas Gresham was a shrewd merchant, and is said to have made a good profit out of the founding of the Exchange, by retaining for his own use certain offices in the building; while, at the same time, he was hailed as a public benefactor for giving the fine public mart to the city.

It is quite possible that the vane on Faneuil Hall had nothing to do with that on the Royal Exchange in London, but it seems likely that the one suggested the other.

It is interesting to recall that in 1904 ST. NICHOLAS published an account of this curious weather-vane, and we reprint it here, together with the picture that accompanied it, for the benefit of the newcomers among ST. NICHOLAS readers:

"The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow Church steeple.

"Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock evening. During the Great Fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were precipitated into the enormous cellars, and with them the tower and grasshopper.

"Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed—a lofty vane of gilt brass—above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily. On Sunday, "The 104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God Save the King"; on Tuesday, "Waterloo March"; on Wednesday, "There's nae luck about the hoose"; on Thursday, "See, the

Conquering Hero Comes"; on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish"; and on Saturday, "Foot-Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after ten at night, and by the next morning the clock-tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was "There's nae luck about the hoose"; then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

"The grasshopper was unharmed, and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal looking down from its perch one hundred and eight feet above the busy streets.

"There is a legend—containing how much truth no man dare say—that Thomas Gresham was brought from Holland and left a poor and hapless waif on the moors—left among clumps of heather and sage-brush to perish. A hunter, attracted by the shrill cry of a grasshopper, followed the sound and found the boy. Thus rescued, the lad, a comely fellow, was placed in school, grew up to be the counselor of kings and queens, and the founder of an exchange that holds a dominating power in the commerce of the entire habitable globe.

"The fact is that the golden grasshopper of Sir Thomas Gresham is of classic derivation, dating further back than the Roman era. It was the favorite ornament of the proud Athenians, who considered that the grasshopper cast a spell of enchantment, insuring riches and good fortune."

THE KING OF FISHERS

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON

THE little kingfisher he swooped to the sea,
The little queenfisher she sat in a tree,
And 'most every time that the kingfisher tried,
He caught a wee fish to present to his bride.
But the men on the bank with their tackle and line,
Brought nothing but bubbles up out of the brine.

The kingfisher chuckled with infinite glee,
And he said to his mate as she sat in the tree,
"Not one man who fishes to serve fish in dishes,
Can fish half as well as a kingfisher fishes."





THE LAKE THAT STRETCHES OUT BEFORE "FANNY Y. CORY'S" MONTANA HOME.

"FANNY Y. CORY"

BY MARION REED

Do you know what really makes the silver pathway on the water, moonlight nights? Some people will tell you it is just the reflection of the moon, but there are others who *know*. All children do, and have let a few grown people into the secret. It is fairies' wings. Every night when the moon shines, the fairies slip out upon the water to dance, and it is their wings, all fluttering and glistening as they gaily tread their elfin measures, that make that entrancing pathway.

That is what Fanny Y. Cory says, and any one who has heard her say so, looking out over the wonderful lake beside her Montana home and with her three children all eagerly watching to catch the first glimpse, could never doubt for a moment that this is the only true explanation.

Magazine readers all over the land are familiar with the inconspicuous signature, F. Y. Cory, on drawings of very engaging babies and delightfully

real little boys and girls; but the accompanying photograph shows that this artist, whose pictured babies are so well known, has an acquaintance that is very intimate indeed with real babies, for Fanny Y. Cory is in private life Mrs. Fred Cooney, and the mother of three very lively little children, aged three, five, and seven.

Fanny Cory's career as an illustrator began as a very young girl in New York City. Her first pictures of wonderful fairy-folk, elves, and little children were published in our ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, and their success was immediate. Since then, her illustrations for children's stories have become affectionately familiar to magazine readers everywhere.

"Do you have your own babies pose for you?" many people ask Mrs. Cooney, to which the laughing answer usually comes, "No, indeed!"—that she is far more likely to be doing up battered thumbs and curing bumps and aches, than calmly

sketching the family portraits. But a page of her delightfully humorous sketches telling "Why Grandmother Does n't Get a Letter Every Day," or, "Christmas Day with the Little Jenkses," who shout three deep from Father's back:

"Is n't it a cheerful thing
To have a dad that 's able
To ride you all a dozen times
Around the kitchen table?"

gives a little glimpse that one guesses may have very intimate foundation in fact.

Mrs. Cooney has lived in Montana since her marriage to a Montana man a number of years ago, and their ranch home is situated in a most beautiful part of the State, eight miles from a tiny, picturesque town called Canyon Ferry, and twenty miles from the railroad. "A little dot of a yellow house," Mrs. Cooney would describe it, nestling close beside a lake seven miles in length, to the east a great sweep of the snowcapped range, and west, across the lake, splendid timbered hills. It is here that all of her recent work has been done.

Possessing a personality that is altogether

sidered more of a gala-day than an early morning start for a day in the hills, which means a wonderful drive into one of the near-by cañons,



"FANNY A. CORY" AND HER CHILDREN AS THE CAMERA SEES THEM.



THE CHILDREN AS "FANNY A. CORY" SEES THEM.



feminine, she has with it all a touch of gipsy love for holidays in the open, and is passionately fond of the western country. One seeing her surrounded by her children at the sleepy hour, dreamily telling the favorite bedtime story of her own weaving, could scarcely imagine that this same little woman is an excellent shot, fearless in the saddle, and a most enthusiastic camper. To this active outdoor-loving family nothing is con-

the frequent fording of rushing streams, and the keenest of hopeful outlooks for an occasional grizzly who may come lumbering into view. It is always with bated breath that these trips are made, children as well as grown-ups watching eagerly for the signs of

wild life on every side, with flowers and bright berries to be exclaimed over, and everywhere birds and little animals startled from under cover by the sound of passing wheels.

Many of Mrs. Cooney's drawings are made in the open, and a glance into her sketch-book would disclose on frequent pages the exquisite tracery of a single flower-petal, or perhaps the wonder of a butterfly's wing in every finest detail. In the

quaint pranks and comical tragedies of her pictures of childhood are reflected her own ready humor and quick sympathy for the lure of the

pink and white, and wee tots just drowsing off as the little lambs one by one slip over the fence at twilight.

A little incident, occurring during the past summer, is related of Mr. and Mrs. Cooney's five-year-old son. A visitor at the ranch was spending his last day of vacation there, not without inward sinking of heart at the thought of next day's return to city life again. He was a favorite of the children, and so this last day was one of especially thrilling adventures, the killing of many "bears," "Indians," etc.; but, despite the excitement, the knowledge of the good friend's departure came heavily with each breathing-space between gay happenings. Could the children only name them, surely there must be some reasons why this fine playmate should continue to stay with them! Late in the day a sudden mountain shower sent all scampering to shelter for a little while, but presently the clouds broke, and a beautiful rainbow shone out across the sky. The visitor made an exclamation at its beauty. Looking up at him, the little five-year-old's face suddenly took on a look of glowing inspiration.

"Then why don't you stay," he cried, "*where we have rainbows every day!*"

Perhaps nothing could express better than this the fine spirit of all real western loyalty and hospitality; at least, if one were to ask this delightful American illustrator herself why she so loves her western home and the great Montana country, it would not be unlike her to answer whimsically, "That must be the very reason—rainbows every day."



FANNY Y. CORY COONEY.

tempting jam-pot, with its sequel of smudged little faces, sticky fingers, and the corner in disgrace. More intimate still are babies like apple-blossoms,

THE BEHAVIOR OF KITES

BY MELVILLE CHATER

THE tree-tops sing, the lilacs sway,
The clouds skim by like cotton sails;
I've walked the gardener's beds all day
Through watching kites with swinging tails.

The kite, when first you take him out
Upon the hill where breezes swish,
Will knock his head and flop about,
And wriggle like a drowning fish.

But give him string, up, up he'll rise,
To soar at ease from place to place;
A-wobbling down when daylight dies,
A smile upon his painted face.

If Aunt would only watch the kite,
Perhaps she'd get to understand
The reason why I fret and fight
At being led about by hand.

If she would let me out instead
Across the fields, I'd never fight,
And end by coming home to bed
A-smiling nicely, like the kite.



"BEING LED ABOUT BY HAND"

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

THE "BIG GUNS" OF A FIRE DEPARTMENT

BY CHARLES T. HILL

Author of "Fighting a Fire"

Just think of picking up a pond, or a small reservoir, containing about 30,000 gallons of water, and throwing it bodily at a fire! And then picking up another pond or reservoir, containing the same amount of water, and throwing that at the fire, within a moment's time. And keeping up this performance every minute for an hour until the fire is drenched with nearly two million gallons of water! Quite a "bucket-brigade," eh?

Practically, that is what the New York Fire Department does to-day with its "high-pressure system"; for with this new method of water supply the firemen can obtain 30,000 gallons of water a minute, and if necessary, at a maximum pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch—sufficient pressure, or "pushing power," behind the stream to carry it from the street to the top of an eight-story building, or even higher! It has the greatest possible advantage over the "throw-

ing" method, since the firemen, with the aid of their water-towers and monitor-nozzles, can direct right into the heart of the fire this immense volume of water—enormous streams that smash windows, tear down partitions, sweep aside merchandise, and squirm, twist, and force themselves into every nook and corner of a building, searching out the fire better than the firemen can, and smothering it before it can reach the danger mark. And this is why that, in a portion of New York City noted a few years ago for destructive fires, the "big" fire has, in a sense, disappeared.

In the section of Manhattan south of 34th Street, and particularly in what is known as the "dry-goods district," the firemen used to dread to hear the alarm-bell tap off the signals calling them to "second-," "third-," "fourth-," and very often "fifth-alarm fires," for these signals occurred altogether too often, and meant



BEFORE THE DAYS OF HIGH-PRESSURE—OBTAINING A WATER-SUPPLY FROM THE RIVER.

plenty of hard work and long hours of fire-fighting. At the same time so many men and so much apparatus were collected at one point, that it left nearly a third of the city almost without fire protection. And frequently these extra alarms were sent in, not because the officer in charge of the fire wanted this great quantity of men and apparatus, but because the water-pressure was poor and he needed the steam fire-engines to put the necessary "push" into the streams and give them extinguishing power. To-day, in this same district protected with the high-pressure system, even a "second" alarm is rarely heard, and the majority of fires are handled with the complement of men and apparatus responding to a "first-alarm," for now there is plenty of water at the disposal of the firemen the moment they arrive at the scene of the fire, sufficient to "kill" an ordinarily large fire at the beginning. And that is the time to stop a big fire—at the beginning.

But how is this all done? Where do they get all this water? Let us investigate.

We find that in a certain section of New York City, south of 34th Street, extending to the Battery, and stretching from river to river, there have been laid a great many extra-large water-mains connected with two pumping- or supply-stations—one on the west side of the city, at the foot of Gansevoort Street, on the North River, and one on the east side, at the foot of Oliver Street, East River. Each of these stations is equipped with six powerful pumps, of what is known as the "centrifugal" type. These pumps are driven by electric motors—it only requires the throwing of a switch to start them at work—and each pump is capable of delivering 3,000 gallons of water a minute, at a maximum pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, the combined output of all the pumps in both these pumping stations being estimated at something

over 30,000 gallons of water a minute. Although these pumping-stations are located on the river-front, it is not salt water that is used in extinguishing fires, as the majority of people imagine, but fresh water, for each station is directly connected with the Croton Reservoir by an uninterrupted water-main, *forty-eight inches* in diameter. And to make the service doubly valu-



FIGHTING A FIRE WITH HIGH-PRESSURE WATER

able, each station is also connected with the river by means of an immense pipe, or "intake," as it is called, so that, should the Croton supply give out, or any accident happen to the fresh-water service, the pumps can be "shunted," or switched over, to this "intake," and then draw water from the river indefinitely. And to get perhaps a quicker and a clearer idea of the "fire-extinguishing" power of these two pumping-stations, it

might be added that experts have figured that their water-throwing capacity is equal to fifty steam fire-engines delivering two good-sized streams each, or, in other words, to one hundred streams of water! This is how the firemen obtain their enormous supply of water.

Now you ask, how do they use it at fires?



USING HIGH-PRESSURE AT A WATER-FRONT FIRE.

If we walk through the section of Manhattan protected in this manner—known to the fire-department, and water-department, as the “high-pressure zone”—we shall find the fire-hydrants attached to these high-pressure mains much larger than the old-style hydrant, for the new ones are short, stocky-looking affairs, each provided with four outlets, or places to attach the hose. One of these outlets is very large, and to this open-

ing the firemen can fasten a two-way, or “Siamese” connection, giving them two streams from this one opening; so, if conditions call for it, they can obtain *five* lines of hose from each hydrant. With the old-style fire-hydrant they could obtain only *two*. This is an important gain, for it means less hose to “stretch-in” to a

fire, and less hose means less loss of pressure, as the more hose the water has to travel through, the more the pressure is cut down, because of the friction caused by the water passing through the hose. And the more *pressure* the firemen can obtain *at the nozzle*, the straighter and truer the stream shoots into the fire. So generously are these hydrants scattered about in this newly protected zone—there are about 3,500 of them—that one can be found within 400 feet of every building in any block or square. In fact so numerous are they, that in case of a large fire the firemen could concentrate in a single block sixty streams, each delivering 500 gallons of water a minute, and using lines of hose of not over 500 feet each—another important advantage to the fire-fighter.

But how do the firemen control this enormous pressure, you will naturally ask, for any hydraulic engineer will tell you that 300 pounds to the square inch is an immensely powerful head or “push” behind a stream of water. To reduce this volume of water to the narrow diameter of the regulation fire-hose, generally about two and one-half inches, and then compress it to the still smaller opening of the average fire-nozzle, usually one and one-half inches, would produce a “kick” or recoil at the nozzle-end so great that no company of men could handle it—it would toss even a dozen men around the street like so many flies. However, we are told that the firemen rarely use this maximum pressure of 300 pounds, for experience has taught them that a pressure of 125 pounds to the square inch gives



STARTING THE STREAMS FOR A HIGH-PRESSURE TEST IN UNION SQUARE

streams of sufficient power to control any ordinary fire.

As a rule, there is only about 40 pounds pressure on the water-mains in this high-pressure zone, just enough to flush the streets or perhaps extinguish a small fire on the ground-floor or basement of a building. But the fire-department is taking no chances with "small fires" in this section of Manhattan, so these pumping-stations are connected with the fire-alarm system of the city, and when a box is "pulled" for a fire in this "zone," the alarm strikes in the pumping-stations the same instant it does in the engine-house; the engineer in charge of the station throws over an electric-switch, starting the tremendously powerful pumps into action; and when the firemen arrive at the scene of the fire they find the required pressure—125 pounds—awaiting them. And should the fire happen to be in a very high building, or have such a wicked look at the beginning that it may be necessary to use a great many streams, the fire-chief in command simply steps up to a little green telephone-box—found attached to buildings in the high-pressure zone and convenient to every hydrant—and talking direct to the nearest pumping-station, asks for whatever additional pressure he wants. In most cases this pressure is at the hydrants, and at his disposal, before he has time to hang up the receiver and close the door of the telephone-box!

Further investigation shows us an even more interesting detail, for we discover that when the firemen "stretch" their lines of hose from these high-pressure hydrants, they first fasten a "pres-

sure-gauge" to each outlet, and then connect their hose to this gauge, and in this way the pressure



A HIGH-PRESSURE HYDRANT IN SERVICE, WITH AN ENGINEER AT THE TELEPHONE BOX

on every line of hose can be regulated by an engineer, who is left in charge of each hydrant whenever a fire is burning. This engineer, by

merely turning a valve on top of the hydrant, can send the full pressure of the mains into any par-



A HIGH-PRESSURE TEST, SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF THE STREAMS.

ticular line, or can cut off any one of the four or five lines without disturbing the others. So we find that this wonderful system of water supply—really the “last word” in modern fire-fighting—has all the advantages of the older methods, with the greater advantage of more water, more pressure, less hose to handle, and quicker service. And what is even a greater advantage to the city, as has been actually demonstrated by the New York fire department, is the fact that it is possible for the officers in charge to control and stop a dangerous fire with fewer men and less apparatus than when the steam fire-engines were used. This means that many engine and hook-and-ladder companies throughout Manhattan are left “in quarters,” undisturbed, ready to answer other alarms, thus practically increasing the strength and efficiency of the service without really adding extra men or apparatus to it.

Small wonder, then, that in New York's most important financial and business district the fire-

problem has been reduced to one of comparatively easy solution and the “big fire” almost eliminated. The battle to-day may be just as severe and just as full of hardship for the firemen, but it is sooner over, and they have the “power behind the guns” to give them confidence, and it is confidence that wins in any battle. And it might be added that in this “high-pressure zone” steam fire-engines have become a thing of the past. Only water-towers, hook-and-ladder trucks, and huge hose-wagons, nearly all of the automobile-type, respond to alarms. Some few steam fire-engines are still held in readiness to “roll” if the high-pressure service should break down. But, with reserve or “duplex” water-mains now being laid in many parts of this “zone,” this contingency is very remote. And very soon indeed will these great gleaming, glistening fire-engines, one of the most picturesque features of the American fire-service, have to take their places beside the gaily decorated hand-engine of the volunteers, for this is a progressive age we live in, and “high-pressure” and the “mo-



HIGH-PRESSURE AT A SMOKY FIRE.

tor-engine” have both demonstrated their value beyond any question of doubt.

A UNIQUE TREE-HOUSE BUILT BY THREE BOYS

BY HAROLD H. COSTAIN, RICHMOND B. ATWATER,
AND RICHARD M. ATWATER

THIS shack is built in the fork of a wild cherry-tree, some thirty feet from the ground. It is about ten feet square, and eight feet from the floor to the ridge-pole.

We began by placing beams across the crotch of the tree and extending them some distance outward at each end. Using these as a foundation, we built a platform which we braced thoroughly from underneath. When the floor was finished, we completed the rest of the house, allowing the two branches of the fork to pass through the building and hold it firmly to the tree. We then covered the roof with tar-paper, thickly coated with tar. The sides are covered with the same material held in place by laths. The interior of the shack is also covered with building-paper.

The entrance is through a trap-door in the floor, which is reached by an extension ladder. Besides a scuttle in the roof, there are seven windows, three large and one small on the south side, one large one on the west side, and two small ones on the north.

The shack contains one room, which is furnished with a small coal-stove, a lamp, a book-case, a table, and a couple of chairs. In addition to that there are also three bunks which can be let down against the wall when we are not using them.

We have covered the floor with carpet, hung



curtains at the windows and placed a few pictures on the walls, and it is very cozy. We often sleep there, and cook our breakfast on the stove in the morning. At night, when the lamp is lit, the light shining through the windows can be seen from quite a distance, and it looks very warm and homelike.

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XV

THE DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

CAPTAIN BLUNDELL'S departure left me truly desperate. The need to warn those at Denewood ere eleven o'clock that night was so pressing that my escape from the Schneiders' was no longer a matter touching only my own comfort and convenience. The more I thought upon it the more miserable I became, for I could put no trust in the man's promises either to liberate me on the morrow or not to take little Jack.

And his knowledge of the secret entrance to Denewood gave him so great a power that, even had Cousin John and Bee been at home, he might still have been successful. But, by his contrivance, they were away, and that fact in itself showed all too plainly that there had been a well-laid plan to insure the success of his venture.

Nor could I doubt the man told the truth about how he came by his knowledge of the passage. We all knew there had been an unseen visitor at Denewood upon more than one occasion, who, on a search for a map, had turned things upside down in both Cousin John's and Bee's rooms. Naught had been stolen, and, perhaps on that account, less was made of these strange visitations than would have been the case otherwise. We had wondered how this mysterious person had made an entrance without any one being aware of it, and here was the explanation. Schmuck the magus, the father of Bill Schmuck, Cousin John's faithful body-servant, had found the passage, and let Blundell into the secret. But how could Mrs. Mummer and the servants, who knew naught of its existence, be expected to guard it? I must escape at any cost.

Another matter, too, disturbed me. I was by no means sure that Mark Powell would have put the ring in the box as I had suggested. There had been no definite request for him to do it. My mention of it had been in a bantering spirit, and it was not unlikely that he might have given it to Bee for safe-keeping. In that case Blundell, missing the ring, would take the child out of revenge, thinking I had befooled him of a set purpose.

I sat by the window puzzling over the situation

until my poor head buzzed; but no solution of my difficulty suggested itself to me. I could not get out of that room without help, and where was it to come from? The two farm hands who slept in the barn could not understand a word I might say to them, and, even if they could, I doubted if they would have paid the slightest attention to me. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to attempt an appeal to them, and awaited the noon hour, when they came to the house for dinner.

But as I sat idly looking out upon the peaceful scene before me, though quite unconscious of it, I was roused by the clatter of two horses entering the place with the usual accompaniment of the dog's barking. In a moment Jasper Pilgrim and another rode up to the barns and dismounted.

The newcomer was an entire stranger to me; but at first glance I saw that he was not of Jasper Pilgrim's stamp. He was quite young, hardly more than a boy, and dressed most fashionable, though he was somewhat splashed from riding. Plainly he was a gentleman, and my eyes had not looked upon his like since the Marquis de Lafayette had been a visitor at Denewood. My heart gave a bound of hope, for in him it seemed I might find one who would help me.

I jumped to my feet with the intention of calling out to him, but checked myself in time. I dared not make a direct appeal to him while the old counterfeit Quaker was nigh. That would surely defeat my purpose, for, once warned, Jasper Pilgrim would see to it that I did not receive any help from that quarter. And yet I must attract the young man's attention in some way. I must let him know that I was there, at any rate, and trust to his cleverness to guess at what I dared not tell him.

On a sudden I perched myself on the sill of the window, grasped the bars to keep my balance, and lifted my voice to sing. Albeit it trembled a little at first, it served its purpose.

"Quaker, Quaker, how art thee?" I caroled my loudest, and it had the effect I desired.

With a scowl Jasper Pilgrim lifted his head, but so also did the strange young man, upon whose lips I saw the shadow of a smile at the words of the catch.

"Heed her not!" cried Pilgrim. "She is but a silly wench whom the respectable woman with whom we are to lodge has in charge," and with that he grasped the young man by the arm and hurried him around the corner of the house.

In despair, I shook my head violently in denial of Pilgrim's words, clasping my hands in supplication, and I hoped the stranger saw, for he glanced over his shoulder toward me as he disappeared; but I could in no wise be certain and dropped back into my chair as miserable and woe-begone as ever.

I had scarce time to mourn, however, for the next moment I heard the hurried ascent of a man and had small doubt who it was.

An instant later old Jasper Pilgrim burst open the door and confronted me angrily.

"These are pretty goings on!" he cried. "Dost think to make a mock of me to my face and get off scot-free?"

"Getting free is what I most desire," I returned. "You said you would let me go if I told you where the ring is. Well, I'm ready to tell you."

He seemed a trifle surprised, but his habitual grin showed a trace of humor and triumph.

"Good!" he muttered, rubbing his hands; "where is it?"

"T is in my room in Denewood in Germantown," I answered. "Take me there and I will hand it over to you."

He looked at me keenly for an instant, then shook his head, his eyes narrowing cunningly like a fox's.

"No, thee cannot befool me so easily," he said. "First I must have the ring—then thee can go thy ways."

"But how can that be managed?" I asked.

"T is not difficult to write a note to thee's friends in Germantown; but why has thee changed thy mind so suddenly?"

"I must be at Denewood ere sundown," I told him, thinking of naught but that. "Get me ink and paper and I will write, if you promise to return in time so that I may be home ere it is dark."

He considered for a moment, then with a shrug he turned on his heel.

"Very well," he muttered, "I go for writing implements."

He was away but for a few moments, returning presently with a quill, some thick ink in a bottle, and a sheet of coarse paper. These he placed upon the stool and motioned me to take the chair before it.

"Now write!" he said, and I picked up the quill and prepared to set it to the paper.

"Nay, not so fast!" he went on. "I'll tell thee what to say. Whom is it to be sent to?"

"Mrs. Mummer, the housekeeper," I answered.

"Set that down," he commanded; and, upon my doing so, he dictated the following note, which I wrote out faithfully:

"DEAR MRS. MUMMER: I am held a prisoner until I give up the ring which thee will find in the powdering-box in my room. Please hand it to the highly honest and respectable gentleman who presents this note. He is but a faithful messenger and has naught to do with the matter that is in any way reprehensible."

"Now sign thy name," he ended, with a queer chuckle which sounded more like a crow's caw than the laugh of a man. This done, he took the short letter and read it through, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. Doubtless he found much joy in the words describing him.

"And now," he said, "to prove that I am not so hard as thee thinks, I will ride fast, both there and back, to give thee thy liberty as soon as may be," with which words he left the room, and I shortly saw him ride off alone, apparently with every intention of making haste. His eagerness to be gone, though I knew it was for his own selfish purpose, yet pleased me, and I resigned myself to wait as patiently as might be.

But it was a good three hours ere he came, and in the meantime I had eaten my dinner and had grown more and more anxious.

Blundell had said that Denewood was but an hour away. Why should Jasper Pilgrim take so long?

He came at last, riding furiously into the place, and, as he flung himself off his tired beast, he turned to my window and shook his fist at me. My heart sank as I waited for him to clatter up the stair and enter my room.

"Thee stubborn huzzy!" he shouted, ere he was fairly through the door, "why did thee send me on a false errand?"

"Did you find the ring?" I gasped, though I knew what the answer must be.

"Nay, the woman would not go for it," he cried. "They knew thy hand, but said the letter was wrote under duress. Oh, look not so innocent! Thee knew all along thee was sending me into a trap. Thee saucy jade!"

But his anger scarce made any impression upon me then; for I felt sure that, if Mrs. Mummer had not looked for the ring, it was because it was not there. She knew that Mark Powell had done something else with it. In which case Blundell would not find it either, and then—

"You must take me to Denewood!" I burst out. "I must go there. And I promise I'll give the ring to you."



"'QUAKER, QUAKER, HOW ART THOU?' I CAROLED."

"Oh, 't is likely I 'd go back there!" he fair screamed. "Yea, after fleeing for my life from them. Does thee know how they set upon me? That they tried to keep me till I said where thee was? That they were going to beat me into telling them, and that it was through sheer luck I escaped? Oh, I 'll take thee back!"

He was beside himself with rage and I knew it was useless to ask aught of him or to try to bargain further.

"And what was Sperry doing here?" he demanded, suddenly.

"I know no Sperry," I answered.

"So thee adds falsehood to the score against thee," he blustered.

"Nay, I 'm telling you the truth," I vowed

stoutly. "I have seen no one but Captain Blundell."

"Oh, 't is by that name thee knows him!" he muttered. "Well, mayhap he hath a dozen others. He wanted to know of the ring, I warrant thee?"

"Yes," I replied shortly.

"And did thee tell him of the box in thy room?" he demanded threateningly.

"I did," I said, not caring to deny it. "He will seek the ring to-night."

"To-night," he muttered to himself, then stopped and looked at me, a little perplexed. "I think thee still wishes me to believe thee does not know thyself where the ring is."

"In truth, I fear I do not," I admitted, "so why not let me go in search of it?"

"Thee 's a cunning one, with ever an answer ready," he snarled. "Nay, nay! Here thee stays till I get the truth out of thee. Ponder it well, and, for thee's own sake, I hope the morning brings thee better counsel," and with that he turned on his heel and left me.

What chance now remained to me? None that I could foresee. The young stranger, from whom I had looked for help, had made no sign, and I realized how foolish had been my hopes in that direction. I regretted that I had not shouted to him even in Jasper Pilgrim's presence; there would have been some comfort in the knowledge that I had let slip no opportunity, although doubtless I should have paid for my temerity; for in spite of his fine appearance it was most likely that the young stranger was just such another as Blundell. "Birds of a feather flock together," I said bitterly, repeating words I had heard Mummer say many times, and sat myself down, despairing.

One of Mrs. Schneider's daughters brought me my supper and would have stayed to say a few friendly words in very broken English, but I was in no humor to welcome her advances and pointed to the door with no uncertain gesture. She left with a toss of her red head, but I heeded her not, and sat beside the window, indifferent to my food as to all else. My only thoughts were of Denewood and what might come of Blundell's visit there that night.

Just at dusk I saw Jasper Pilgrim go hastily to the barn and in a few moments ride off. I was not sure, in the uncertain light, that it was he till the dog barked and he called out angrily to it; then there was no mistaking his voice.

Night came down, clear and dark, and still I sat thinking, trying to hit upon some plan to free myself, and yet knowing that I was helpless. The common noises of the house gradually subsided as the time came for the Schneiders to retire,

and, save for the hoot of an owl in the distance, all was still; yet I sat by the window, scarce conscious of the passing hours, realizing only an anxious ache in my heart.

Suddenly I became aware of a faint knocking at the other end of the room.

A gentle tap, tap, tap, sounded on the door, and with a bound I sprang to my feet, every nerve in my body tense with excitement and a great hope springing up in my breast.

CHAPTER XVI

A FRIEND IN NEED

It seemed a long moment ere I could recover my wits; then I moved softly to the door and made an answering tap with the tip of my finger.

For a moment I held my breath, awaiting I knew not what.

"Mademoiselle!" The whisper came to me from the other side of the door, and, though it was but a word, it told me much. The way it was spoken showed that I had found a friend who could be no other than the young man I had seen that morning with Jasper Pilgrim. Also that he was French, as I had guessed from his appearance.

"Mademoiselle!" He spoke again, this time a little louder, which brought a throb of fear to my heart.

"Hush!" I answered. "You will wake some one."

There was complete silence for a time. Evidently the stranger was awaiting some move on my part. But, now that my chance was at hand, it seemed as if I could not find words to tell him all that was in my mind. I thought at first to speak in French, which I could do passably well on ordinary occasions, but seeing that Jasper Pilgrim had used English, I dismissed the idea of trying to express myself in a foreign language. I should be sure to stutter. Could I have talked aloud, I would doubtless have found my tongue readily enough. But to whisper seemed to put a halter on my speech.

Just then another idea came to me which seemed to hold out a surer promise of saving little Jack. If the young man would but take a message to Denewood, the boy would be saved from Blundell and my liberation could wait till that was made certain. But this would require much explanation, and with the door between we should have to speak too loudly for safety. Then I remembered the crack under the door and dropped to my knees.

"Oh, please, sir!" I breathed, "won't you help me?"

"Where are you, Mademoiselle?" he replied, evidently puzzled to know where my voice was coming from.

"Here at the foot of the door," I replied. "Please stoop down so I can talk to you." I put all the pleading I could into the words and was overjoyed to hear him kneel on the other side. "Speak, Mademoiselle," he murmured.

"I greatly fear they will hear me down-stairs," I said, "and I am in great trouble. Can you hear me?"

"*Parfaitement*," he answered. "Express to me what you would have."

"I am not Mrs. Schneider's daughter," I began.

"I knew that, the moment I beheld you," he interrupted.

"It is Jasper Pilgrim who holds me here, trying to force me to tell him something," I tried to explain.

"He is the ol' rascal," the Frenchman murmured, and then a little louder, "If Mademoiselle will permit, I shall be honor' to escort her where she will."

"But they will not let you, Monsieur!" I said. "They are many, and—and I cannot risk that anything should happen to you."

"*Mais non!* Think only of yourself, Made-



moiselle," he replied, gallantly. "So long as you escape—"

"But there is something more important than my escape," I broke in. "I must send a message to Germantown before eleven o'clock to-night, or a great wrong will be done."

"Ah, I know the Germantown," he whispered. "I passed that way yesterday. I shall be your messenger, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, will you?" I burst out, nigh forgetting in my gladness to keep my voice lowered.

"Mademoiselle has but to command me," he returned, and I could imagine a polite little bow as he said it.

"Then, if you will go to Germantown, Monsieur; once there, any one can tell you where Denewood is," I hastened to explain. "It is the estate of my cousin, Mr. John Travers, with whom I live. He and Madam Travers are not at home, but the housekeeper, Mrs. Mummer, will receive you. Tell her not to let little Jack out of her sight, day or night. Say that Peggy sends the message."

"And you are Mademoiselle Peggy?" he asked, politely.

"I am Margaret Travers," I answered, "but every one calls me Peggy."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he went on, "permit that I introduce myself. 'I am Gervaise Etienne Louis Victor de Soulange—at your service; but one cannot remember all those long names, so my friends they call me Victor.'"

I murmured something suitable, but with all my worry and perplexity I could not help thinking how funny was this introduction! To meet a polished French gentleman through a crack under a door—and with such a long name, too! But I was in no mood even to smile.

"And you will take the message?" I asked, anxiously.

"Most certainly, Mademoiselle," he answered, and his voice had in it a tone of assurance that lifted a load from my heart. I felt confident he meant what he said, and that he had the will to go through with whatever he might undertake.

"But what of you, Mademoiselle?" he added, after a moment.

"Oh, I shall be all right; only—" I hesitated, "only, tell them to hurry here in the morning."

"Nay, Mademoiselle, it is unthinkable that I leave you here another night," Monsieur Victor announced with decision.

"But you must save the boy," I hastened to tell him. "Don't concern yourself about me."

"It is impossible to forget you, Mademoiselle," he replied; "but consider, can we not both escape to the Germantown? 'T is but an hour's ride."

"I would go gladly," I answered, "but suppose we were both caught? Then there would be no one to take the message to Denewood. No, Monsieur, leave me and go alone."

"Listen, Mademoiselle," he said earnestly. "I am a man of honor. I have been thinking of you all this day since I behol' you at the window. I have listen' for word of you. Nothing! I have look' to have you appear down-stairs. Never! I have thought to go back to your window and speak to you. Impossible! Always was there some one at my elbow; so I make up my mind you are in need of help and I await my time. That has come. If I but had a key to this room all would be well."

"It was hanging on the door-jamb at the foot of the stairs," I told him.

"Ah, is that it!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Dolt that I am not to have guessed! It is there now, Mademoiselle. Wait but a mome' and you shall be free."

I heard him start to rise and was in an agony of fear lest he should go before I could stop him.

"No, no, Monsieur!" I begged him. "It is too much of a risk. You must not come up the stairs again. If you should be caught, I should have no messenger and the little boy would be taken."

"That is true," he conceded. "Yet wait," he went on, as if he were planning something. "Ah, I have it. See! I go down, oh, so softly. I lif' the key and go out of the house. If I am stop' I explain that it is so 'ot, and say my physician advise fresh air—anything. Then, Mademoiselle, you will drop a cord from your window to pull up the key, while I make ready the horse. If you are stop', I gallop off with your message and bring help. If not, we go together."

To that plan I agreed, and, though I should have preferred that he start alone, he was not willing to do so. And, truth to tell, I was glad enough to see a way of escape, if it did not jeopardize the chance of warning them at Denewood.

"I will leave my cloak at the door, Mademoiselle," he whispered finally. "It is of a dark color and will serve to make you less notice'. But do not fear. All will be well."

The next moment I heard him step quietly away, but he went so lightly that I caught no creak of the stairs as he descended.

Then I bethought me that I had no cord and began to wonder what I could find in lieu of one.

The bed was covered with a patchwork quilt all too stout to tear and so marvelously well sewed that with only half a scissors I could not start a thread. My petticoat served me in the same way. It was one of the last set Mrs. Mummer had bought for me, new and so strong that I was

forced to give that up." My dress was tattered at the hem, but it frayed rather than tore. This exhausted my resources. I began to despair of getting so simple a thing as a cord with which to gain my liberty.

Time was slipping by. At any moment Monsieur Victor might come bringing the key,—it was then I bethought me of my hair. In my haste I would have snipped it all off had I possessed a pair of shears, but pulling it out one hair at a

to the end of my cord of hair. But, though this would give weight to the string, it would scarce show in the darkness. Then I recollected the bit of paper I had taken from little Jack, and with trembling fingers plucked it out of my pack-pocket. I could not see the words, but I remembered them well enough—"Overhaste churns bad butter." Was it for this I had kept it?

I fastened it on the hook like bait upon a fishing line, and once more dropped it out of the



"I WAS ON THE LITTLE LANDING, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

time set me thinking. The key was not heavy. Three or four single hairs twisted together would certainly carry it to me, and, saying each hair was four feet long and the distance to the ground no more than fifteen, I knew I should have my cord if I knotted together four strands of six hairs each.

This I did, with no very great pleasure, but when I came to lower it out of the window it floated so in the breeze that I was sure it would never reach the ground. Moreover, no one could see it in the darkness.

Pulling it back, I took one of my hairpins and bent it into the form of a hook, which I knotted

window just as a dim shadow came toward the house from the direction of the barns.

It was the young Frenchman, and I could feel him twitching the strands of hair as he secured the key. Slowly, and with as much caution as I could use considering my impatience, I pulled it up, and at last it was in my hand.

I wasted no time in regrets at leaving that little room and hurried to the door on tiptoe.

But, the minute I started to put the key in the lock, the noise made by the rusty metal seemed so loud to my sensitive ears that I stopped appalled. The next instant I breathed a sigh of relief, and, going to my supper-tray, which was

sitting on the chair, I rubbed a good piece of butter on the key, leaving enough to oil the lock somewhat also.

This served admirably, albeit the bolt still grated more loudly than I could have wished; but at last the door was open and I was on the little landing at the top of the stairs.

My foot struck the cloak Monsieur Victor had left for me, and as I picked it up I felt also a hat, which I clapped on my head with a nervous and silent little laugh. My own had been taken from me, and doubtless the Frenchman thought of that when he left the cloak.

But, as luck would have it, that garment was nigh my undoing. I had descended the stairs quite noiselessly and was making my way across the large kitchen when the skirt of the cloak caught the handle of a mop and brought it clattering to the floor with a great racket.

I gasped for breath in my fright and stood rigid, listening intently. But I was not kept long in doubt. Almost on the instant the door of one of the rooms was opened, and a dim, white figure appeared.

"*W'er gcht da?*" came the question, in the voice of the red-haired daughter of Mrs. Schneider.

My first instinct was to fly, but that would certainly raise the alarm and bring the household

about my ears. I knew that she could see me but vaguely, and I determined to put my French to some account at last. I whipped off my hat and made a low bow in her direction.

"*Il fait si chaud, Mademoiselle.*" I murmured. "So 'ot, you say. I go to tak' the air, as I cannot sleep. It desolate' me to disturb your slumber'."

I cannot say how good my imitation was, but it passed. With a giggle the girl retreated into her room, and in another moment I was outside the house.

I ran to the barns, and there stood Monsieur Victor's horse, saddled, with a pillion behind, all ready for our departure.

"Good, Mademoiselle!" he murmured. "Come! We was'e no time." And in another moment we were mounted and ready to pick our way over the grass and so to the road.

But we had forgot the dog. Scarce had the horse taken a step when out burst a series of howls that, to my sensitive ears, were enough to wake the dead.

On the instant it seemed that everybody roused at once. From all sides there came shouts.

"Hold hard, Mademoiselle!" cried Monsieur Victor. "We will not stay to parley, eh?" and he gave the horse a cut with his whip and off we galloped to the road.

(To be continued)



IS THIS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE DESERT OF SAHARA IS TURNED INTO AN INLAND SEA?

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER I—THE KEY

By which is shown how men are made and unmade, and how one of them narrowly escaped unmaking.

YOUNG men are by nature adventurous, and some of the most adventurous young men in the world may be found among that little-heard-of but important body of youths who have chosen railroad telegraphy as the first rung upon the ladder of their lives' work. It is a profession which inevitably instils the love of travel and the desire for adventure. Its members are in constant communication with fellow-workers at distant points whom they may never meet, but with whom none the less they are on terms of friendly familiarity. In dull moments when the wires are idle, they while away the time by exchanging word-paintings of each other's environment, with the history of local happenings and comments on current events; and by each vibrant touch upon the delicately recording keys is transmitted an insight into the sender's characteristics, thoughts, motives, and emotions, almost as clear and expressive as might be conveyed by noting the changing expressions of his countenance.

This alone would be sufficient to infuse a desire to visit the scenes described and to meet, face to face, the co-laborers whom the imagination already pictures as familiar friends.

But there are other influences which, in an even greater degree, encourage the desire to roam. The first lesson an operator is taught is to render implicit obedience to imperative commands; the second is self-reliance. Upon his accuracy and punctuality constantly depend the lives of others; and rapidity of thought, promptness of action, and certainty of execution become second nature to him. Constant contact with the outer world teaches him to regard the world as his home.

So much is necessary, in order to understand the influences which helped to form the characters of two young men who, at the time our story opens, were not unlike thousands of others scattered broadcast over the great American continent, and who, sitting alone in the dingy offices of wayside railway-stations, are yet able to place a finger upon the electric pulse and note the heart-beats of a hemisphere.

It was in one of these lonely offices of a single-track railway that crossed the monotonous prairies of a western State, that Robert Belville was seated one bleak October evening. The last train for the night had passed his station, but he had not asked the dispatcher's office for the "G. N." signal that would release him from duty till the morning. Of what use was such a dismissal, when the only places that offered entertainment were the equally dingy office of the grain-elevator across the siding, and the general-merchandise store beyond the water-tank at the intersection of the township roads? It was a weary existence, the monotony of which would have been more bearable were it not for the very interruptions that might have been supposed to relieve it. The recurring glimpses of the outer world afforded by passing trains served but to accentuate the loneliness of the intervening hours.

"Os—os—os," sounded the instrument at his elbow. He recognized the impatient touch of John Larue, the operator at Red Prairie, two stations down the line. He opened his key and responded: "L-o, Larry!"

"Knew me, did you?" wired Larry. "How are things at Plainfield?"

"Wildly hilarious, as usual; nothing in sight but the switch-lamps. Any news?"

"Same old grind; but it is n't going to last."

"What do you mean?"

"G. W."

"G. W.," meant "Ground the wire." Though the ground-wire was supposed to be resorted to only in emergencies, it was sometimes employed to enable the exchange of confidential communications; for by connecting it with the eastern pole of an instrument, anything that a friend to the westward might have to say could not be heard in the dispatcher's office to the east.

"O. K. What 's up?" inquired Belville, when he had made the connection.

"Mexico 's up," replied Larue. "I 've a letter from Scott, who left last August. He 's caught on at a place called Jimulco; says the salaries are a hundred a month, and to come on down there and collect one."

"You are really going?"

"I 've written my resignation."

Here was news indeed! Though Belville and Larue had never met, they had held many long

conversations, sharing their grievances, hopes, and desires, and exchanging words of encouragement and sympathy. And now Larue would desert him for Mexico. Mexico! What visions that one word conjured up!

"I 'll send you Scott's letter," clicked the sounder, "and write you all about it. What 's the matter with your going, too?"

Belville's hand trembled as it spelled his reply: "I 'll think it over. G. W. off." For he did not dare to keep the ground-wire on longer.

As he removed the ground connection it ticked away furiously: "Os—os—os—os—"

"I—i—os."

It was the dispatcher's office. "What do you mean by leaving without your 'good-night'?" demanded the irate official; and then, without waiting for a reply: "Show red light to flag special bound west."

Belville hung out the signal; and for the following fifteen minutes his pencil flew over his pad, recording reports for the superintendent, who was making a flying trip over the road. When he had finished receiving, he went to the door and glanced up the track. The special was not yet in sight. Returning to his desk, he sat for a few minutes going over his copy; then he leaned back in his chair to wait.

Why not have a few more words with Larry? He put on the ground connection and was about to call his friend, when a whistle sounded sharply. Gathering his messages, he reached the door as the engine drew up with a single private car. A tall man, with iron-gray hair and moustache descended to the depot platform and the conductor followed.

"The superintendent, sir?" asked Belville.

"Yes," said the tall man, taking the messages from his hand; "I 'll speak to the dispatcher a moment."

The tall man entered the office and Belville turned to the conductor.

"Do you go through with the car, sir?" he asked.

"To the end of the division."

"Have you ever been to Mexico?"

"Mexico?" inquired the conductor, with a laugh. "Why, no; but I have a friend there. He writes me a letter occasionally—a land of volcanoes and orange-groves; of gold-mines, bull-fights, red-peppers, and stilettoes. Oh, Mexico is a fine land to go to—and a good one to get back home from!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because every railway tramp in the country is bound for Mexico, or has been there. It 's a pretty lively country, I reckon; but those who

come back tell me they always want to return there again."

"Ready!" said the superintendent, appearing beside them.

"Ready, sir!" replied the conductor. "Good night, my boy; and good dreams to you—of Mexico—ha, ha—Mexico!"

Belville watched them spring aboard the car; and as the engine whisked it away into the darkness, the conductor waved his lantern to him. Then he went back into the little office that looked dingier and drearier than ever, as if in mourning for its departed guests.

There was a bunch of messages lying on his desk, left by the superintendent for him to transmit. Most of them were for the relay office—instructions to subordinates—and these he quickly disposed of; but one, the last, was for the dispatcher, and Belville's hand closed on the key convulsively as he reached the last paragraph of it.

"What 's the matter? Go on!" clicked the sounder.

In a jerky, uneven way, unlike its customary smoothness of delivery, his hand spelled out the remaining words that caused his agitation: "If your instructions to the operator at this station are to keep the wire grounded, I should suggest that you change them. Changing the operator might do as well."

Belville's hand slipped from the key, and his head sank down upon it with a groan. What was there to hope for, except instant dismissal?

"Pretty hard roast, that," said the receiving operator at the dispatcher's office. "How did you happen to do it?"

Belville replied feverishly: "It 's true. I did leave the wire grounded, and I have not the least excuse for it."

"Fake one, can't you?"

"How?"

"Send J. S. R. a message like this: sounder was n't working; relay was weak; tried ground, thinking wire might be crossed; discovered trouble with battery; was fixing it when special arrived and neglected to disconnect ground. Some such excuse ought to fix you O.K."

"It might; but it would n't be true."

"Work it out your own way, then. You 'll hear from J. S. R. in the morning. Good night."

Belville wearily replied, "Thanks; G. N." But he did not move from the table. He sat there, quite still, for more than an hour. The torment of self-reproach for the action of which he had been guilty gradually subsided and left him able to think it over calmly.

He was not alarmed for his future. He felt

that he could care for himself, and, fortunately, none other was dependent on him. But it was his first grave breach of discipline; and though he had little love for Plainfield, it was his first position. He had held it now for over a year, and had hoped for an early promotion. The little office grew suddenly bright; its plaster, dark-

the privilege of resigning. May I also request transportation to Denver?"

Close on the heels of the receiver's "O.K." came Larue's inquiry: "What on earth does that mean?"

"It means," replied Belville "that I am off to Mexico with you."



IN ONE OF THE DODGY OFFICES OF THE WAYSIDE RAILWAY STATIONS.

ened by the coal-smoke of years, now, somehow, seemed soft and beautiful. It would be hard to leave it, after all—though only a little while before, he had thought that he hated the sight of it.

But he was not obliged to leave. He yet might send the message that would clear him with, at most, a mild censure. He started to write it, but his pencil stuck at the very first word. He wondered what Larue would advise; but he had had enough experience with the ground-wire, and he could hardly consult him without using it.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he finally reached a decision. Then he opened his key and called up Larue. "Stay and listen," he said. He called the dispatcher's office, and with a firm clear touch, sent the message he had resolved upon.

"J. S. R. The superintendent's charge is true. I have no excuse. It was a plain breach of discipline. As it was my first, however, I hope for

CHAPTER II

THE OTHER END OF THE GROUND-WIRE

In which Belville is twice surprised and teaches his friend a lesson.

BELVILLE'S bedroom was a closet at the rear of his office. When he opened his eyes next morning, he lay blinking at the ceiling for several moments before he was able to realize the cause of his dull depression. Then, as the memory of the events of the previous night came back to him, he rose, soused his head in a basin of cold water, and glanced at the clock on the office wall, only to learn that it had stopped with the hands marking four-thirty. Piece of negligence number two: he had neglected to wind it.

Stepping into his office, he hastily cut in his instruments. Only just in time; Larue, at Red Prairie, was closing his morning report, and Plainfield's would be called for in a moment.

Fortunately, his report was a light one. The gauge of water in the tank might be read from the office window; there was but a single car on the siding, and of that he knew the number.

"Os—os—" called the dispatcher.

"I—i—os—G.M.," replied Belville; the "G.M." meaning "good morning." Then followed his report: "Box 2498, C. B. Q., grain, eastbound. Tank, 9 ft. Weather raw, cloudy. Os."

"G.M.," replied the dispatcher. "Curious; it's clear at RD."

Belville glanced critically through the window and his jaw dropped. The sky was clear as a bell. "Please change that to cool and clear," he said.

"O.K. J. S. R. to speak to you."

J. S. R. was the chief dispatcher. Belville was in for it now,—that was evident.

"OS," came over the wire, in the slow heavy dots of the chief. The chief suffered from telegrapher's paralysis and seldom touched the wire himself. When he did so, the labored weight of his hand gave an ominous tone to his sending. This morning it sounded more threatening than ever: "Will exchange you to another post in a few days. Letter by No. 3."

Belville's "OK" nearly choked him. So they intended to punish him by reducing him to some more obscure post—some night office, probably, where the principal part of his duty would be to assist in coaling engines. It changed his regret to rebellion. Well, it was a good thing in one way: it left him the right to resign.

He waited until there was a break in the reports, then said curtly to the dispatcher's office, "OS, breakfast"; and with the "OK" response, picked up his hat and made his way to the general store, in the rear of which the storekeeper dwelt. The latter's wife provided Robert his meals for a consideration of three dollars per week, half of which was clear profit. He had little appetite for the half-cold chicory and the salt pork and potatoes that comprised the breakfast she had "kept for him."

"If folks can't git up in time for meals, they need n't turn up their noses at what they gets," Mrs. Smith remarked, which did not add to Belville's good nature, but he compelled himself to make a civil reply.

"The breakfast is all right, Mrs. Smith. I am not feeling very well this morning—and I am going to leave you."

"Law me! Why, where be you goin'?"

"To Mexico."

"Mexico! Sakes alive! Why, my grandpaw was there in the war about Texas. Sich stories as he did tell!"

Belville smiled for the first time that morning. "That was a long time ago," he said; "things are very different down there now."

"Ye need n't tell me!" replied Mrs. Smith, with asperity. "Did n't I have it from my grandpaw, and he an officer? I tell ye, ye 'll be e't up by catermounts, an' trant'lers, an' sombreroers!"

"Sombbrero is Spanish for 'hat.'"

"Well, 'praps 't wa'n't sombreroers; I guess 't was ram—rembosers."

Belville smothered an inclination to laugh. "Yes; perhaps the rebosas are dangerous," he said; "they are the head-gear the Mexican women wear, and are said to be very attractive."

Going back to the station, he searched among his belongings till he found an old volume of Prescott's "Mexico." It was a book his father had owned. He had read it through long ago, but he turned the dog-eared pages now with a quite new interest.

"Gold-mines," the conductor had said. Yes, the country was known to be rich in precious metals. Only the other day he had read of a wonderful find that one of the railroad men had made. Might not he prove equally lucky?

Of course, the country was far different now from the land that Prescott had written about. Capital was being invested there; railroads were under construction—and salaries for operators were high. Think of Scott getting a hundred! Why, he, with his forty dollars a month, was a much better operator than Scott; and he could go to Mexico with better references; for Scott had been discharged for gross neglect of duty.

There was the up-freight's whistle. He laid down the book and went out to watch it draw up to the station. The conductor swung down from a car as it rumbled by. "I've a couple of empties for you," he said; "anything going?"

"Yes; one load."

"All right. There's a friend of yours in the caboose."

"A friend of mine?"

"Yes; from Red Prairie."

Could it be that Larue was coming? The caboose drew near and the train came to a stop. He watched anxiously for his friend to appear, and felt a presentiment that he was to be disappointed in him. A couple of men descended and sauntered leisurely toward him. Then he breathed more freely. That one must be Larry—that tall, lithe fellow, whose brown eyes were curiously regarding him. Belville stepped forward to greet him, when some one plucked his sleeve from behind. He turned and saw a short, broad-shouldered, freckled young man, with fiery red hair and small twinkling blue eyes.

"You're the right sort, I guess," the stranger remarked after giving him one keen glance.

"And you?" asked Belville.

"Why, I'm Larry."

"You--Larry? Well, I'm blessed!"

"Reckon you are that," laughed Larue. "I'd prove a blessing to any one; for in spite of me hair, that belies me, I'm the most good-natured of all Brian Boru's descendants."

Belville shook hands cordially and endeavored to conceal his disappointment, but Larue's quick eyes noted it.

"Not quite what you expected, eh?" he said, with a grin. "Well, I don't handsome much, Belville, that's a fact. But it's only a sort of disguise, after all. If me face showed the worth of me heart, all the girls would die for the love of me!"

Belville laughed in spite of himself. "I confess," he replied, "I had imagined you to be different, somehow; but I'm rather glad that I did n't guess right. The conductor said you were on the caboose, so I looked for you from that quarter."

"Oh, I took a run forward to the engine. I'm opposed, on general principles, to staying at the tail of the procession."

"Why did n't you let me know you were coming?"

"Why did n't you get up before breakfast then? I tried to get you to give you the news before the wire got busy. My relief came by the freight—one of the chaps from the relay—so I jumped aboard her and here I am."

"And I'm more than glad to see you," said Belville.

They had little time to do much talking until the freight-train rumbled away; but after it had departed, there were three good hours at their disposal, and the two young men made the most of them. Larue produced Scott's letter; Belville read extracts from Prescott; and in a very short time their enthusiasm was at the boiling point.

"I would n't remain here," said Belville, "not for the biggest sort of a raise. It seems really laughable now that I should have felt so badly. Why, it was the best thing that could have happened!"

"Ah, yes," said Larue; "blessings often come in disguise, you know. The tormenting thing about 'em is that we don't always recognize 'em."

"No; for we don't always have a good chap like yourself to point them out to us."

"Well, two heads are better than one—as the double-headed boy remarked when signing with the museum for a tremendous salary. But speaking about biographies, I'd be glad if you would

tell me something about your own. Who are you, anyhow, Belville?"

"The son of a country clergyman, who thought to educate me for the law. He was planning to put me through Harvard, when I lost him. I was fourteen then, and his death ended my college ambitions."

"Then an uncle offered to take me into his store. My wages were to be three dollars a week, with which I was to board, clothe, and care for myself. My hours were from seven till nine. I suppose I was ungrateful. My uncle thought so, anyhow, when I left him at the end of the first week."

"Meantime, I had made the acquaintance of the depot agent, who was also telegraph-operator and baggage-master—a big, good-natured fellow, who wanted an assistant—which the company would n't furnish. He agreed to teach me gratis, if I would hustle his baggage and freight; and I arranged to work for my board at the grain-elevator. The man in charge of the elevator not only made it easy for me, but took me right into his family, where I was treated like one of his own boys. His wife was like a mother to me. I never knew my own mother, except as a very small child. My heaviest work was keeping the grain pitched back from the trough when loading cars. If you've never tried it, I don't believe you know what real work is. It's harder than shoveling coal, and I've tried both—but that's another story. To cut this one short, Larry, I learned telegraphy, got this position, and have held it ever since—which brings me up to date. Now to quote your own words: Who are you, anyhow, Larry?"

"Many's the tale I'll tell you some day," said Larry, "of how I scrapped for a living; but I'll keep all that for idling away dull moments when we're on our way to Mexico."

"To give you just the chapter headings: I was born in a New York tenement. My mother died shortly after my birth, and I was selling papers before I could read 'em. But I did manage to learn to spell and to read, too. That made me keen to learn something more, so I joined the free night-schools. God bless those who established them, for all that I know I owe to them."

"I was always fond of animals, and I used to hang around Madison Square whenever the circus showed. I managed to make myself useful, and finally got a job to help look after the horses."

"On the circus-train, one day out west, I got talking to the train conductor. He offered to get me on the road as a brakeman, and I quit the show on the spot."

"It was when off duty that I learned to 'pitch

lightning.' I was always chock-full of curiosity, and, when I heard the instruments clicking away, I was n't content till I had learned how to understand what was going on. When I felt myself capable, I haunted the office of the dispatcher till he gave me a place. Red Prairie was my second office. The lucky third, mark what I say, is going to be in Mexico. I 'm more than ever sure of it, now that a good chap 's going with me."

"No blarney, Larry!" laughed Belville. "But now let 's constitute ourselves a ways and means committee. We can get passes to Denver, no doubt, but from there on—"

"Trust to me for that; I 'll guarantee passes to China!"

"That 's a trifle beyond our destination. But how about cash? I 've saved up two hundred dollars. I suppose it 's not much compared to your pile, but—"

"Oh, no. It 's only enough to buy and sell me three times—that 's all. I have just seventy bones."

"That 's all right—we 'll lump the lot and share equally."

"Nonsense! Let me tell you, Belville, if you 're that sort you 've a lot to learn before you 'll be as wise as your uncle."

"Well, Larry, have it your own way. But there 's number three's whistle. Now for J. S. R.'s letter, and to see what he 's going to do to me. It does n't matter anyhow. My mind is made up; I 'm going to Mexico."

"Shake on it, then; and I give you my word, Belville, stick to me, and I 'll stick to you as tar sticks to a feather."

The two boys shook hands heartily to ratify their agreement, and then went out on the platform to meet the incoming train.

It was the one west-bound passenger-train that stopped at this wayside station, and the entire population was present to witness its arrival and catch a breath from the outer world. There was the elevator agent, the most important resident, who carefully cultivated a swagger and wore his slouch hat on the side of his head; there were his two helpers, slinking in the background; there was Hans Smith, the storekeeper, puffing away at his big pipe, fat and contented; and there was a distant view of his thin Missouri-born wife, with her head out of her kitchen window; while a scurrying crowd of little Smiths sailed down the road to the depot.

The train drew in, its conductor placed a letter in Belville's hand, then it rattled off over the

prairie, and the little crowd of spectators melted silently away.

Belville reported the train, and, that duly performed, with nervous hands opened the dispatcher's letter. As he read it, a puzzled expression stole over his face, which quickly changed to one of delight, and he tossed his cap to the ceiling with a joyful hurrah.

"Larry, read that!" he cried, handing Larue the letter.

Larue's face wore an astonished look that deepened as he read. The letter ran:

"Operator OS:

Dear Sir:

I owe you an apology. Your breach of discipline was reported by the Superintendent in person, who left his message merely to test you. I should have been satisfied when you sent it, in the face of what was very likely a strong temptation to withhold it; but I suggested a plausible excuse which I found you honest enough to reject.

I have had you in mind for promotion for some time, and shall send you next week to the relay. The work will be heavy, but it will be at an advance of \$10. per month; and if you prove proficient there, I can promise you something better later on.

Yours truly,

J. S. RILEY,
CHf. DISPR."

Belville watched Larue as he read it through to the end, then laid it down on the table and walked to the window without a word.

Belville crossed the room to Larue and laid his hand on his shoulder. Larue wheeled about and faced him with a single word: "Well?"

"You don't blame me for feeling pleased?" queried Belville gently.

"Blame you? No, Belville; a thousand times, no! But you must not blame me either—it 's a great disappointment to me."

"Why so?"

"Why? You ask me why? When I counted on you to go with me! When I thought I had found a fellow whom I could stick to, like a porous plaster! And it 's the first time I 've ever found any one halfway worth the finding—and then you ask me why—you—you—"

"Do you think so lightly of a promise?"

"Do I think—why, what do you mean?"

"I gave you my word, did n't I? Well, I always keep my word. And if I feel happy over this letter, it is because it proves that I managed to do the right thing—and it was a great temptation. Yes, I 'm very glad. But, old fellow, I would n't lose you for a dozen promotions. I 'm going to Mexico with you; that 's all there is about it."

(To be continued.)



A. J. G. & Co. New York City.

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOOD.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN

A MAY-DAY PAGEANT FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

BY JESSIE M. BAKER

(With illustrations by Emily Morrison Lowrie)

Screens are used as wings and also for a background, behind which the Queen's throne is arranged. Shad-bush and Forsythia decorate these screens; low bulb-pots, holding long branches of the same plants, young maples, and birch saplings are grouped about them. The piano is concealed at the left side, so placed that the pianist can look out on the stage.

Sitting in a row in the background, the buttercups, daisies, and violets sleep with heads bowed and hidden by their green capes. At left foreground, beside a rock, sit two anemones, with heads likewise hidden. In the right wing, asleep on last year's leaves, lie three fairies, partly concealed.

SCENE: May Morning in the Queen's Meadow.

CHARACTERS

Raindrop	The May Queen	Two Daisies
Sunbeam	The Spirit of Spring	Two Buttercups
Grassblade	Three Fairies	Two Violets
Leafbud	Three Butterflies	Two Anemones
Rainbow		Two Heralds

(Enter Spirit of Spring dancing. Her dance ended, Spring wanders about the meadow for a few minutes, tenderly touching the flowering branches.)

SPRING: Lo, I am the Spirit of Spring!

My magic awakens the flowers.

Raindrop and Sunbeam, obey my voice.

(Enter Raindrop and Sunbeam, dancing. They drop on one knee at either side of Spring, facing her.)

Grassblade and Leafbud, come forth and rejoice,

(Enter Grassblade and Leafbud dancing. They drop on one knee, a little behind, but not hidden by, the others, and also facing Spring.)

And out of the warm earth everywhere

Arise my children, fair, so fair!

Decking my kingdom for holiday,

To welcome the Queen of the May!

Festival songs shall they sing,

And joyously dance in these bowers.

(Fluttering her fingers to suggest the patter of drops, Raindrop sings)

RAINDROP: Out of the silvery grey of the sky,

Out of the white clouds floating by,

Quick, at thy bidding, our lives to share

With the tender green things everywhere,

Hasten my sisters and I!

(With arms bent to form a circle, finger-tips touching above her head, Sunbeam sings)

SUNBEAM: Out of the first dim hush of the day,

Out of the noontide's golden way,

Over the meadows, over the trees,

Gaily aslant on the softening breeze,

Hasten we gladly away!

(Raindrop and Sunbeam dance, very simply, then exit. Grassblade and Leafbud take their places at either side of Spring, and sing.)

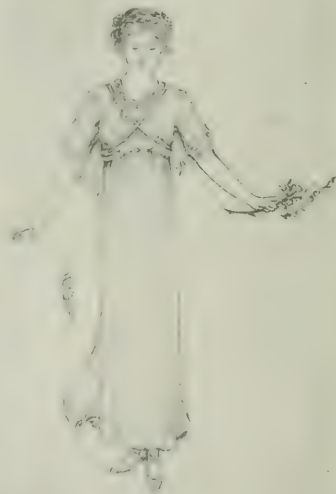
GRASSBLADE: (Face resting on arm) I who have slept the winter away
Folded beneath the snow.

LEAFBUD: (Swaying) And I who have rocked in the branches high,

(Shivering) And felt the cold winds blow

GRASSBLADE AND LEAFBUD: Now at the magical sound of thy voice

(Joyously, looking first to one side, then to the other, then up at Spring)



THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Over the whole wide earth rejoice,—
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

(Grassblade and Leafbud dance, and exeunt. Spirit of Spring dances a few measures, then, stopping by the Fairies, touches them lightly with a spray of apple-bloom which she carries, and rouses them. Sings.)

SPRIT OF SPRING: Farewell to dreams, O Fairies gay!
Arise and haste away!

(Fairies dance after her to center of stage, holding up their wands to meet at a point. Spring touches them.)

Upon your wands I place my charm

To wake the flowers.

To wake the flowers and bring the May!

(Spirit of Spring dances to right background, drops to one knee, and shading her eyes with her arm, watches the Fairies.)

The Fairies dance, then poising, two at right foreground, one at left background, sing the first stanza. As the second stanza is sung, the fairy at left goes about among the flowers, touching them with her wand, and secretly removes from each cape a pin which has held it in place. The capes fall apart slightly, showing a little of the faces. The eyes remain closed.)

FAIRIES: Awake! Awake! O flowers fair!

Unclose your sleeping eyes!

A wondrous charm to you we bear

O lovely flowers, arise!

Unfold, unfold your fragrance sweet

To every waiting breeze;

The birds their happy songs repeat

In all the budding trees!

Look up, look up from drowsy dreams,

And drink the early dew!

The morning sky in beauty gleams,

The Maytime waits for you!

Awake! Awake! O flowers fair!

Unclose your gentle eyes!

The Spring's own charm to you we bear,

O flowers sweet, arise!

(All the Fairies now join in awakening the flowers. Slowly, as the green capes are opened and then turned back, the Violet, Daisy, and Buttercup heads appear. In vain the Fairies try to awaken the little Anemones, raising wands above them, and touching

them as they sing. Then the Spirit of Spring dances forward, beckoning Raindrop and Sunbeam on from one side of stage as she makes her exit at the other. These two trip in and stand at either side of the sleeping flowers, Raindrop fluttering her fingers, and Sunbeam with arms forming a circle as before. Immediately, little Rainbow dances in, and, as she stands on the rock between Rain-



SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES

drop and Sunbeam, holding an arch of rainbow-colored roses above her head, the hoods of the two Anemones open. Sunbeam and Raindrop make their exit at left. Rainbow dances away, the Fairies in pursuit. She reappears, and again they dance after. She escapes them, but, before making her exit at right wing, turns to sing, while the Fairies poise and listen, grouped at centre of stage, with arms outstretched.)

RAINBOW: Reach out! Reach out! O Fairies dear!

All hearts may hold,

All hearts may hold and clasp me near!

(Exit Rainbow. Fairies dance off stage at right. As they go, they beckon Butterflies on from the left. Butterflies dance a few measures, during which the Spirit of Spring dances lightly across the stage behind them, and with a gesture of farewell makes her exit. They poise and gaze about them in a dreamy, listening way, as they recite.)

BUTTERFLIES: Did we not hear the Spirit of Spring?

Did we not see her pass by?

Was it the singing of the birds
Or the gentle South Wind's sigh?
Surely, but now did her footsteps pass;
For tenderly green is the growing grass;
Surely her smile doth linger near,
For see, the flowers are blooming here!

(Butterflies poise and flutter among the flowers, touching the upturned faces with their lips. Flowers raise themselves from sitting to kneeling position, faces upturned, backs straight, and hands by their sides. Butterflies sing, repeating)

BUTTERFLIES: Flowerets! Flowerets!

Give us of your sweets!
Daisy and Violet,
Buttercup gay,
Flowerets! Flowerets!



A HERALD.

A FLOWER.

A FAIRY.

Give us of your sweets!
We would caress you
This glad holiday!

(Butterflies dance, and exit one at a time. At a chord, the Anemones take their place in the row with the other flowers. The flowers dance. As they finish, distant music is heard. They lean toward each other and clasp hands, listening joyously. All behind the scenes sing very softly.)

ALL: All hail! All hail, our Fairy Queen!
All hail, the Queen of May!
And sing, all flowers and Fairies, sing!

(At this point, a loud chord on the piano interrupts, sending the flowers dancing to either side, to make their exit. The screens, forming the background, part a little at the extreme left and right to admit two Heralds,

each carrying a cymbal. These advance slowly to music, clash the cymbals four times, and retreat. Heralds exult. Meantime, the Queen and her attendants, a Fairy to lead her, a Butterfly to hold up her train, and Rainbow bearing the crown on a cushion of moss, have, quite unseen, taken their places at the rear of the audience. The screens are now parted in the center, and drawn aside, revealing the Queen's throne. This is draped in white, with garlands of pink and green.

From behind the screens, at left and at right of the throne, two processions, each led by a Herald, advance. These join hands, march to front of stage, part and disappear into the wings. This is repeated. At their third appearance, the children arrange themselves quickly in a double line at either side, and converging toward the throne. At a chord, they drop on one knee, each extending arm nearest the audience toward the Queen, who appears in the doorway at rear of audience. As the Queen approaches, all sing)

All hail! All hail, our Fairy Queen!
All hail, the Queen of May!
And sing all flowers and Fairies sing!
For this our Queen is crowned,
Our Queen is crowned to-day!

(A Fairy assists her to her throne, then three attendants kneel before her, Rainbow in the center. All the rest change positions kneeling on the other knee, and extending the other arm toward the Queen.

Rainbow raises the crown on its cushion of moss, and turns her head to one side.)

RAINBOW: Out of the sunshine's purest gold,
Out of the diamond dew,
Wrought by the magic touch of Spring
Is this crown we bring to you.

(After the Fairy has placed the crown on the Queen's head, the three attendants slip into their places beside the others. The Queen rises and sings, all standing with her)

QUEEN: Dear children of my Fairy train,
In this the month of May,
Come trip it lightly on the green,
Keep happy holiday!
Let every Fairy take a flower
Her partner gay to be,
And let us dance the May-pole round
In mirth and jollity, in mirth and jollity!

(The Queen steps down from the throne, attended as before, and the others forming behind her as in the previous procession. All march to the May-pole, and join in the May-pole dance.)

Mr. Louis Chalif's beautiful character-dance "Spirit of Spring" is suggested as most fitting. Parts

of this dance are repeated later by Raindrop, Sunbeam, Grassblade and Leafbud, the Fairies, Butterflies and Flowers.

The music of L. Denza's "A May Morning" (published by Chappell & Co., Ltd., New York) is beautifully adapted for use as a background to the action when Spring beckons in Sunbeam and Raindrop, and to the awakening of the Flowers by the Fairies.

The first stanza may be used for Spring's song to the Fairies: the second, for the Fairies' song to the flowers; the third, for the May Queen's song.

Simple melodies may easily be adapted to the other songs, and the "Sunflower" march is excellent for the processional to and from the crowning.

The twenty-three costumes are as easily made as they are artistic, and cost not more than ten dollars.

Variations of the simple peasant frocks, cut in one piece, with round neck and short sleeves, are used for the May Queen, Raindrop, Rainbow, the Fairies and the flowers.

The May Queen wears a long white frock of sheer material, a knotted girdle of pale-green cheese-cloth, and a long court-train of the same, trimmed about with pink paper rosebuds. This train is cut square at the end, and is caught about the shoulders to a point in front. Her crown is of artificial rosebuds wired into a wreath.

The flowers have long frocks of pale-green cheese-cloth, cut in points at sleeve and hem, with circular capes of the same, also pointed, and gathered up under the chin. A knotted girdle-cord of the same is crossed in front, and tied to hang at the left hip. The flower-heads are all of crêpe-paper, gathered around the neck and then tied about with a narrow strip of green. They are slipped on under the necks of frock and cape.

The Violets have five twelve-inch petals, two being caught up to the child's hair at the back, the one directly beneath the chin having a touch of orange.

The Daisies have small flat, yellow caps, and ruffs of ten-inch white petals.

The Buttercups have six eight-inch petals so attached to each other that, when tied about the neck, they cup in slightly.

The Anemone petals are of pink, much the same as the Buttercups', but do not cup in.

Raindrop has a frock of white cheese-cloth coming just below the knees, edged at neck and hem, with strips of pink, pale yellow, and lavender, and wears a little triangular cape of pink, caught at the back of the neck and at either elbow. A band of glass-bead fringe is caught beneath the arms and at each elbow, and a tiny close white cap of crêpe-paper is trimmed with the same.

Rainbow wears a frock of white cheese-cloth over pale green, coming to the knees over full bloomers of the green, and finished in points at neck and hem. A row of knotted cheese-cloth cords, in prismatic tints, is arranged on the left shoulder, and tied to hang at the right hip. She carries a half-hoop covered with the pale green, to which are fastened paper roses in the same tints as the cords.

Sunbeam has a costume of golden yellow cheese-cloth, a round, skull-cap, full bloomers, and a full blouse, belted with a knotted cord of the same.

The Fairies have costumes of pink, yellow, and lavender cheese-cloth, with wreaths of paper roses to match; they carry wands covered with silver paper and tipped with a silver star. Full bloomers are worn under the peasant frock, which comes to the knee and is cut in points like the others, and gathered

from hem to hip at the right side. A square cape, edged with points, is folded diagonally, caught at the right hip, fastened again at the left shoulder, and at the edge of the left sleeve, from which point, a ribbon of the same extends to the left forefinger.

The Spirit of Spring wears a simple frock of paler green, with a cape similar to that of the Fairies. She carries a spray of apple-bloom.

Leafbud wears a close, pointed cap of brown cambric, a costume of brown cambric trousers coming up



THE MAY QUEEN

in long points, caught at the shoulders, and at back and front, over a full blouse of pale green.

The Heralds have Russian suits—the blouses cut peasant-fashion—of the brown cambric. A stole, and a knotted cord of grass-green cheese-cloth is worn. Caps are of green, stitched to a brown paper foundation, and ornamented with a brown flower-head.

Grassblade's costume is of grass-green cheese-cloth, similar to that of the Heralds, except that it is cut in long fluttering points at the sleeve, the bottom of the blouse and the edge of trousers, and is not belted in. A band of green with three upstanding points at centre front is worn.

The Butterflies have "overall" costumes of brown cambric with short sleeves, the trousers coming just below the knee, and wear small round shirred caps of the same, tipped with wired, paper-covered antennae. Fastened between the shoulders, are large butterflies. The bodies are of the cambric, about twelve inches long, stuffed with cotton and banded in the colors of the wings. These are of crêpe paper, two yellow and one pale green, on a foundation of heavy brown paper which is wired on the edge, and measure about three feet across from tip to tip. They are painted in peacock colorings. A knotted cheese-cloth cord, crossing in front and brought back under the arms, fastens them to the child's back.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

WHY TOMMY TOOK UP ALL HIS TRAPS

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

If there was one thing that Tommy enjoyed above another, it was trapping. There were several reasons why he enjoyed it. In the first place, it took him out of doors with something definite to do. He loved the meadows and the woods and the pastures, and all the beauties of them with which Old Mother Nature is so lavish. He loved to tramp along the Laughing Brook and around the Smiling Pool. Always, no matter what the time of year, there was something interesting to see. Now it was a flower new to him, or a bird that he had not seen before. Again it was a fleeting glimpse of one of the shy, fleet-footed little people who wear coats of fur. He liked these best of all because they were the hardest to surprise and study at their home life. And that was one reason why he enjoyed trapping so much. It was matching his wits against their wits. And one other reason was the money which he got for the pelts.

So Tommy was glad when the late fall came and it was time to set traps and every morning make his rounds to see what he had caught. In the coldest part of the winter, when the snow was deep and the ice was thick, he stopped trapping, but he began again with the beginning of spring when the Laughing Brook was once more set free and the Smiling Pool no longer locked in icy fetters. It was then that the muskrats and the minks became most active, and their fur coats were still at their best. You see the more active they were, the more likely they were to step into one of his traps.

On this particular afternoon, after school, Tommy had been down to the Smiling Pool to set a few extra traps for muskrats. The trapping season, that is the season when the fur was still at its best, or "prime" as the fur dealers call it, would soon be at an end. He had set a trap on an old log which lay partly in and partly out of the water. He knew that the muskrats used this old log to sun themselves because one had plunged off it as he came up. So he set a trap just under water on the end of the old log where the first muskrat who tried to climb out there would step in it.

"I'll get one here, as sure as shooting," said Tommy.

Then he found a little grassy tussock, and he knew by the matted-down grass that it was a favorite resting place for muskrats. Here he set another trap and left some slices of carrot as bait. By the merest accident, he found a hole in the bank and, from the look of it, he felt sure that it had been made by one of the furry little animals he wanted to catch. Right at the very entrance he set another trap, and artfully covered it with water-soaked leaves from the bottom of the Smiling Pool so that it could not be seen.

"I'd like to see anything go in or out of that hole without getting caught," said he, with an air of being mightily tickled with himself and his own smartness.

So he went on until he had set all his traps, and all the time he was very happy. Spring had come, and it is everybody's right to be happy in the spring. He heard the joyous notes of the first birds who had come on the lagging heels of winter from the warm southland, and they made him want to sing, himself. Everything about him proclaimed new life and the joy of living. He could feel it in the very air. It was good to be alive.

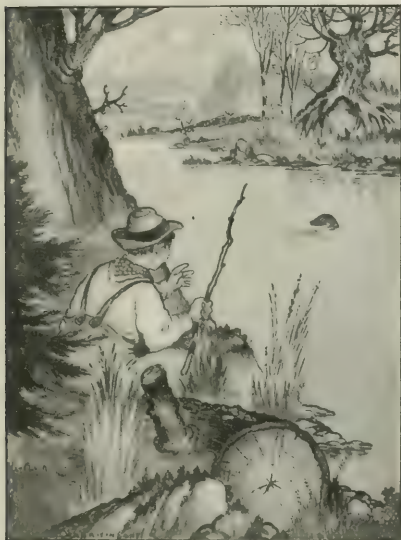
After the last trap had been put in place, he sat down on an old log to rest for a few minutes and enjoy the scene. The Smiling Pool was as smooth as polished glass. Presently, as Tommy sat there without moving, two little silver lines, which met and formed a V, started on the farther side of the Smiling Pool and came straight toward him. Tommy knew what those silver lines were. They were the wake made by a swimming muskrat.

"My! I wish I'd brought my gun!" thought Tommy. "It's queer how a fellow always sees things when he has n't got a gun, and never sees them when he has."

He could perceive the little brown head very plainly now, and, as it drew nearer, he could distinguish the outline of the body just under the surface, and back of that the queer, rubbery, flattened tail set edge-wise in the water and moving rapidly from side to side.

"It's a regular propeller," thought Tommy, "and he certainly knows how to use it. It sculls him right along. If he should lose that, he sure would be up against it!"

Tommy moved ever so little, so as to get a better view. Instantly there was a sharp slap of the tail on the water, a plunge, and only a ripple to show that a second before there had been a swimmer there. Two other slaps and plunges sounded from distant parts of the Smiling Pool and Tommy knew that he would see no more muskrats unless he sat very still for a long time. Slowly he got to his feet, stretched, and then started for home. All the way across the Green Meadows he kept thinking of that little glimpse



“IT’S A REGULAR PROPELLER, THOUGHT TOMMY.”

of muskrat life he had had, and for the first time in his life he began to think that there might be something more interesting about a muskrat than his fur coat. Always before, he had thought of a muskrat as simply a rat, a big, overgrown cousin of the pests that stole the grain in the hen-house, and against whom every man's hand is turned, as it should be.

But somehow that little glimpse of Jerry Muskrat at home had awakened a new interest. It struck him quite suddenly that it was a very wonderful thing that an animal breathing air, just as he did himself, could be so at home in the water and disappear so suddenly and completely.

“It must be great to be able to swim like that!” thought Tommy as he sat down on the wishing-stone, and looked back across the Green Meadows

to the Smiling Pool. “I wonder what he does down there under water. Now I think of it, I don't know much about him except that he is the only rat with a fur that is good for anything. If it was n't for that fur coat of his, I don't suppose anybody would bother him. What a snap he would have then! I'll bet he has no end of fun in the summer, with nothing to worry about and plenty to eat, and always cool and comfortable no matter what the weather! What gets me is how he spends the winter when everything is frozen. He must be under the ice for weeks. I wonder if he sleeps the way the woodchuck does. I suppose I can find out just by wishing, seeing that I'm sitting right here on the old wishing-stone. It would be a funny thing to do to wish myself into a rat. It does n't seem as if there could be anything very interesting about the life of anything so stupid-looking as a muskrat, and yet I've thought the same thing about some other critters and found I was wrong.”

He gazed dreamily down toward the Smiling Pool, and, the longer he looked, the more he wondered what it would be like to live there. At last, almost without knowing it, he said the magic words.

“I—I wish I was a muskrat!” he murmured.

Tommy was in the Smiling Pool. He was little and fur-coated, with a funny little tail something like a beaver's. And he really had two coats, the outer of long hairs, a sort of waterproof, while the under coat was soft and fine and meant to keep him warm. And, though he was swimming with only his head out of water, he was n't wet at all.

It was a beautiful summer evening, just at the hour of twilight, and the Smiling Pool was very beautiful, the most beautiful place that ever was. At least it seemed so to Tommy. In the bulrushes a few little feathered folks were still twittering sleepily. Over on his big green lily-pad Grandfather Frog was leading the frog chorus in a great deep voice. From various places in the Smiling Pool came sharp little squeaks and faint splashes. It was playtime for little muskrats and visiting time for big muskrats. An odor of musk filled the air and was very pleasant to Tommy as he sniffed and sniffed. He was playing hide-and-seek and tag with other little muskrats of his own age, and not one of them had a care in all the world. Far away, Hooty the Owl was sending forth his fierce hunting call, but no one in the Smiling Pool took the least notice of it. By and by it ceased.

Tommy was chasing one of his playmates in and out among the bulrushes. Twice they had been warned by a wise old muskrat not to go beyond

the line of bulrushes into the open water. But little folks are forgetful, especially when playing. Tommy's little playmate forgot. In the excitement of getting away from Tommy he swam out where the first little star was reflected in the Smiling Pool. A shadow passed over Tommy, and hardly had it passed when there was a sharp slap of something striking the water. Tommy knew what it was. He knew that it was the tail of some watchful old muskrat who had discovered danger, and that it meant "dive at once." Tommy dived. He did n't wait to learn what the danger was, but promptly filled his little lungs with air, plunged under water and swam as far as he could. When he just had to come up for more air, he put only his nose out and this in the darkest place he knew of among the rushes.

There he remained perfectly still. Down inside, his heart was thumping with fear of he knew not what. There was n't a sound to be heard around the Smiling Pool. It was as still as if there were no living thing there. After



"IT WAS PLAYTIME FOR THE LITTLE MUSKRATS."

what seemed like a long, long time, the deep voice of Grandfather Frog boomed out, and then the squeak of the old muskrat who had given the alarm told all within hearing that all was safe again. At once, all fear left Tommy and he swam to find his playmates.

"What was it?" he asked one of them.

"Hooty, the Owl," was the reply. "Did n't you see him?"

"I saw a shadow," replied Tommy.

"That was Hooty. I wonder if he caught anybody," returned the other.

Tommy did n't say anything, but he thought of the playmate who forgot and swam out beyond the bulrushes, and, when he had hunted and hunted and could n't find him, he knew that Hooty had not visited the Smiling Pool for nothing.

So Tommy learned the great lesson of never being careless and forgetting. Later that same night, as he sat on a little muddy platform on the edge of the water eating a delicious tender young lily-root, there came that same warning slap of a tail on the water. Tommy did n't wait for even one more nibble, but plunged into the deepest water and hid as before. This time when the signal that all was well was given he learned that some one with sharper ears than his had heard the footsteps of a fox on the shore and had given the warning just in the nick of time. Four things Tommy learned that night. First, that, safe and beautiful as it seems, the Smiling Pool is not free from dangers for little muskrats; second, that forgetfulness means a short life; third, that to dive at the instant a danger-signal is sounded and inquire later what the danger was is the only sure way of being safe; and fourth, that it is the duty of every muskrat who detects danger to warn every other muskrat.

Though he did n't realize it then, this last was the most important lesson of all. It was the great lesson that human beings have been so long learning, and which many have not learned yet, that, just in proportion as each one looks out for the welfare of his neighbors, he is himself better off. Instead of having just one pair of little eyes and one pair of keen little ears to guard him against danger Tommy had many pairs of little eyes and little ears keeping guard all the time, some of them better than his own.

Eating, sleeping, and playing, and of course watching out for danger, were all that Tommy had to think about through the long lazy summer, and he grew and grew and grew until he was as big as the biggest muskrats in the Smiling Pool, and could come and go as he pleased. There was less to fear now from Hooty the Owl, for Hooty prefers tender young muskrats. He had learned all about the ways of Reddy Fox, and feared him not at all. He had learned where the best lily-roots grow, and how to find and open mussels, those clams which live in fresh water. He had a favorite old log, half in the water, to which he brought these to open them and eat them, and

more than one fight did he have before his neighbors learned to respect this as his. He had explored all the shore of the Smiling Pool and knew every hole in the banks. He had even been some distance up the Laughing Brook. Life was very joyous.

But, as summer began to wane, the days to grow shorter and the nights longer, he discovered that playtime was over. At least, all his friends and neighbors seemed to think so for they were very, very busy. Something inside told him that it was time, high time, that he also went to work. Cold weather was coming and he must be prepared. For one thing he must have a comfortable home, and the only way to get one was to make one for himself. Of course this meant work, but somehow Tommy felt that he would feel happier if he did work. He was tired of doing nothing in particular. In his roamings about, he had seen many muskrat homes, some of them old and deserted, and some of them visited while the owners were away. He knew just what a first-class house should be like. It should be high enough in the bank to be above water at all times, even during the spring floods, and it should be reached by a passage the entrance to which should at all times be under water, even in the driest season.

On the bank of the Smiling Pool grew a tree, and the spreading roots came down so that some of them were in the Smiling Pool itself. Under them, Tommy made the entrance to his burrow. The roots hid it. At first the digging was easy, for the earth was little more than mud; but, as the passage slanted up, the digging became harder. Still he kept at it. Two or three times he stopped and decided that he had gone far enough, then changed his mind and kept on. At last he found a place to suit him, and there he made a snug chamber not very far under the grass-roots.

When he had finished it, he was very proud of it. He told Jerry Muskrat about it. "Have you more than one entrance to it?" asked Jerry.

"No," replied Tommy, "it was hard enough work to make that one."

Jerry turned up his nose. "That would n't do for me," he declared. "A house with only one entrance is nothing but a trap. Supposing a fierce old mink should find that doorway while you were inside; what would you do then?"

Tommy had n't thought of that. Once more he went to work, and made another long tunnel leading up to that snug chamber; and then, perhaps because he had got the habit, he made a third. From one of these tunnels he even made a short branch with a carefully hidden opening right out on the meadow, for Tommy liked to

prowl around on land once in a while. The chamber he lined with grass and old rushes until he had a very comfortable bed.

With all this hard work completed, you would have supposed that Tommy would have been sat-



HAVE YOU MORE THAN ONE ENTRANCE TO IT?
ASKED JERRY

isfied, would n't you? But he was n't. He found that some of his neighbors were building houses of a wholly different kind, and right away he decided that he must have one too. So he chose a place where the water was shallow, and not too far from the place where the water-lilies grew; and there among the bulrushes he once more set to work. This time he dug out the mud and the roots of the rushes, piling them around him until he was in a sort of little well. From this he dug several tunnels leading to the deep water where he could be sure that the entrance never would be frozen over. The mud and sods he piled up until they came above the water, and then he made a platform of rushes and mud with an opening in the middle down into that well from which his tunnels radiated. On this platform he built a great mound of rushes, and grass, and even twigs, all watted together. Some of them he had to bring clear from the other side of the Smiling Pool. And, as he built that mound, he made a nice large room in the middle, biting off

all the ends of sticks and rushes which happened to be in the way. When he had made that room to suit him, he made a comfortable bed there, just as he had in the house in the bank. Then he built the walls very thick, adding rushes and mud and sods all around except on the very top. There he left the roof thinner, with little spaces for the air to get in, for of course he must have air to breathe.



"TOMMY WENT CALLING ON HIS NEIGHBORS."

When at last the new house was finished, he was very proud of it. There were two rooms, the upper one with its comfortable bed quite above the water, and the lower one wholly under water, connected with the former by a little doorway. The only way of getting into the house was by one of his tunnels to the lower room. When all was done, an old muskrat looked it over and told him that he had done very well for a young fellow, which made Tommy feel very important.

The weather was growing cool now, so Tommy laid up some supplies in both houses and then spent his spare time calling on his neighbors. By this time he had grown a fine thick coat and did n't mind at all how cold it grew. In fact he liked the cold weather. It was about this time that he had a dreadful experience. He climbed out one evening on his favorite log to open and eat a mussel he had found. There was

a snap, and something caught him by the tail and pinched dreadfully. He pulled with all his might, but the dreadful thing would n't let go. He turned and bit at it but it was harder than his teeth and gnaw as he would he could make no impression on it. A great terror filled his heart and he struggled and pulled, heedless of the pain, until he was too tired to struggle longer. He just had to lie still. After a while, when he had regained his strength, he struggled again. This time he felt his tail give a little. A neighbor swam over to see what all the fuss was about. "It 's a trap," said he. "It 's lucky you are not caught by a foot instead of by the tail. If you keep on pulling you may get free. I did once."

This gave Tommy new hope and he struggled harder than ever. At last he fell headlong into the water. The cruel steel jaws had not been able to keep his tapered tail from slipping between them. He was free, but oh, so frightened!

After that Tommy grew wise. He never went ashore without first examining the place for one of those dreadful traps, and he found more than one. It got so that he gave up all his favorite places and made new ones. Once he found one of his friends caught by a forefoot and he was actually cutting his foot off with his sharp teeth. It was dreadful, but it was the only way of saving his life.

Those were sad and terrible times around the Smiling Pool and along the Laughing Brook for the people in fur, but there did n't seem to be anything they could do about it except to everlastingly watch out. One morning Tommy awoke to find the Smiling Pool covered with ice. He liked it. A sense of great peace fell on the Smiling Pool. There was no more danger from traps except around certain spring holes, and there was no need of going there. Much of the time Tommy slept in that fine house of rushes and mud. Its walls had frozen solid and it was as comfortable as could be imagined. A couple of friends who had no house stayed with him. When they were hungry all they had to do was to drop down into the tunnel leading to deep water and so out into the Smiling Pool under the ice, dig up a lily-root and swim back and eat it in comfort inside the house. If they got short of air while swimming under the ice they were almost sure to find little air spaces under the edge of the banks. No matter how bitter the cold or how wild the storm above the ice,—below it was always calm and the temperature never changed.

Sometimes Tommy went over to his house in the bank. Once, while he was there, a blood-thirsty mink followed him. Tommy heard him coming and escaped down one of the other pas-

sages. Then he was thankful indeed that he had made more than one. But this was his only adventure all the long winter. At last spring came, the ice disappeared and the water rose in the Laughing Brook until it was above the banks, and in the Smiling Pool until Tommy's house was nearly under water. Then he moved over to his house in the bank and was comfortable again.

One day he swam over to his house of rushes and climbed up on the top. He had no thought of danger there and he was heedless. Snap! A trap set right on top of the house held him fast by one leg. A mist swam before his eyes as he looked across the Green Meadows and heard the joyous carol of Welcome Robin. Why, oh why, should there be such misery in the midst of so much joy? He was trying to make up his mind to lose his foot when, far up on the edge of the meadows, he saw an old gray rock. Somehow the sight of it brought a vague sense of comfort to him. He strained his eyes to see it better and—Tommy was just himself, rubbing his eyes as he sat on the old wishing-stone.

"I—I was just going to cut my foot off. Ugh!" he shuddered. "Two or three times I've found a foot in my traps, but I never realized before

what it really meant. Why, those little chaps had more nerve than I 'll ever have!"

He gazed thoughtfully down toward the Smiling Pool. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet and began to run toward it. "It 's too late to take all of 'em up to-night," he muttered, "but I 'll take what I can, and to-morrow morning I 'll take up the rest. I hope nothing will get caught in 'em. I never knew before how dreadful it must be to be caught in a trap. I 'll never set another trap as long as I live, so there! Why, Jerry Muskrat is almost as wonderful as Paddy the Beaver, and he does n't do anybody a bit of harm. I did n't know he was so interesting. He has n't as many troubles as some, but he has enough, I guess, without me adding to them. Say, that 's a great life he leads! If it was n't for traps, it would n't be half bad to be a muskrat. Of course it 's better to be a boy, but I can tell you right now I 'm going to be a better boy—less thoughtless and cruel. Jerry Muskrat, you have n't anything more to fear from me, not a thing! I take off my hat to you for a busy little worker, and for having more nerve than any boy I know."

And never again did Tommy set a trap for little wild folk.

(*T. be continued*)

THE REDBIRD'S SONG

BY MARY M. PARKS

Up in the tip-tip-top of the thorn-apple tree
The redbird is swinging
And singing
To his meek little mate who is winging
Her way through
The beautiful blue:

"Come here! Come here! Come here!
My dear!
Here 's the very best place for a nest
That ever was seen in all this green
And shadowy wood;
Quite safe from snake and prowling cat;
I 'm certain of that:
For if they should
Come creeping here,
This brave old tree, I 'm sure as can be,
Would prick them and stick them
And drive them away, my dear,
Never fear.
Come here! Come here! Come here!
My dear!"

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

HOWARD PYLE—MAKER OF PICTURES AND STORIES

A THOROUGH American, in the very best that American implies, that is the first thing I want to say about Howard Pyle. The democratic ideal was completely realized in him. A man was measured by him according to his manhood, or for what he really was.

He came of Quaker stock, and he had that serene look in his face which belongs to Quakerism. But he was himself a strong Swedenborgian, though he was not a man who talked of his religion. He loved America, and he thought that it was possible to get all you needed out of life right in America. So much so, that he never wanted to study abroad; and, when he was a young man, that was very unusual, for then it was generally believed that, when it came to art, the United States was no place in which to learn anything really worth while.

Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, March 5th, 1853, and grew up there, rather a quiet boy, but not slow or backward in the usual boy-life of a comfortable, homey town like Wilmington. His people knew everybody, and were hospitable, a trait Howard inherited. Once, when he was asked what were his favorite amusements, he replied that a sociable evening with his friends was the only recreation he ever wanted. And there was practically nobody in the city who did not know him, at least by sight, while most of them were really his friends, knowing him through his stories and pictures even if they had not actually shaken his hand, that capable, strong, kind hand of his, whose clasp was so warm and sincere.

When he decided to take up art as his job, he went first to the Pennsylvania Academy, and then to the Art Students' League in New York. But after all, most of his skill was the result of his own efforts, for his work in the schools was desultory, and he was given to studying out his own problems in his own way.

His first work was in line, and his master in this style was the old German, Albert Dürer. Pyle never lost his skill with the pen, and much of his line work remains unequalled among illustrators. But, before long, his love of color turned him to paint.

All this while, the young man was living on very little money. One day his supply got very

low indeed. So low, that all he could find was a nickel. He had been hard at work on his first important picture, "The Wreck in the Offing." Money must be had, and he determined to spend the nickel in getting to Harper's publishing-house in Franklin Square, New York City, feeling sure that he could sell them the picture for an illustration. It represented a group of life-savers playing cards in a room under the light of a swinging lantern. But the lookout has just swung open the door, and stands there dripping with spray and rain, calling out that there is a wreck off shore. A spirited picture it is, and full of the wild salt breath of the sea.

"Perhaps they will give me fifteen dollars for this picture," he thought. And, as he reached the publishing-house, he had made up his mind just how he would spend it.

But there he was told that the art editor was away for the day, and would not be back until the morrow.

Well, there was nothing for it but to leave the picture, and to walk back home, a tramp of several miles, for he lived at a remote distance from Franklin Square. On the way he passed Frederick Church's studio. Mr. Church was always particularly kind to young artists, so Pyle went in, intending to ask for a small loan to tide him over. Once in, however, he talked cheerfully about his work, listened to all Mr. Church had to say, and never screwed his courage up to the point of asking for money. Presently, he said he must be off, and in time he reached home. There, two or three of his comrades were just going off to a little restaurant near by for dinner.

"Come along!" they cried, jocular at the prospect, but Pyle replied that he had no appetite at all, and wanted to finish a bit of work, anyhow. When they had gone, he sat for a while wondering whether any one had ever been hungrier. Then it occurred to him to look carefully through the pockets of all his clothes. Perhaps somewhere there might be a little change.

Wonderful to relate, he did really find a fifty-cent piece, and immediately rushed after his friends. Enough of the money was left for a bite of breakfast next morning and car-fare back to the Harper offices. Yes, the art editor would see him.

The young man's heart sank as he went into the room and saw his picture, looking as big as a

house, standing on the desk. He did n't like it, standing there so brazenly. Of course they would not take it!

"Mr. Pyle," said the editor, "we like your picture, and we want to make a double page of it in the 'Weekly.' We will give you seventy-five dollars for it."

That was the beginning of more than thirty years of work by Howard Pyle for the Harpers. Many of his best pictures first appeared in their publications, and later, after he had become an author, many of his stories were published by them, accompanied by the pictures he had made as illustrations.

"What was the first thing I did with that seventy-five dollars? I took a friend of mine to Delmonico's, where we had the best dinner we could order," Pyle used to say, smiling. And what a smile he had, beginning deep in his eyes long before it got to his mouth, and lingering there after the lips had grown sober again, in the most delightful way in the world!

Hard times were over now. For some time longer, the artist stayed on in New York. But he found the city too distracting for serious labor, and suddenly he made up his mind to get back to the home town.

No sooner thought than done. He flung his things together and took the first train he could catch. And there he lived for the rest of his life, coming away only on short visits. In 1881 he married Miss Anne Pool, also of Wilmington, and set up in a charming house. Two years later, he began writing, his first book being the splendid "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," with the charming drawings in line, so full of spirit and of humor, and so exact in historical value, for Pyle was the kind of man who found no trouble too great to take for the sake of truth. He never tired of studying volumes on costume, on arms, and furniture, and architecture. He knew all about ships, and could draw an old frigate or galleon, with the intricate rigging right to each rope and knot, and every sail correct. And he knew how the light falls on the ocean, too, and how the wave heaves and the white foam laces the green and blue water. Go and look at his pictures, if you too want to know.

Best of all, he loved to paint pictures of the Colonial period in our history, and pictures of pirates. He simply adored pirates, wicked as they were, and there was no mistake about their wickedness in his stories, nor yet in his pictures. One of his pirate pictures, I remember, shows a group of them, blustering, swaggering, all hung with pistols and swords, striding along the shore, looking fit for any crime, and gazed at by a few

poor country folk in terror and curiosity. All of you who read the "Rose of Paradise" will recollect the terrible *Edward England*, and what a series of wild adventures he led *John Mackra* into.

Yet one of the gentlest and tenderest stories ever told is Pyle's "Otto of the Silver Hand," and nothing better reveals his own loving and lovely personality than that story. I hope none



By courtesy of Lothrop & Bros.

HOWARD PYLE.

of you has missed it. For, though he loved the wild doings of the pirate horde, his heart was as warm and full of kindness as a summer rose is full of fragrance.

In Wilmington he collected about him many enthusiastic young men and women who wished to study under him. Pyle was the first man to realize the possibilities of illustration, and to see that an artist could pour his whole talent into such labor with splendid results. And many of our great illustrators first studied with him in his studio in Wilmington. He taught gratuitously, and his one main preachment was that his pupils must not copy him, not be influenced by him. The stronger students followed this counsel, finding him an inspiration. But those without decided talent simply imitated, and Pyle was not the sort of man who could be imitated successfully—he was too individual—and though there was a complete simplicity in his style, its great qualities of

life and vigor and directness could not be copied by lesser talent. So the imitators faded away.

One time, when Mr. Pyle was asked if he took much outdoor exercise, he answered that all he ever had was what he got standing at his easel. He would go to the studio right after his early breakfast, and in summer work there till six o'clock. In winter he stayed as long as there was light to see by. "And when I shut the door behind me I shut it on all thought of paint, or pencil, or pen and ink. I dropped my work at the threshold till next day."

As time went on, he became more and more recognized as a man of unusual gifts. He was made a member of the National Academy of Design in 1907, and was also a member of the National Institute of Art and Letters. And presently he was given commissions to decorate public buildings with historic subjects. For the Essex County Court House in Newark, New Jersey, he painted the "Landing of Carteret," and St. Paul, Minnesota, has his large decoration, the "Battle of Nashville."

Finally, after a long life of work, he thought it would not be wrong to take a vacation. A real vacation, not a short flight. At last he would go to Europe, that land where so many artists went as young men to learn how to paint from the old masters. He had not believed in that, nor did he believe that he would care much for Europe.

But he loved it. He took to its wonder and its beauty with the same whole-souled enthusiasm he had always shown in life. His letters back were real shouts of delight. And he started in to paint.

He was painting in Florence. The picture showed a blue-green sea, flecked with foam, shining, slippery rocks, a cold white moon, and in its light the eerie loveliness of a mermaid siren, winding white arms about a fisher-lad. The picture is not quite finished, and it will never be

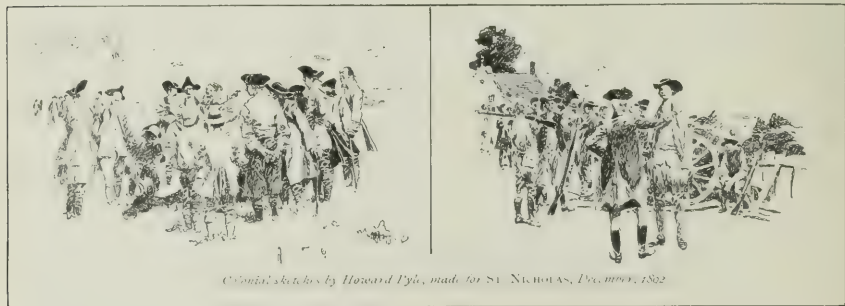
finished. For the painter laid down his brushes one morning, and never took them up again. He died there in Florence on November 9th, 1911.

In appearance Pyle was of medium height, a well-built man, with a high, bald forehead, an oval face, and an expression of marked serenity and deep friendliness. You felt, as soon as you met him, that here was a man who was good, good clean through, strongly good. Some goodness is like light. You feel that if it came into contact with anything bad or wicked, that badness or wickedness would become good too, just as when you take a light into a dark room, the darkness becomes light. That was the sort of goodness Pyle had, and it made happiness all around him.

After his death there was an exhibition in his home city. The friends who got it up thought that probably several hundred people would come to it. But the whole city came! Shop girls, deaconesses, laborers, artists, colored folk, fashionable women, the wealthy and the poor, and particularly boys—and still more boys! They liked his pictures. They collected in a group before the "Marooned Pirate" or "The Flying Dutchman." And they came back, bringing other boys.

Howard Pyle would have liked that. For he loved boys and understood them. His pictures and stories are the kind a boy delights in, even though they are also appreciated by bearded artists and important grown-ups generally. He was always ready to help a boy—but then he was always ready to help a girl too, or any one who seemed to need anything he could give or do.

He has been called America's greatest illustrator. He was also one of the best of Americans, fulfilling, in the most natural, unassuming and unconscious manner those high and yet simple ideals which lie behind whatever is great and worth while in the achievement of our country.



Colonial sketches by Howard Pyle, made for St. Nicholas, Dec. 1899, 1902

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A GROVE OF YOUNG ENGLISH WALNUT TREES

THE "NUT OF THE GODS"

PLANT an English walnut-tree. If you have room, plant a grove of them, for the cultivation of the English walnut is not only one of the newest, but one of the most rapidly growing, industries in the United States. The reason for this lies in the fact that this country is producing not more than half enough of these nuts to supply the demand.

The Persian walnut, commonly called the English walnut, was named the "nut of the gods" by the old Romans, and by them it was distributed throughout southern Europe, where descendants of these original trees are now standing—some of them more than a thousand years old—lasting monuments to the men who conquered these countries. Before the great war in Europe, which will doubtless destroy thousands of these productive trees, the United States alone was importing more than 27,000,000 pounds of nuts from them every year, and about half a million dollars' worth of their timber, which is very valuable,

having a handsome grain and being unusually heavy; so heavy, in fact, that the green wood will not float in water. The wood is used in the manufacture of gun-stocks and furniture, having a greater value than mahogany. A single tree has been known to sell for more than three thousand dollars.

Realizing the importance of having a home supply of English walnut-trees, France passed a law in 1720 prohibiting the exportation of the timber. How well advised was this measure may be appreciated when it is known that the United States is importing yearly from southern France a large percentage of our total consumption of 50,000,000 pounds of English walnuts.

The Romans did not neglect England, either; for, as a beneficent result of their invasion, many of these fine trees, hundreds of years old, are scattered along its roads and drives. Some are nearly a hundred feet high, with a spread of more than a hundred feet, and bear thousands of nuts for their owners every year. One tree is reported to be more than a thousand years old

and to produce more than 100,000 nuts a year, being a chief factor in the support of five families. In England, by the way, it is customary to eat the fresh nuts, after the removal of the outer skin. They are often served with wine, and are regarded as a great delicacy.

The Germans, also, were quick to discover the great value of these trees, and very early formed the habit of planting a young English walnut-tree to take the place of one which, for any reason, had been cut down. The Germans were also said, in certain localities, to have a law which required every young farmer intending to marry to show that he was the owner of a stated number of English walnut-trees.

It is believed that the first English walnut-tree in this country was planted by Roger Morris in 1758, at what is now known as Washington Heights, New York City. George Washington must have seen that tree in 1776. Just one hundred years later, in Philadelphia, Norman Pomeroy, of Lockport, New York, found a tree (possibly a descendant of the original Morris tree) which was loaded with an exceptionally fine va-

well as of the many fruitful and ornamental trees now growing in all parts of the north and east.

Experts say there is no good reason why this country should not raise enough English walnuts for our own needs at least, and even export a few million dollars' worth. The value of these nuts we are importing is greater than that of the apples exported yearly by both Canada and the United States, and this, too, when Canada and the United States are known as apple countries.

California is producing about 12,000 tons of English walnuts a year, but its crop last year was injured to the extent of two or three thousand tons by three days of extremely hot weather, the thermometer registering 115° in many of the walnut sections. In spite of this, however, the crop realized more than three and a half million dollars.

The California growers do not have the frosts to open the outer shucks which we have here in the east, but they overcome this drawback in a great measure by irrigating a few days before the nuts are ripe. They begin the harvest the last of September, gathering the nuts which have



ENGLISH WALNUT TREES NEAR LOCKPORT, NEW YORK, PLANTED SINCE 1900

riety of sweet-flavored nuts, thin-shelled, and with a very full meat. That very tree, with Mr. Pomeroy's help, was the progenitor of all the English walnut groves in western New York, as

fallen, drying them in trays for a few days, then taking them to the Association packing-houses, where they are bleached and sacked. The Association does the shipping and marketing, and the



WHEN THE NUTS ARE RIPE TWO WILLING WORKERS.

grower gets his check on delivery at the warehouse; for there is no waste, and the nuts are all sold before the harvest begins—in fact, often oversold.

In some of the old missions of California, there are English walnut-trees more than one hundred and forty years old, with trunks four feet in diameter. There are many of these individual ancient trees throughout the State, but the oldest of the orchards have been planted only thirty-five or forty years. Some of these trees have a spread of eighty feet or more, and the growers consider that an English walnut orchard will bear profitably for at least two hundred years.

If trees will do this in irrigated sections, they will live and grow much longer in unirrigated places; for it is well known that the roots of trees not irrigated go much deeper into the subsoil, and get the moisture and nourishment which this subsoil furnishes. The roots of irrigated trees remain nearer the surface and are not so long-lived.

As an ornamental tree, the English walnut is unsurpassed. It has a light bark and dark green foliage, which remains until late in the fall, being

shed with the nuts in October and never during the summer. It is also an exceptionally clean tree and beautifully shaped, and, so far as is known, has never been preyed upon by the San José scale or any other insect pest, owing, it is supposed, to its peculiar alkaline sap.

The demand for this nut is increasing rapidly, as its great food value is constantly becoming better known. Its meat contains more nutriment than the same amount of beefsteak.

The price is keeping pace with the demand, and the growers are now receiving three times as much for a pound of nuts as they got a few years ago when they were producing only a tenth of the present output.

Thus it may be seen that the planting of English walnut-trees is not only an exceedingly lucrative venture for the present generation, but it means the conferring of a priceless boon upon the generations to come. Some States are considering the advisability of planting these trees along the new, state roads, after the custom in England and Germany, where practically all the walnuts are distributed along the drives or serve as ornamental shade-trees upon the lawns. There



A BRANCH LADEN WITH ENGLISH WALNUTS

is one avenue in Germany which is bordered on both sides for ten miles by enormous English walnut-trees which meet in the center, thus forming a beautiful covered lane and at the same time yielding hundreds of dollars' worth of nuts each season.

It is the custom in England and Germany to lease the trees to companies which pay so much for the privilege of harvesting the nuts, thus yielding a steady income to the owners.

Besides the demand for the English walnut as a table and confectionery delicacy, they are often used for pickles, catsup, and preserves, and in France many tons are made into oil, furnishing an excellent substitute for olive-oil.

HOLLISTER SAGE.

CONTROLLING TRAINS BY WIRELESS MESSAGES

USUALLY, train despatchers of a railway tap the telegraph-key in sending to the train-conductor a message to stop at a station, or pass it if the way is clear. The despatcher's order is a telegram sent over the wire, to a towerman, who on the

receipt of the order sets a semaphore signal either to stop the train or allow it to proceed, as the order may direct.

We see the telegraph-poles supporting two, three, or sometimes twenty wires. All these wires and poles are necessary when the movements of freight- and passenger-trains are controlled by signals. The signal service yearly costs the company a large sum of money to build, and to repair when out of order.

It seems strange that wireless messages, such as those sent across the ocean or between vessels on the sea, had not been put in service on our railways, since it would avoid the expense of the telegraph-poles and wires.

One company, known as the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, one of the longest railway systems in the East, has at last begun the use of the wireless telegraph for signal-stations and for other uses. The engineers have built steel towers high in the air, as far as 300 miles apart. The tiny network of electrified wires at the tops of these towers catch and send the messages, which reach the dispatcher's office and the station



A WIRELESS OPERATOR ON A MOVING TRAIN.

by other wires connecting with the sounders of sending-keys.

Tests made on this railway show that wireless communication can be maintained to and from a train equipped with a quadrangle of wire supported at a height of only eighteen inches above the roof of the car. The distance between Scran-



THE WIRELESS TOWER, 402 FEET HIGH, AT THE HOBOKEN TERMINAL.

ton and Binghamton is about sixty-five miles, and, in the experiments just made, it was found possible to maintain communication from a train running at fifty-five miles per hour, part of the time direct from the train to the fixed station, away from which the train was speeding; and when the train had proceeded to a point too far away for its short aerial to force signals through to this first station direct, the signals were delivered to the station by being picked up at the second station and relayed back.

At no time during the tests was the train out of communication, in this way, with either station. The Marconi system is employed, except that the power is furnished by a special motor-generator, driven from the train-lighting dynamo, and the ground connection is made to the rails by a wire to one of the car-trucks.

There is another advantage of the wireless service over the poles and wires, as messages can be received and sent from the cars, and, not only the conductors can keep in touch with the dispatchers, but the passengers can receive and send messages by using the apparatus in a car that is fitted with wireless instruments. The following story shows how the wireless telegraph can be used in an emergency.

A conductor of a train was taken ill while his train was running at high speed, westbound. The next station at which a relief conductor could be



WIRELESS ANTENNAE ON A VESTIBULE TRAIN.

obtained was Scranton, thirty miles away. Ordinarily, a delay would have been unavoidable—either a stop in order to send a telegram by wire asking for a relief conductor, or a wait at Scranton.

ton after arrival at that point. But thanks to the wireless telegraph equipment, there was no need to take either of these measures.

Instead, the conductor notified the wireless operator on the train, and the latter sent a message direct to Scranton, with the result that a relief conductor was on hand to take charge when the train pulled in. In the same way an extra car, needed to provide accommodations for an unusual crowd of passengers, was ordered to be in readiness to be coupled on at Scranton, thus eliminating the delay that would ordinarily have occurred in getting the car up from the yard.

The wireless telegraph can be depended upon for unfailing communication between running trains and stations, and between the trains themselves, which may mean a revolution in the operation of trains comparable to that which followed the introduction of the ordinary wire telegraph for this purpose. When railroads can install equipment with which dispatchers and train-conductors are able to keep in direct touch, regardless of stops, it becomes possible to save much time in routine train operation.

HENRY HALE.

GIANT CORKSCREWS

THICKLY scattered over an area of at least five hundred miles in Nebraska, mostly in Sioux

County, are the so-called "devil's corkscrews"—otherwise known as "fossil twisters." Some of them are as much as forty feet long. All over that region, they may be seen projecting from the sides of cliffs, and in other places, where the rocky formations have been worn away by water and wind, these vertical spirals of quartz may be found embedded in sandstone. It is difficult to realize that they are the works of nature instead of wonderful works of art.

Until very recently the origin of these "corkscrews" has been an unsolved problem. Many theories were advanced to account for them, but the generally accepted idea was that they were the giant burrows of a huge extinct gopher. But as geology shows that Nebraska once formed the bed of a vast lake, with its aquatic growths, now it has been practically decided that they are petrified water-weeds of enormous size which grew on the bottom of this lake. In course of time the lake became a peat bog; and as ages passed, the weeds were buried by sediment, which, transformed into rock, has preserved them for the astonishment and instruction of the human race which had not then made its appearance on the earth.

R. L. HONEYMAN.

UNCLE SAM'S NEWS-LETTER ABOUT THE BIRDS

THERE is an aerial machine far more economical of energy than the best aeroplane invented, and that is the bird known as the golden plover. This bird, according to the United States Department of Agriculture's new bulletin (No. 185) on "Bird Migration," can fly 2,400 miles without a stop, making the trip in not quite 48 hours, and using only two ounces of fuel in the shape of body fat. A thousand-pound aeroplane, if as economical of fuel, would consume in a 20-mile flight, not the gallon of gasoline required by the best machines, but only a single pint. The fact that the screw propeller of the aeroplane has no lost motion, while the to-and-fro motion of the bird's wings appears to be an uneconomical way of applying power, makes this small consumption of fuel seem even more strange.

Even the little humming-bird can do better than the aeroplane, for in its migration across the Gulf of Mexico it flies over 500 miles in a single night. Nearly all birds, in fact, show in their soaring and sailing that they are proficient in the use of several factors in the art of flying that have not yet been mastered, either in principle or practice, by the most skillful of modern aviators. A vulture or a crane, after a few preliminary wing-beats, sets its wings and mounts in wide sweeping



A NEBRASKA "FOSSEL TWISTER"

circles to a great height, overcoming gravity with no exertion apparent to human vision even when assisted by the most powerful telescopes.

The Carolina rail, or sora, has small short wings, apparently ill-adapted to protracted flight; and ordinarily, when forced to fly it does so reluctantly, and alights as soon as possible. It

that, after laboring with tired wings across the seemingly endless waste, they sink exhausted on reaching land, is disproven by facts, according to the bulletin. It seems, rather, that the powers of locomotion, with which nature has endowed many birds, are so wonderful that under normal conditions they can easily cross the Gulf of Mexico at

its widest point, and even pass without pause over the low swampy coastal plain to the higher territory beyond. So little averse are birds to an ocean flight, that many fly from eastern Texas to the Gulf coast of southern Mexico, though this 400 miles of water-journey hardly shortens the distance of travel by an hour's flight. Thus birds avoid the hot treeless plains and scant provender of southern Texas by a direct flight from the moist, insect-teeming forests of northern Texas to a similar country in southern Mexico.

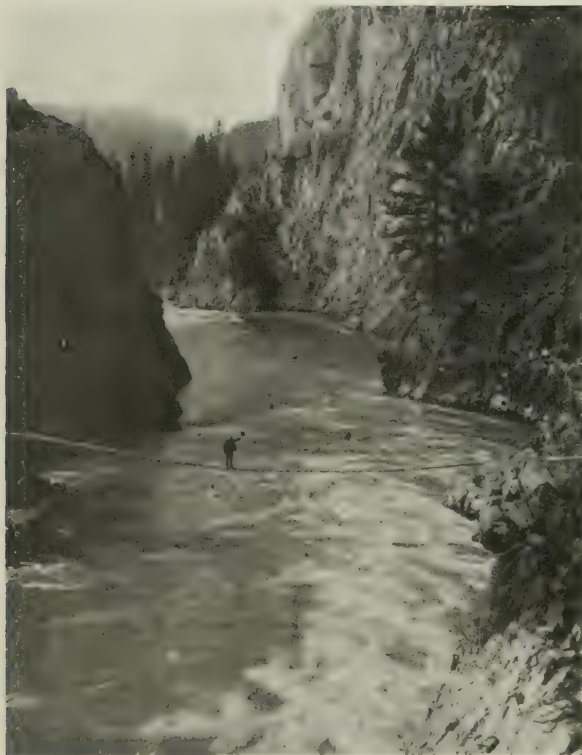
Everybody knows that birds, when they migrate in the fall, generally "go South," but knowledge is seldom more specific. The bulletin brings out the fact that, while some birds go to Florida, the West Indies, or Mexico, others, such as the bobolink, go as far south as Paraguay and the southern part of Brazil.

A CABLE BRIDGE IN THE NORTHWEST

Cable bridges swaying precariously in the wind are by no means rare in the Pacific Northwest, where turbulent streams are crossed by their means. The accompanying picture shows such a bridge

over the Spokane River, near old Fort Spokane, about sixty miles below the present thriving city of Spokane. Passage across the bridge is not nearly so hazardous as would appear, as the cables are firmly anchored in solid granite, and bear substantial foot-boards two feet wide. Some of the best trout-fishing in the world is to be had in this part of the country, while the scenery is unsurpassed in the entire Northwest.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.



A CABLE BRIDGE, SPANNING SPOKANE RIVER.

flies with such awkwardness, and apparently becomes so quickly exhausted, that at least one writer has been led to infer that most of its migration must be made on foot; the facts are, however, that the Carolina rail has one of the longest migration routes of the whole rail family and easily crosses the wide reaches of the Caribbean Sea.

The popular belief that birds under ordinary circumstances find ocean flight wearisome, and



"A HEADING FOR MAY" BY CLARENCE JOHNSON, AGE 10 (SILVER BADGE)

THE drawings and photographs light up our pages this month with something of the cheery brightness that May-time always brings; and we get the impression that they seem to have been done without effort. But did you ever stop to think how many things that seem easy are n't really easy at all? Truly successful things seldom are. There's a deal of patient push and striving hidden away in them somewhere, as a rule, from the smallest tasks up to the greatest. For instance, at this warm, spring season, we often see the trees burst forth into their green leaves within a week, or even a few days. It is a miracle, but it seems

so easy. We can form no conception of the amount of energy—"billions of tons of energy" is the way the scientists put it, yes *billions*—that our steadfast old friend up in the sky, the sun, pours out so lavishly each year, to reclothe the earth for us in the beautiful robes of summer.

This little sermonette seems to have wandered off into a pretty big subject; but it is merely a hint that perhaps some of the "Chance Shots" shown this month were n't quite so easy as the title might imply. And certainly the work of the League, as a whole, is a "Triumph of Faith"—and effort!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 183

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **L. Minerva Turnbull** (age 15), Virginia. Silver badges, **Margaret R. Gay** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Anna E. Botsford** (age 16), New York; **Carol B. Rhodes** (age 12), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Dorothy Ray Petgen** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Norman Cabot** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Llewellyn Wilcox** (age 17), Cal.; **Peggy Norris** (age 16), Mass.; **Ethel Carver Litchfield** (age 15), Pa.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Miriam Eisenberg** (age 14), New York; **Duane Van Vechten** (age 16), Illinois; **Amelia Winter** (age 14), New York; **Clarence Johnson** (age 16), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Kimball** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Walter P. Yarnall** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Beatrice Quackenbush** (age 16), Oregon; **Howard R. Sherman** (age 11), New Jersey; **Ferris Neave** (age 13), England.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Mary Jasner** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy Rand** (age 16), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Dorothy Wilcox** (age 15), Connecticut.



BY ELIZABETH KIMBALL, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE)
SILVER BADGE WON AUG., 1914



BY WALTER P. YARNALL, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE)
SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1914

"A CHANCE SHOT."

THE WAKENING WORLD

BY DOROTHY RAY PUGH (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge Silver Badge won June, 1914)

MORNING

Rosy light is fading into gold.

Wakening birds are trilling in the trees,

Opening blossoms smile to meet the sun,

New-born leaflets tremble in the breeze.

All the wakening world around me lies.

Now the winter's chill and snow are past.

Harken to the voices of the earth

"Spring! the magic spring is come at last!"

MIDDAY

Merry streamlets ripple down the glen,

Sun-kissed waters dimple in a pool

Where the little shadows violets hide,

And the willows bend, all fresh and cool.

Now the sun is highest in the sky,

Now the birds their sweetest carols sing;

Blossom laden branches murmur low.

All the world is wakening—it is spring!

EVENING

Twilight's dream spell now lies over all;

In the evening quiet, scented, sweet,

Cherry blossoms whisper to the breeze,

Tiny flowers quiver at my feet.

Lady Moon is floating up the blue,

Faint star-candles flicker in the skies;

From the trees a robin calls good night.

And the dewy wind of spring time sighs.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge Silver Badge won February, 1915)

FAITH MARLEY was sitting on the porch with a book in her hand and a despondent look on her face, while Margaret Smith was coming towards the house.

"How can you smile, Margaret, when you know we are going to have a terrible exam on Cæsar to-morrow!" exclaimed Faith, as her friend seated herself on the porch steps.

"How can you look so unhappy on such a beautiful day?" was the retort; but the expression on Faith's face remained the same. Margaret determined to change that despairing look, if it were possible.

"Faith," she began, "I've never seen any one that made so little effort to live up to her name! If only you had faith in yourself and believed that you were going to pass, I know you would be reading Cicero with me next year."

"It's all right for you to talk," was the reply, "but you've never had to practise what you preach."

"Indeed I have!" Margaret said quickly. "I sent a drawing to St. Nicholas League last year and I certainly needed a lot of faith to make me believe that it would be published, but I *did* believe it, and was successful. I did not win a silver badge, but everything comes by perseverance, and this month I've tried again. Please, Faith, won't you believe that you will pass?"

"Margaret," Faith replied, "I will try to live up to my name," and Margaret was satisfied.

That night, Faith studied; and as she was not worrying, she learned more about Latin than she had ever known before. After the examination, she met Margaret with the assurance that she believed she had passed.

The day for announcing the marks had come, and Faith, regardless of her determination to live up to her name, was nervous. Then the teacher read out, "Miss Marley, eighty-five." The experiment had worked and Faith and faith had triumphed!

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MARGARET R. GAY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

In a dark room whose windows overlooked the Severn river, sat a man. He was surrounded by drawings which covered the floor. He was thinking, and, if he had given utterance to his thoughts, they might have been like this:

"What is the use! This can come to nothing. I have been told so by every one. Perhaps I am foolish, as they say. But still, why should not iron float?"



BY HANS E. SCHULZ. BY EDWIN E. WILKINSON (AGE 11)
(Silver Badge)

no, it will not. These great people with whom I have talked must know better than I." Here he listlessly picked up one of the drawings and looked at it. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation and bent forward to look more closely. He studied it intently for some time, then seized a pencil and began to draw. Finally he stopped and put the paper in his pocket.

"I must have faith," he said to himself, "and I *do* have it."

SEVERAL MONTHS afterwards, on the banks of the Severn, a great crowd was gathered to watch the launching of the first iron ship. Many were the jeers, for every one believed the ship must sink immediately, on its first trial. Even when the ship was sliding down the ways to the water, the crowd was not stilled. Suddenly, amid all the tumult, came a shrill voice:

"She floats! The iron ship floats!" And there was the ship floating safely on the water. The crowd held its breath. But then the same voice cried out,

"Three cheers for the iron ship and for its maker!" And the cheers were given.

So to John Wilkinson, with his great faith, do we owe the huge ships that we have now.

THE REASON WHY
BY ELLIOTT WILSON (AGE 17)

(SILVER BADGE)

The night must come that there may be the dawn;
There must be darkness ere can come the light;
For there could be no moon without the night.
So pain must come before it can be gone.



"THE REASON WHY" BY ELLIOTT WILSON, AGE 17 (SILVER BADGE)

So must the storms of winter beat upon
The old earth, that the sun may shine more bright,
That flowers of spring may grow. A bitter fight
Must needs be fought before the palm is won.

I partly understand the reason why
It thus must be; and yet I cannot tell,
Nor can explain the wondrous plan of test.
But this I know,—enough to satisfy
My soul—that He who doeth all things well
Hath made it so, and therefore it is best.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY ANN L. BOISFORD (AGE 16)

(SILVER BADGE)

Jean sat at the open window in her pretty room at Oberlin, looking out on the moonlit campus and listening to the soft laughter of the girls, so in keeping with the peaceful scene.

It was June, and the evening before her graduation. Jean sat thinking, recalling everything from the beginning.

What a struggle it had been; how she had striven and prayed for a chance to win; and how hard it had been to obtain the means for her education! There had been the invalid mother to care for, coupled with the business failure of her father. Economy had been practiced in every conceivable way. The cloud had sometimes seemed too black to have a silver lining.

Even through the hot summer she had worked with tireless energy, only to go back to school for another year of persistent effort. Oh, it had been so hard!

But she smiled as she saw this other picture; a group of girls out for a frolic; a jolly party of laughing youth, the merry companionship which had made her life such a joy and had given her so much happiness.

Why not resolve to forget all the mean little things in life, holding only to those which were good and noble? How much better it would be!

A feeling of peace and calm came over her, and a look of triumph lighted her face. It was worth all the hardships to learn this priceless truth.

How had she won? Had it been alone through steadfast belief that the end could eventually be accomplished? Had love of real companionship buoyed her to the finish?

No, not in these did the secret lie; beneath them all was the true factor, work. This had been the foundation.

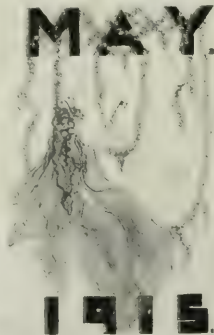
Jean smiled. The triumph of true faith lies in effort. How precious the sequel!

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MARION RICHARDSON (AGE 11)

MARJORIE was sitting on the sand after her first attempt to swim. Father himself had said she got on beautifully and, as she sat on the sand, she kept hoping that some time her turn would come to show her skill.

As she turned her head towards the blue water, Marjorie's eyes met a sight that spread a wave of terror through her. There, walking up the spring-board, was little Henry, Marjorie's small brother, just five years old! Little Henry did not know how to swim a stroke. Marjorie forgot how deep the water was, she forgot that she could not swim well; her only thought was for her brother. She was in the water in a moment and swimming after Henry. She caught him just as he was sinking, and, with her arm around him, tried to reach the shore. Her strength was giving out and she felt herself gradually getting fainter and fainter, but she had faith in her swimming, and was



"A HEDDING FOR MAY" BY DAVID ANN
V. DEHN, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

determined to save her brother. As she was almost sinking, she felt strong arms about her and knew her Father held her safe. Then she lost consciousness and everything was dark.

The next thing she knew, she was sitting in an arm-chair with Brother right near, asking for "more of dat milk-toast."



BY HARRY CLOW, M.F. 12



CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



EXTRACTS FROM THE
SOURCES



ENGLISH: W. F. HILL, ALBANY, N.Y.



PALEATRINE OF A KENTISH, AGE 19,
(SILVER PLATE)



10. HILL, R. L. & HILL, A. M. 1972



J. Geophys. Res., 89, 607-618, 1984



J. E. H. van Balen



(continued)

SONG FOR THE WAKENING WORLD

BY ETHEL CARVER LITCHFIELD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I

O come, I pray, come, come away
 Into some pretty lane!
 Do not say nay, my love, 't is May
 And blossom time again.
 These buds of spring are fairer far
 Than summer's full-blown roses are.

II

O don't you hear, from far and near,
 The bluebird's happy song?
 Then come, my dear, while spring is here,
 It cannot linger long.
 The dawn will deepen into noon,
 And May must give her place to June.

III

The primrose sweet, blooms 'neath our feet,
 But only for awhile
 For time is fleet, though youth is sweet;
 So now with song and smile—
 O come, my love, and just be glad
 'T is spring, and we are lass and lad.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE sea stretched out, a ruffled sheet of blue, in the sunlight. Where it met the sky, a purple haze blurred the horizon. A schooner was moving out beyond the point.

When it had become a speck in the distance, the girl turned reluctantly and hurried across the sand to her home at the edge of the beach. Her eyes were troubled, for in the house her father lingered between life and death, and on the schooner, her brother was departing on a fishing-trip. He had promised to be back by Sunday. But she sighed, and went into the house.

Saturday morning, the sun rose unseen. Dark clouds raced across the sky, the mercury fell, the wind raged, and lashed the waves to fury. By night the ocean was a maelstrom of death.

Out of the little house Agnes slipped, and fought her way through the storm to the rocks at the edge of the beach. Her father was worse and was calling for Tom; but Tom had not come. When the *Sea Gull* was men-

tioned, old seamen shook their heads. Lights shone from the tiny church. The villagers had gathered there to pray for the absent fishermen.

The girl shuddered as she thought of the ugly rocks at the point. But surely Tom would be spared to them! If he would only come in time! The shrieking wind bore her prayers aloft. All night she clung to the rocks, and peered out into the blackness of the crashing breakers. Just before dawn, she crept into the house and, drenched to the skin, fell asleep on the floor.



"A CHANCE SHOT." BY CHARLES E. COOPER, AG. 14

When she awoke, the sun was shining in upon her. She went to her father's bedroom.

"Sh! He 's asleep!" her mother cautioned.

The girl went to the window. The sea and sky were clear blue. Even as she looked, a schooner glided, phantom-like, around the point. She returned to the bedroom.

"Mother!" she whispered joyously. "He 's safe. The *Sea Gull* is back!"

THE WAKENING WORLD

BY PEGGY MORRIS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

The rising sun looked forth upon
 A scene of newness green,
 And where before were bare, brown fields
 Was now a feathery sheen,
 Which covered all the wakened world,
 Where grasses grew and leaves unfurled.

For, when the winter came, it laid
 A coverlet of white,
 Which spread upon the sleeping earth
 A blanket soft and light;
 And there beneath its snowy pall
 It waited for the south wind's call.

A gentle and refreshing rain
 Had fallen through the night,
 And then at morn the sun's bright rays
 Had bathed the world in light:
 And now the springtime breezes blew
 And gently rocked the grasses new.

The woods were carpeted with bloom,—
 The violets' rich hue,
 Hepaticas, like fallen stars—
 Above, the cloudless blue,
 While, from the lilac, fragrant floats
 And mingles with the robin's notes.



"THE FEATHERS." BY KENNETH DAVIS, AGE 10.

THE WHY OF THINGS

BY NORMAN CAROL (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1914)

In the dark night, when shone the silent stars,
Full far my eye might pierce, ere I beheld
The orb most distant from the earth; and yet,
E'en as I looked, I thought that these great worlds
Might be as dancing motes, to vaster realms
Beyond the precincts of all earthly dreams.
And as I mused, a silent, dull despair
Crept o'er my spirit, while I reasoned thus:
How may we hope by human means to find
The why of things, whose utmost borders stretch
So far beyond the optic sphere of men;
To raise ourselves through piercing thought, at last,
To perfect being by perfected lore—
Our greatest reach so small, the goal too far
For that great dream to know reality.
But Wisdom, knowing all my thoughts, replied:
"Look to those worms, who strive in southern seas,
Blindly, their labors to pursue, and live
Their lives; that small; yet all combined
Form coral isles, where men may make their homes—
These fragile worms, these tiny, senseless things,
Who spend their short and unadventuring lives
In depths of ocean and unending night."

"THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH"

(A True Story)

BY CAROL J. RHODES (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

In a cold, bleak, and mountainous part of the Balkan States there is situated a small mission-school conducted by two American missionaries, one of whom was a young American girl who had come over from America only two years before.



One day, as the missionaries were seated at lunch, there came the news that a fierce Turkish chieftain was staying near by, and that at any moment he might make a raid upon the mission-school and massacre the people.

Immediately the young girl rose. Without donning either coat or hat, she mounted her white horse, and, after seizing the American flag for protection, dashed gallantly off to the chieftain's camp.

What a picture she made in her dark dress, sitting

upright upon the white steed and holding the American flag high above her head as she dashed up to the chieftain's tent!

Without waiting to dismount, she made known to the chieftain her name and her purpose, and before he had an opportunity to make any reply, she added in a loud

voice, "I demand the protection of myself and my people!"

The chieftain, astounded at her bravery, immediately promised to grant her demand, and, after giving her food, sent her home with an escort, promising to remove his troops from that part of the country.



"A HEARTY SHOT" BY FLORENCE SEAVEY, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE)

Thus the young American's faith in her flag, and her wish to do right, gave her the triumph of having saved her people from destruction.

THE REASON WHY

BY FLORENCE WILSON LOWIE (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE reason why I love some folks

Is simple as can be—
There are a few I know I love
Just 'cause they all love me.
And some I love 'cause they're such fun,—
I like the things they do—
But I can never quite decide
The reason I love you.

It is n't 'cause your eyes are brown,
It's not the way you laugh,
Nor 'cause, when you've a candy box,
You always give me half.
It's everything you do or say
I guess it must be true,
The reason why I love you so
Is just because you're you!

THE AWAKENING WORLD

BY EDWARD H. HAY, AGE 11

The world woke up with the touch of spring,
The robins and bluebirds began to sing.
The brook rushed on to the restless sea,
And sang this little song for me.

"The snow is melting fast away,
Birds have come again to stay
Till the leaves grow gold and red,
Till the summer days have sped.

"Flowers are peeping through the snow,
Greeting me where'er I go,
Birds are flying in the air,
Singing, 'Spring is come where I

"THE AWAKENING"

BY RODERICK YOUNG (AGE 16)

The sun-god gilds the east with rosy dawn;
The silvery moon shines in the western night;
The day has yet to come, tho' night has gone.—
Then, in this mellow glow, we see aright.

Not dazzled by the splendor of the sun,
And night's dark veil does not our vision ban,
Nor fooled by empty pride of heights we've won,
We view the insignificance of man



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY WALDRON FAULKNER, AGE 16

THE REASON WHY

BY EMMA JACOBS (AGE 14)

Oh, why is the grass so fresh and green,
And why does the robin sing so gay,
And why do the trees begin to bud,
And why does the cock, at break of day,
Crow out so loud and lustily,
And drive the long night's sleep away?
'T is May.

And why in cool, dark, mossy glens
Are dainty little violets found,
And why does the brook sing so merrily,
And why is earth in this splendor gown'd,
And why do the farmers plough the fields?
All Earth repeats the joyful sound:
'T is May.

As he sits and cons his "rule of three,"
In the little red school beside the hill,
Why do the birds seem to call him on
And why is it hard for a boy to sit still,
Why does he think of the quiet pool
Where the fish lie deep, or the stream by the mill?
The reason why—'t is May!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement

PROSE, 1

Robert W. Lewis, Jr.	John Marshall	Pauline Heller
Adelaide S. Newlin, II	Elizabeth Cooper	Erna P. Schraubstadter
Wendy E. Morris	Reginald L. Capon	Blanche F. Livingston
Gertrude Green	Tillie Rosen	Kinley Engvalson
Page Williams	Emma W. Knapp	Mary L. Brennan
Margaret T. Smith	Elise Houghton	Ruth H. Brown
Frances E. Mills	Vail Motter	Dorothy Towne
Katharine	Gladys I. Pelz	Margaret Alden
Van R. Holste	Arthur Gardiner	Freda Wolfe
Virginia B. Smith	Mary Bancroft	Eva Tauberman
Beatrice Hurwitz	F. Alina Krips	Molly Serson
Elizabeth Gordon Gray	Evelyn G. Pullen	Sophie C. Hills
Alice Beyer	Ruth Jeffries	Katharine Winchester
Abel Greenstein	Carolyn Dean	Louise M. Sanford
S. Dorothy Jones	Virginia M. Alcock	Eugenia Raymond
Morgan S. Callahan	Barbara Kendall	Mollie Beckelman
Edith Brent	Ruth McBride	Elizabeth Chuverius
Eleanora Bell	Kollie Greenfield	Bessie Rosenman
Georgia C. Greer	Matherine Yager	Althea Dietrick
Edith Brill	Margaret Pratt	Beatrice Egan
	Rebekah A. Harman	Leo F. Wynne
	Estelle Wellwood	

Karlene A. Armstrong William R.
Charles Perry Anderson, Jr.
Eleanor O. Staley Marian Wightman
Norma R. Gullette Margaret S. K. Ross
Dorothy Holloway Jean F. Black
Gertrude Woolf Marjorie McCreary
Charles B. Steere Claire H. Roesch
Gladys Heidelberg Beatrice Traub
Arvid Janson Dora G. Golder
Alice M. McLarny Elizabeth L. King
Jos. M. Watson Elizabeth Norton
Dorris E. Padgham Charlotte Vanderlip
J. Townsend Frances J. Taylor
Russell, Jr. Mildred E. Fish
Fredericka Blankner Harriet S. Bailey
Daisy P. Williamson Elsa S. Ebeling
Dorothy Long Margreta S. Kerr
Ann Phelps Isabel E. Rathborne
Elizabeth B. Rider

Hope Palmer
Anna McAnear
Felicé Jarecky
Elena G. Savelli
Marguerite Carter
Dorothy Levy
Eleanor D. Hall
Eleanor Johnson
Helen F. Smith
Alice
Lucy I. Fergusson

VERSE, 2

Lonise Waring
Max E. Konecky
Mary R. Steichen
Norma N. Knight
Beatrice Griffith

PROSE, 2

Sigmund
Lichenstein, Jr.
Eleanor P. Korthueus
James R.
McClamrock, Jr.
Neil F. Hiscox
Elizabeth R. Child
G. Prescott Duncan
Edna Harley
Mildred Murray
Margaret Hinkley
Perris Miller
Gladys M. Smith
Mary E. Packer
Wilhelmine Hasbrouck
Marcella H. Foster
Alfred S. Valentine
Gertrude Hirschmann
Dorothy Daggett
Hannah Ratisher
Gertrude Goodman
Albert Campbell
Simonne Bonaventure
Martha Lewis
Samuel Maidman
Ruth Jackson
Marcia Gale

VERSE, 1

Clairese Wilcox
Grace Barron
Elizabeth C. Keiffer



"FINE FEATHERS" BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 15 (HONOR MEMBER.)

Lucy Newman
Mary Stuart
Katharine Brooks
Nicholas F. Palmer, 3d
Thomas Coolidge
Arthur D. Lionberger
Anna M. McCabe

Clifford A. Furst
Francis J. Godoy, Jr.
Martha F. Furnas
Martha Bliss
Florence White
Lena Becker
Mary S. Benson
Katherine Steiger
Katherine Bull
Willis F. Goldbeck
Selma Brenner
Barbara Prosser
Sydney R. McLean
Anne Dauchy
Ruth C. Hess
Ethelyn B. Crusel
Louise A. Jackson
Grace Becker
Marguerite A. Wing
Catherine E. Cook
Frances Gilmor
Barbara Wing
Sarah Hiller
Sterling North
Marjorie Willis
Claudia Overington
Dorothy H. Wingert
Harriet T. Parsons
Josephine E. Maack

DRAWINGS, 1

Yvonne Tones
Julia S. Marsh
Marjorie B. Clarke
Harlan Hubbard
Alice Dunn
Edwin M. Gill
Naomi Brackett
Evelyn Ringemann
Helen N. Smith
Helen F. Sanford
Alice L. Wilson
Virginia Gardiner
Marion Monroe
Eleanor Scott
Marjorie L. Henderson
Charlotte Malsbary

"FINE FEATHERS" BY AMELIA WINTER, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

Mary W. Fake
Mary G. Kenrick
Margaret Winfield
Grace C. Freese
Venette M. Willard
Sarah F. Borock
Hope Nelson
Mary I. Fry
Evangeline Lueth
Ivan L. Albright



A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

A Pixy, in a tropic land,
Once met a dainty maid.
She gazed in awe as, hand in hand,
Down sylvan paths they strayed.

"Oh! see those *dreadful Owls*," she said,
"All sitting in a row
Behind that tangled poppy-bed,
And staring at me so!"



HEAD OF THE
HORNED OWL



The Pixy smiled most knowingly:
"They are not Owls," he cried,
"Come nearer, little maid, and see,
Pray do not run and hide!"

With that he waved his tiny reed—
And, judge of her surprise,
To find they were *not* Owls, indeed,
But lovely *Butterflies*!



GEORGE O. BITLER

THE TROPICAL
OWL-BUTTERFLY



The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett

(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

1. MR. DOG MEETS MR. BEAR IN THE FOREST

ONCE upon a time, in the good old days, Mr. Bear lived in a very comfortable house in the middle of a great wood, while poor Mr. Dog had no house at all, and thought himself lucky if he found so much as a nest of leaves or a roomy hollow tree to lie in.

Well, Mr. Bear not only had a real house all for himself, but it was a very nice house too. It had four windows, and a door, and a chimney. The windows had white lace curtains, and the door had a bright brass knocker, and the chimney was of red brick with a line of white-painted brick all around the top of it.

There was not such another house in the whole forest. It had two bedrooms, and a kitchen, and

for it made one feel elegant and quite citified. When I say that Mr. Bear also owned a cottage-piano, and a beautiful lamp that he got for a prize with a box of tea, you will think at once that he ought to be very, very happy.

He ought, but he was n't.

I will tell you why in a very few words.

Mr. Bear was I-A-Z-Y.

He just hated to get up out of his warm four-post bed, and go down-stairs in the cold winter mornings to get breakfast. He even tried eating two suppers to see if he could n't skip breakfast altogether, but it did n't work, for he was just as hungry as ever the morning after, at six-thirty.

So one day when he went to walk in the forest he met Mr. Dog, and this is how they began to talk to each other:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, making a very low bow as he spoke.

"Good day," said Mr. Bear,— "that is," he added, "it might be a good day if I did n't have to do all the work in my house over yonder."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dog, pricking up his ears, "I wish I lived in a beautiful house like yours, Mr. Bear! If I did, I 'm sure I would n't mind the work of taking care of it."

Mr. Bear stopped short, and scratched his head with his paw. His small eyes twinkled, for he had an idea, a fine idea, a wonderful idea; but it would n't do to look too anxious. So he gave a far-away glance at the tree-tops, and when he spoke he said in a far-away voice:

"If anybody came to live with me in my house, I should expect him to get up in the morning and get the breakfast,—oh, yes, and start the fire."

"If anybody lived in a house like yours, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, jumping up and down with excitement and almost wagging his tail off as he



"IT MADE ONE FEEL QUITE CITIFIED."

a china-closet, and a parlor beside; and it had a neat gravel-walk leading up to it, and a porch and a door-scraper and a handsome sign beside it, which said "Please wipe your feet." Every animal, for miles around, had been to see it, and most of them had wiped their feet on the scraper,



"MR. BEAR SPOKE AGAIN IN A FAR-AWAY VOICE."

spoke, "If anybody came to live with you in your house, he ought to expect to get up and get the breakfast,—oh yes! and build the fire, too."

Now when Mr. Bear saw how delighted Mr. Dog was, he had another idea and that was to get Mr. Dog to do all the work, instead of part of it.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Bear was lazy. So he kept his far-away look on the tree-tops, and he spoke again in a far-away voice:

"If anybody came to live with me in my house, I should expect him to get the dinner also."

Mr. Dog stopped jumping when he heard this, but he still wagged his tail, and he answered very promptly and to the point:



DISHES! YOU NEVER SAW SO MANY!

"If anybody came to live with you in your house, he ought to expect to get the dinner."

At this Mr. Bear, who had heard that Mr. Dog was a very good cook, almost rolled over and over with joy, but he remembered himself in time, and said, still looking at the far-away tree-tops as he answered:

"If anybody came to live in my house, I should expect him to get the supper, also."

Now when Mr. Dog heard this he stopped wagging his tail and he did n't reply for a moment. But through the trees he caught a glimpse of Mr. Bear's beautiful house, and he remembered how cold and hungry he had been all the night before. So he soon spoke up in answer, though rather solemnly:

"If anybody came to live in your house, Mr. Bear, he ought to expect to get the supper, also."

At this, Mr. Bear took his eyes off the distant tree-tops and said in a brisk business-like voice:

"Then, Mr. Dog, I'd like you to live with me in my house—on those terms, on those terms, mind you! Come, shall we shake paws, and call it a bargain?"

"Yes, Mr. Bear, we will," said Mr. Dog, and they both gravely shook paws and said, "Done!" to seal the compact.

Now Mr. Bear felt indeed very happy, and after the way of such people, he got lazier and lazier. He stayed in bed till the very last minute before breakfast, and some days he came down without brushing his hair at all.

At first, he felt a little ashamed at letting Mr. Dog do all the work; and, once in a while, he even thought of offering to help peel the potatoes, or carry in some firewood. But he soon got over thinking anything at all about it, and only grumbled if everything was n't exactly to his liking.

Well, this went on for a good while, and though Mr. Dog had a nice room and plenty to eat, he got quite thin working so hard. Mr. Bear had a most enormous appetite and had a way that was most discouraging of coming into the pantry between meals, and eating up everything he found there. So Mr. Dog had to set his wits to working, and this is what happened.

Mr. Bear came in, as usual, just before breakfast one fine morning, and feeling, as he always did, as hungry—well as hungry as a bear, and you know how that is!—and there was no breakfast!

When Mr. Dog was asked for an explanation, he said cheerfully that he was very sorry, but as there were no dishes to put any food upon, he did n't really see how he could be expected to serve the morning meal as usual.

Mr. Bear was angry, and very much surprised.

"No dishes!" he roared. "No dishes! I never heard such nonsense. Why the china-closet is full of dishes!"

"Yes," said Mr. Dog, meekly, "it is full of dishes, and so is the kitchen, but they are n't any of them clean."

"Why!" said Mr. Bear sputtering over his words, he was so angry. "Not clean? Why are n't they clean? Why did n't you wash 'em? What do you mean by having this house full of dirty dishes?" and he pulled open the door of the pantry, in a great rage, as he spoke.

Dishes! You never saw so many! They were in great piles from floor to ceiling, and were simply everywhere, on the chairs, on the sink, even on the kitchen stove. And not one was clean.

"I did n't promise," said Mr. Dog, still very meekly, but with a sly laugh in the corner of his eye. "You remember, Mr. Bear, I did n't promise to wash the dishes—"

"You promised to light the fire, and get the meals, and of course washing the dishes goes with that," said Mr. Bear, not roaring quite so loud now, for he was beginning to get worried.

"Oh, no, it does n't," said Mr. Dog quickly, "though of course it is too bad about breakfast. I took a snack myself off the tea-kettle cover, but I would n't think of offering you food in any such way as that, Mr. Bear, and so I ate up all the breakfast there was myself this mornin'g."

Mr. Bear nearly fell over when he heard this. He would have turned white, like a polar bear, if he could have done so, but, as he happened to be a nice cinnamon-brown shade, he could n't.

He thought a while, and then he began to coax instead of blustering.

"My dear Mr. Dog," he said, "why not be sensible, and wash up the dishes, and let things go on comfortably, just as before? It's so hot, and my fur is so long, I could n't possibly do it, but you've got beautiful short hair, and besides, if you got too heated working you could take off your collar. You see I have n't any collar to take off, so I could n't do anything to make myself cooler, if I wanted to ever so much."

But Mr. Dog refused to be wheedled. He said he would rather leave first, and that made Mr. Bear have a chill in spite of the weather.

Well, in the end, they decided to leave the question of what was fair to both of them to Mr. Owl, and forthwith they proceeded to the great tree where he lived.

Mr. Owl was asleep, but he good-naturedly woke up and listened to both sides of the story. Then he took a nap again, while Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear—poor Mr. Bear feeling very hollow indeed—waited patiently. All of a sudden, Mr. Owl's big yellow eyes opened.

"You must *both* wash the dishes," he said.

Then he slept again for about ten minutes. It might have been longer, only Mr. Dog forgot and barked at a chipmunk.

"And you, Mr. Dog, must get up and light the fire, because it's Mr. Bear's house."

"Wise, wise bird!" murmured Mr. Bear.

"And as for the rest," went on Mr. Owl in his best giving-judgment voice, "you must just take turns." And with that he tucked his head under his wing, and went so fast asleep that nothing could wake him.

Neither Mr. Dog nor Mr. Bear were really altogether satisfied, but each felt it might have been worse, and so they clasped paws once more over the new bargain. Then they went back to the cottage, and fell to.

They washed dishes, and washed dishes, and

washed dishes, all the morning, all the afternoon, and into the evening.

Mr. Bear ate some bread-crusts and honey which he found, and Mr. Dog chewed on a bone; but, except for a very short time, they neither of them stopped work.

At last, every dish was clean and in its right place, and both Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear lay right down on their backs with their four paws in the



MR. OWL LISTENED TO BOTH SIDES.

air and their tongues hanging out of their mouths and never stirred for a whole hour.

Then, somewhat rested, they each curled up in bed, not even stopping to brush their teeth, so very tired were they. And the next day, when Mr. Bear heard Mr. Dog down-stairs shaking up the kitchen-stove he said to himself as he set his alarm clock:

"Well, in thinking it over, I believe Mr. Owl was right. It is pretty hard for one person to do all the work. I guess I'll make some buckwheat cakes this morning for Mr. Dog's breakfast."

THE LETTER-BOX

THE statements of fact in "Uncle Ezra's Shoes," which appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS (page 592), are based on an editorial in "The Boot and Shoe Recorder" of Saturday, August 15, 1914, which gives a list of a score of things that go into the making of a shoe.

THE story of "Greencap," promised in our April prospectus for this number, has been unavoidably crowded out and cannot appear until June.

THE pretty New England custom of hanging an offering of flowers, or even of goodies, on May-day at the outer door of a friend, has been delightfully described by Miss Alcott in "Jack and Jill," first published, in 1880, in ST. NICHOLAS. To all who love the story (and who does not?) this description of some novel May-baskets will be welcome.

MAY-BASKETS THAT YOU CAN MAKE

BY GERALDINE AMES

A MAY-BASKET that any one can make is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of four cones made of cardboard and covered with bright paper. These cones, or cornucopias, are then fastened securely together at the top by means of wires; or they may be sewed together with linen thread. Then a handle is added, a band of ribbon passed through a double slit cut in each cone, as shown, a bow tied on one side, and the basket is ready to be filled and hung, the ribbon helping to hold the cones firmly in place.

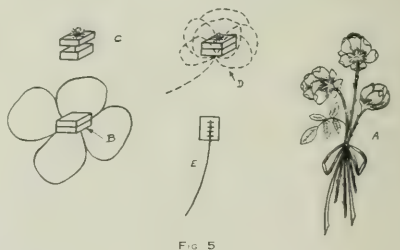
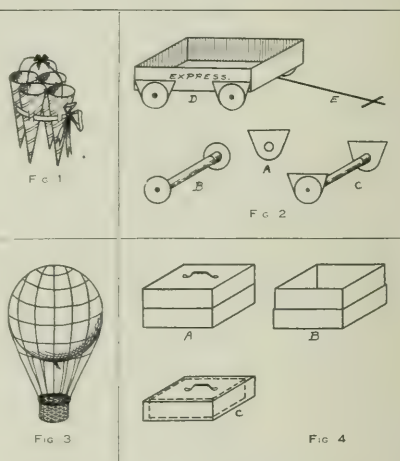
A May-basket in the form of an express-wagon (see Fig. 2) is a novelty and not very difficult to make. (D) in Fig. 2 shows how the basket looks when it is completed. Cut out four pieces, A, of very stout cardboard, and secure two spools, B, around which films for cameras are wound. First glue the cardboard strips, A, on the pasteboard box which is to be the body of the cart, as shown at D. Then, remove one of the tin ends from each of the film-spools, push the wooden rod through the holes cut in the cardboard pieces, A, push the tin end of the spool back in place, as shown at C, fasten a tongue, E, to the cart, and your express-wagon May-basket is ready.

To make one of the most novel of May-baskets, Fig. 3, all that is needed is a small basket, not over four inches in diameter and three inches deep, and a toy balloon, such as may be bought for ten cents. Secure this toy balloon to the basket by means of a network of threads—preferably of red silk. A bow of ribbon may be added, if desired, and the basket is ready for delivery. Just set it on the porch, in front of the door, and the balloon will remain upright making an original and attractive offering.

Another novel May-basket is really a trick box. This is shown in Fig. 4. It certainly looks innocent enough, as seen at A, but, when it is opened, to the surprise of whoever sees it, it appears to be empty, as shown at B. The trick consists of a false box secreted in the cover, as indicated by the dotted lines at C. When the cover is lifted, the hidden box comes away with it, and the

bottom part of the big box is empty. After the first surprise and brief disappointment, an examination shows the hidden box, much to the amusement and delight of whoever receives it. A bail instead of a handle may be attached to this and it may be decorated in any manner desired.

One of the biggest surprises is something that appears like three mammoth paper-roses tied together with a ribbon as shown at A in Fig. 5. Whoever finds this will be greatly puzzled until, upon careful examination, she discovers its secret. This secret is that there are three small boxes, containing the bonbons or other gifts, hidden in the roses. First cut out the petals and paste the



box in the center of them as shown at B. Then, on the cover of the little box, you glue the heart of the artificial rose, as shown at C, and build the rose entirely around it, as indicated by the dotted lines at D. Stout wire stems, wound with green paper and fastened to the bottom of the box as shown at E support these roses. Add the green leaves and the basket is complete.

JUNEAU, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Juneau, the capital of Alaska. The population is about 6000. In winter the snow only gets about six feet deep in the town, but on the mountains it reaches a depth of from thirty to fifty feet.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about two years, and hope to take it many more.

A couple of weeks ago I went on a trip to Taku Glacier (pronounced Tah koo). It is a large river of ice that reaches to the bay. The face of the glacier is about two hundred feet high. The bay on which the glacier is situated is full of floating ice-bergs; the density of the ice makes the glacier and bergs a deep blue. When the excursion steamers go to the glacier they blow their whistles, and the vibration of the air made by the whistles often causes pieces of ice larger than a house to break and fall from the face of the glacier.

There are about two dozen automobiles in Juneau now. A house caught on fire yesterday. We have a new electric fire-alarm system here.

Your sincere reader,

EDWIN P. POND.

BRIDGETON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is impossible to tell you how much I like you. Sometimes I think I cannot wait a whole month for you to come, but then I bring the old numbers down from the attic and read them again. I think some of your stories are very exciting.

My favorite stories are: "Peg o' the Ring," "The Boarded-up House," and "The Lost Prince."

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH NEAL (age 13).

CLAREMONT, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been to Catalina Island several summers. There is an old seal there. The people call him Old Ben. He would come up on the beach, sometimes, and let people take his picture. The fishermen would take a fish they had caught, and coax him with it up the gang-plank to the wharf. Then they would throw the fish into the ocean, and off would go Old Ben.

I am an enthusiastic stamp collector, and, every month, I read the stamp page.

Your interested reader,

ALICE ANDROUS (age 11).

BATANGAS, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write to you for some time, but at last I have decided that nobody else is going to tell you about the Philippines, so I will.

I live in one of the most civilized parts of Luzon; but as there is quite a bit to see, I will tell you about it.

The most interesting thing is a gorge near here. It is several miles long and between twenty and thirty feet wide, and very deep. There is a little stream running through it, and the gorge is covered with the most beautiful vegetation. There are bamboos on both sides, and small trees and bushes grow down the sides; these are covered almost entirely by graceful vines which hang their long tendrils into the water below. In one place, a piece of bamboo has fallen and the vines have grown over it in the shape of a graceful arch.

This gorge is claimed to have been caused by a volcanic eruption, but I believe, with my family, that it has been caused by the stream, which becomes a rushing torrent in the rainy season.

I must tell you that in our unusually rainy season this year, the Pasig River rose and carried off a bridge.

Another interesting thing is that another bridge, "The Bridge of Spain," has been rapidly settling, and in one day sank four inches.

For six days it poured here and a certain river near here (I don't know its name) rose till it flooded the spring so that we could get no more clean water. If it had not stopped that day it would have flooded the ice-plant too.

But goodness! Manila was awful. The whole place was flooded.

I had a friend in the hospital. She said the doctor waded up to his waist when he came to inspect. Bonkas (a long very narrow canoe) sailed up and down the street, and other kinds of boats made it like Venice.

As for the animals, the caraboa is most interesting. He has huge horns, and, though seemingly awkward, is swift as a horse. It is dangerous to hunt the timeroa, or wild caraboa, as he is very artful and sly; he will bound ahead of the hunter and then get in back of him and charge, so that two men are needed.

Your interested reader,

ALICE BALLOU.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister subscribes for you, but I read you just the same.

I don't know what story I like best, but I did love "The Runaway" and "Beatrice of Denewood." I think "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Lost Prince" are lovely.

Yesterday I had to miss a whole day of reading you, as I could not find you, much to my disappointment, but you turned up this morning in Mother's room.

Your devoted reader,

ELEANOR FRANCKE.

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The new year has now begun and I will start in right by writing you a letter and telling how I appreciate you.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the first year of high school. I live on a farm of about 160 acres with my grandparents. I have taken you ever since 1909, and never, in all my years, have I seen a magazine that I enjoyed as much as I do ST. NICHOLAS. I am not the only one in our family who reads you, as my uncle and grandmother also help to wear out your pages.

Grandma was very much pleased over the story called "The Runaway," but did not like it because she had to wait so long for the next ST. NICHOLAS to come. I like most all of your stories, and I feel sure that "The Boarded-up House" is going to be splendid. Hoping for your future success, I am,

Ever your friend,

MARIAN L. NEELIS.

LOCKPORT, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our uncle made us a present of ST. NICHOLAS for a year. We have only received two numbers of the magazine as yet. We like the Letter Box, and Riddle Box, and would like to be members of the League.

There are four little blue-noses in this family, but two are not big enough to become members of your League.

The town we live in is called Lockport, with about 1000 people in it. It is almost an island being connected with the mainland by a lovely crescent-shaped sand beach, over half a mile long.

We enjoy ourselves in summer by bathing, and picking up shells, and playing in the sand. Most of our people are fishermen, and we have quite a fleet of fishing vessels coming and going out all the time. One of my uncles is captain of one, and we get dandy fish. Any time from the spring to the first of winter we can catch smelts, pollocks, tommycods, and perch. Sometimes Johnson catches a sculpin. In the winter we have lots of outdoor skating and coasting. We have good graded schools. We would like to go to the city sometime, but think we live in a pretty good place.

Your new readers,

ARICE M. LOCKE (age 11).

T. JOHNSON LOCKE (age 9).

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can hardly wait for the next number. Mother took you when she was a little girl in 1802 and she is almost as interested in it now as I am. I want to tell you how much I like your stories.

I am getting well after a long illness and have kept ST. NICHOLAS on my bed most of the time.

Your devoted reader,

MARY HAMILTON WILLIAMS (age 8).

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take you but hope I will get you as a Christmas present. I just get you at the newsstand every month, and ask days and even weeks before you arrive if you are here. I suppose at your home it is snowing and cold. It is as warm as summer here. I have just finished playing tennis. Why just think! I have never seen snow! We do have some cold weather. But it is warm, hot I mean, now, and we are n't going to have any cold weather for Christmas.

That reminds me that in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS I read about the candy sales given by the Junior Blairs, and decided right away that our Junior League must have one. We had it this afternoon and in less than an hour made five dollars. We used four of the receipts given: salted almonds, chocolate cocoanut cakes, nut creams and pinoche. Besides these, we had several other kinds. Every kind we tried turned out fine and we sold every bit. The proceeds went to the starving Belgian women and children. I have tried before the receipts given in "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" and was successful every time.

Yours sincerely,

CATHERINE FOXWORTHY (age 12).

HANTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I take a few moments of your valuable time to show you the accompanying photographs of odd potatoes grown in our garden in England?

My family has been pressing me to send you these, though I am long past membership age limit in your most interesting League; I was once a devoted ST. NICHOLAS girl, in the eighties, and now my three children are devotees, but as they are all away at boarding-school, they have asked "Mother" to "send our potatoes to ST. NICHOLAS." The potatoes on the little table were just exactly as they came out of the ground, and not prepared in any way, even the appropriate little tail, which would win the prize at any donkey-party, was *grown* just as you see it, and the four round legs and a quaint little notch for a mouth. We had quite a number of small duck and doll and turtle potatoes, perfect in outline but too small to kodak.

We get the ST. NICHOLAS every month addressed to

my little girl, and I can assure you it is read with great interest by the grown-ups before the term is over; then, when holidays begin, there is such a rush for the different months that they have missed—the children cannot bear to have them bound until the New-year sets in.

We live on the shores of The Solent, just opposite Cowes, and in the summer we have splendid views of the great yacht races and the naval pageants, and recently a ship was towed in all ablaze and beached quite



near by. We were glad to learn that her crew had all been taken off, including the ship's dog. The children would not think my letter complete if I did not tell you that we have three cats, a dog, and two canaries; one of the canaries came from Newark, New Jersey, and has been to Germany; he is seventeen years old.

Your department on books and reading always interests us exceedingly. Many of the titles you suggest are old friends, but we always try to get the new ones.

With friendly greeting for old-time's sake, and many a happy hour.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA KINGHAM.

FORT APACHE, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years, and I like you very much and hope to take you another year. My brother always grabs for you, and I never can get you. I live in Arizona and can ride pretty well. I can jump a hurdle about one foot high.

Your loving reader,

THEODORE SCOTT RIGGS (age 7).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a few lines, to tell you how very much I enjoy your interesting stories. I have only personally subscribed to you for two years, but you are an old friend of the family, and up in the nursery we have ever so many bound volumes of you, which belong to my sisters. Although my sisters are grown up now, they very often take great pleasure in looking over their dear old ST. NICHOLAS, which they used to be, and still are, so fond of. My oldest sister is married and has a child five years old, who revels in your pictures, and your stories for Very Little Folk, also your poems. As for myself, I can hardly wait for the first of each month to come, and, when ST. NICHOLAS finally arrives, no matter what I am doing, it always is dropped and I turn to devour the contents of my favorite magazine, and then I often wish I could drop school too.

Your very devoted reader,

BARBARA KISSEL.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

HIDDEN DURETY. Answers: Primals, China, finals, Wales, Cross-words: 1. Curfew, 2. H. H. H., 3. Ireful, 4. Native, 5. Abbeys.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Mike was ten years old; his sister, four.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Azule, 2. Inveigh, 3. Mstain, 4. Tracked, 5. Valleys, 6. Noonday, 7. Follows, 8. Ossicle, 9. Baromet, 10. Satrap, 11. Heroism, From 1 to 10, Shakespeare; 12 to 10, England; 1 to 10, Elizabeth, 11 to 10, James's, Laker's Lost; 12 to 10, Susanna, 11 to 10, Stratford-on-Avon.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Can trouble live with April days, or sadness in the summer months?"

1. 1. ST. AZUL, 2. DURETY, 3. HATWAY, 4. HATWAY, 5. Magnet, 6. Cornet, 7. Eleven, 8. Goblet, 9. Turkey.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. April, 2. Plane, 3. Range, 4. Ingot, 5. Leets.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Zepher, 2. Minneapolis, Cross-words: 1. Mexico, 2. Sicily, 3. Canada, 4. France, 5. Ganges, 6. Manila, 7. Europe, 8. Bogota, 9. Yellow, 10. Pierre, 11. Salara.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above printed answers to puzzles.

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NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and form a quotation from a well-known poem by Tennyson.

My 35-26-3 is a lair. My 7-34-17-46 is injury. My 45-31-13 is not many. My 1-23-41 is an insect. My 39-40-5-48 is a wharf. My 8-11-16-25 is the god of thunder. My 20-38-47-14 is trim. My 29-2-18 is a number. My 24-43-19-37-27 is a goblin. My 30-36-12-6-22 is a stretch of open country. My 15-44-28-10-32 is a sweet substance. My 21-9-42-33-4 is a topic.

FIFTH MAILED SEPTEMBER 1921, Honor Member.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose to harvest, and make a fruit. Answer, reap, pear.

1. Transpose merchandise, and make to have on. 2. Transpose to bedaub, and make anoints. 3. Transpose an Alaskan cape, and make an augury. 4. Transpose method, and make a large cupola. 5. Transpose sensitive, and make a flower. 6. Transpose to wander, and make above. 7. Transpose to glide along smoothly, and make a savage beast. 8. Transpose to haul, and make custody. 9. Transpose the name of the eldest son of Adam and Eve, and make a Peruvian monarch. 10. Transpose a tropical tree, and make a light-producing apparatus. 11. Transpose a graceful ornament, and make to hoard. 12. Transpose performs, and make lyric

DIAMOND. 1. C, 2. Car, 3. Carol, 4. Caramel, 5. Rime, 6. Leo, 7. L.

CROSS PUZZLE. From 1 to 24, Cluridge. Cross-words: 1. Act, 2. Ist, 3. Ill, 4. Agamemnon, 5. Ascertains, 6. Architect, 7. Ada, 8. Ago, 9. Rep.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, April Fool. Cross-words: 1. Apple, 2. Purple, 3. Round, 4. Index, 5. Large, 6. Forum, 7. Ogres, 8. Opium, 9. Labor.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I, 1. Wheel, 2. Hello, 3. Elbow, 4. Flope, 5. Lower, Connecting words: 1. Lamp, 2. Okra, 3. Whip, 4. Edge, 5. Roar, II, 1. Paper, 2. Agile, 3. Pipes, 4. Elect, 5. Rests, Connecting words: 1. Runs, 2. East, 3. Soda, 4. Tear, 5. Sort, III, 1. Start, 2. Throe, 3. Armor, 4. Rooms, 5. Terse, Connecting words: 1. Ray, 2. Edge, 3. Rea, 4. Sage, 5. East, IV, 1. Tale, 2. Rta, 3. Earn, 4. Edge, 5. Sus, V, 1. Cane, 2. Mill, 3. Nose, 4. Elsie, 5. Sleet.

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poems. 13. Transpose part of a horse, and make cognomen.

The initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous man.

WILLIAM M. ARCHER (AGE 15), Letter Member.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name and title of a famous woman, born in May; another row of letters will spell the title of her mother.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To waste time in trifling employments. 2. Unfolds. 3. To instruct. 4. Avoids. 5. A bunch of flowers. 6. Ships. 7. Tiresome. 8. Statues of gigantic size. 9. Things of little value. 10. Inhabitants of Osaka. 11. Malicious return of injury. 12. Senselessness. 13. To disturb.

IDA C. RAMER (AGE 12), Honor Member.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

When Lewis was asked his age, he replied:

"At present, I am one year older than one sixth of my father's age. Next year, he will be one year younger than five times my age. Four years from now, my age will be just one fourth of my father's; but three years ago, he was just seven and one half times my age."

How old were Lewis and his father?

LEONARD J. ROSS (AGE 14), Letter Member.



ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE

To each of the ten objects in the above picture may be prefixed a common little noun of five letters. When the prefix is added, what are the ten words?

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS

I

My *first* is in Connecticut, but not in New Hampshire;
My *second* is in New Hampshire, but not in Connecticut;
My *third* is in Indiana, but not in Colorado;
My *fourth* is in Colorado, but not in Indiana.
My *whole* is one of the United States.

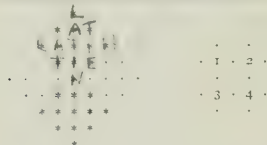
II

My *first* is in Scotland, but not in the Netherlands;
My *second* is in the Netherlands, but not in Scotland;
My *third* is in the British Isles, but not in England;
My *fourth* is in England, but not in the British Isles;
My *fifth* is in England, but not in the British Isles.
My *whole* is a great country.

CHAUMERS L. GEMMILL (age 13), *League Member*.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



This puzzle is made up of four large, connected diamonds such as is shown in the above diagram. There are four of these large diamonds joined as shown in the little diagram.

I. LARGE UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To undermine.
3. An old language. 4. To fasten. 5. In relinquish.
Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A stick. 3. Scents.
4. One-half of a word meaning "extent." 5. In relinquish.
Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To tell. 3. Buried. 4. By. 5. In relinquish. Right-

hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To bend. 3. Letters. 4. Moisture. 5. In relinquish.

II. LARGE UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A unit. 3. To breathe harshly in sleep. 4. To sin. 5. In relinquish.
Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. An emmet. 3. To penetrate. 4. A drink. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. To gaze at rudely. 4. Age. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A small quadruped. 3. Consumer. 4. A number. 5. In relinquish.

III. LARGE LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A large body of water. 3. Aquatic animals. 4. A drink. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A fish. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. The light. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A spring of mineral water. 3. Boxes. 4. A portion of a curved line. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. Conclusion. 3. To scoff. 4. The governor of Algiers. 5. In relinquish.

IV. LARGE LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning "useless." 3. Governors. 4. Conducted. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To disclose. 3. Used by horsemen. 4. Before. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. The sun. 3. Certain flowers. 4. One of the signs of the zodiac. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A deer. 3. Boils. 4. A curious fish. 5. In relinquish.

MARY JASNER (age 15).

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the eighteen questions asked may be answered by the usual abbreviation of the name of one of the United States.

1. Which is an egotistical State? 2. The most religious State. 3. A reading State. 4. The father of States. 5. A little valley. 6. A medical State. 7. Useful at harvest-time. 8. An unmarried woman. 9. A number. 10. Sick. 11. A refuge. 12. Crude metal. 13. Monday. 14. A syllable of the musical scale. 15. A kind of grain. 16. A bird's beak. 17. A container. 18. Happy.

DOROTHY G. RAND (age 10).



"FROM THE BALCONY JACOPO COULD LOOK OUT ON THE CANAL."

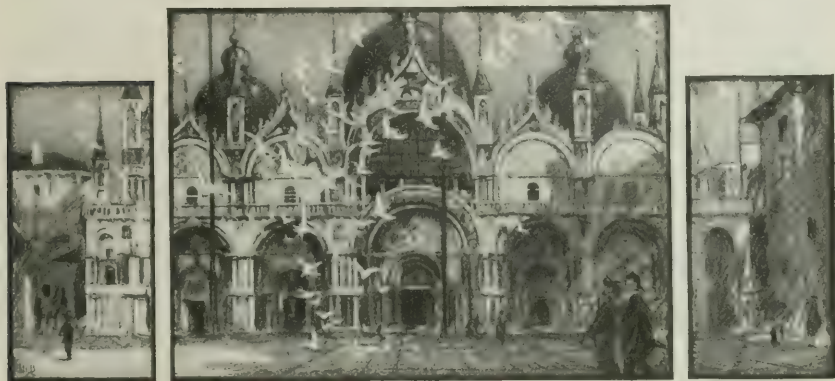
ST. NICHOLAS

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JACOPO, THE LITTLE DYER

-By Katherine D. Cather-

HE was a handsome lad, strong-limbed and sturdy, and although dressed in the dun-colored smock worn only by Venetian youths of low degree, was as happy as if his father had been one of the Council of Ten. For it was sunset time; and from the balcony of the dim apartment that served as the family living-room, he could look out on the canal, flushed then with glorified light.

A girl with laughing eyes, and hands purple-stained from the dye-pots, came running into the room and called his name. But he did not turn, because he did not hear. He was too busy with his thoughts for familiar sounds to disturb him, for just then everything except the beauty of the shimmering lagoon was crowded out of his mind, and he saw only the amethysts and opals that flashed at every ripple.

The girl was not held spellbound by the wizardry of the sunset. She was just a child of the tintori (the dyers), and she never had fancies beyond those of the money the dyeing would bring, and the trinkets she might buy, and thought it far better to talk of the good fortune come to them that day, than to stand gazing out on the canal. So she went up and shook him violently.

"Jacopo!" she exclaimed. "Jacopo Robusti! Wake up, boy! Don't you know that this is a great day for us? Now that the Dogaressa has sent her goods to be colored, other great folk are sure to patronize this shop, and before long your father will be the most prosperous dyer in Venice. Surely you know that, Jacopo!"

The boy turned slowly, as if reluctant to take his eyes from the glowing canal. For now that

the heat was over, gondolas were beginning to glide by, and snatches of song came from the lips of the light-hearted rowers. The music, the color, and the swanlike motion of the boats belonged together, and Jacopo loved it all. But no matter how strong its allurements, it could not hold him after his cousin came into the room. For she was a persistent maid, and always kept nagging until she had her way.

"I know," he replied, "and also that the work must be ready to-morrow night, which means that I'll have to stay at home and help, instead of going out on the Canalezzo to see the sunset."

Floria frowned at him.

"The idea of thinking of anything but your father's good fortune!" she rebuked. "The sun goes down every night, and the canal will always be there. But we've never had work from the Dogaressa before, and you ought to be glad to stay at home and lend a hand. Come and look at the stuff. It is silk from the Indies, and will be colored crimson."

The odor of boiling dye came in through the open door, and his father's voice called just then. Jacopo knew there was no more standing on the balcony for him, so he followed Floria into the shop that, its walls gay with pictures in fresco fashion, adjoined the living-room; and soon they were at work grinding the colors that were to transform the creamy silk of the Indies into a gorgeous crimson fit for the court robe of a Venetian lady. Robusti the elder was rolling up some material colored that day, while the apprentice tintori, their arms mottled from the dipping, were finishing up the last bit of work. Dust from the grinding pigments and steam from the boiling vats filled the place; and as Jacopo worked, he thought how pleasant it must be on the canal, with odors from many a walled garden wafting across it, and the soft singing of lithe-limbed gondoliers. But he was a true Venetian lad, and, when the father spoke, had no thought save that of obedience. That is why the walls were so brightly tinted. For often when his heart was out on the lagoons and he had to stay at home and help, he filled the intervals between watching the pots and turning the coloring fabrics by making charcoal sketches and tinting them with dyes.

There were dozens of such pictures; here a bit of sea with a sunset sky like a painted canopy above the white-sailed galleys, and there a lord of Venice, gaily robed as Venetian nobles were in those golden days. Scattered among them were groups of tintori, like his father and his father's men, with dye-bespattered arms, and smocks as many colored as Joseph's coat, and sometimes there were snatches of fairy landscape

across which fantastic figures flitted, just as in the pictures of his fancy. For when the soul is as full of beautiful things as an overflowing river, some of them are sure to get out where people will see.

The next morning every member of the Robusti household was up before the ringing of the matin-bells. The apprentice tintori came early too, and soon the pots were steaming and a hum of work was about the shop. For the silk had been promised for that evening, and to disappoint the Dogaressa would be ruinous indeed. It would mean that never again would great folk patronize the place, and that would be a calamity, for great folk paid well. So all hands worked with a vim, the men turning and stirring while the dyer directed, and Jacopo and Floria both lending a hand. There was water to be brought, and refuse liquor to be carried away, which they could do as well as any one.

Evening came and all was finished, and although Jacopo had not had a chance to go out on the canal, he was so interested that he forgot to be disappointed. The costume-maker who was coming to pass upon the work might arrive any minute, and Jacopo wanted to hear what he had to say. Of course it was perfectly done, but so much depended upon the success of that dyeing that all looked forward eagerly to hearing the words of approval.

"How splendid it will be when he says it is all right!" Floria exclaimed, as she danced around the table where the sheeny stuff was piled in crimson billows. "Word will go out all over Venice, and nobles will give us their patronage."

And Robusti the elder smiled at her, for he knew that she spoke the truth. But Jacopo said nothing. He was busy drawing on the wall.

Sweetly across the lagoons the Angelus sounded, and for a minute all was quiet in the shop. Jacopo paused from his drawing, and laughing-eyed Floria did not finish her dance, for always those of the Robusti household were faithful in their devotions, and because of gratitude over their good fortune they were more fervid than usual.

Then the inspector came, with pompous bearing and speech abounding in high-sounding words, pronouncing the work perfect, and the Robusti family knew it was the beginning of wonderful things for them. But one blessing it brought of which they had not dreamed, beside which the glory of dyeing the Dogaressa's robe was poor indeed. That faded and wore out, but the other glory, that had its beginning that day, has lasted through five hundred years. For as the inspector turned to go, he saw the figures on the wall.



"JACOPO BEGAN HIS WORK WITH THE MASTER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, ho!" he exclaimed. "A gay shop you have here. And who is the merry painter, pray?"

Robusti the elder answered in words of apology.

"I do not wonder that you think such walls unfit for a dignified business, and assure you that it is none of my doing. My boy Jacopo defaced them when he had better have been thinking of his trade."

Jacopo turned his wide dark eyes on the man, wondering if he too would reprove him because of his picture-making. He had been scolded so often for wasting his time, and supposed of course the costume-maker would share the family opinion. But he met with a surprise.

"That sturdy chap yonder?" the man asked. "I've a knowledge of pictures, and this work seems from the hand of one well-nigh grown."

"I did it," Jacopo answered, "but not because I wanted to spoil the shop. I had no other place."

The inspector shook his head.

"I would not have believed it!" he said. "Surely he has the gift."

Then to the father:

"Mayhap your lad will become a good dyer, but he will make a far better artist; and if you are wise, you will set about apprenticing him to a painter. There is Titian of Cadore, the flower of Venetian colorists. Before another day passes, I would see him and beg that he try the boy."

Robusti the dyer was a sensible man. Although there were no horses in Venice, he had lived in Ravenna once, and knew if a steed is built for speed and much travel, it is a mistake to set him to drawing loads. And he was wise enough to realize that, if one has a gift for painting, it is sad indeed to keep him in a dye-shop. The inspector's word meant much, and, as he thought the boy should become an artist, it must be true. So it was decided to place him with a master.

"He shall have a chance to do his best," the father said, as they talked it over that night, "for

it shall not be charged to me that I spoiled a good painter to make a second-rate dyer."

The next morning Jacopo and his father set out for the workshop of Titian of Cadore. The pearl-gray of dawn was still over the city, but, through the open spaces between the buildings, reflected rays from the out-peeping sun reached arms of light along the canals. Across the Piazza of San Marco they went, under the clock-tower whose two bronze giants glowed and shimmered, and into the Merceria, where there was a Babel of sound as the merchant folk opened their shops. But they did not stop to look at the pretty things nor to gossip with the loiterers gathered there, although the boy would have liked to pause a bit before the pictures the men on the benches were painting. But there was no time to lose, as the dyer must soon return to his shop. So straight on they went, across the curving Rialto and down the narrow street beyond, where, taking a boat, they came to the studio of the master.

"Will you try the boy?" the dyer asked, as he explained that the worthy costume-maker himself had recommended a painter's career for him. And in answer the great man told him to come next day and begin work.

Jacopo's heart sang all the way home, and he worked in the shop that afternoon as he had never worked before. For even though he did not like the half-sickening odors and the perpetual steaming of the boiling liquid, he knew he would enter a wonder-world on the morrow, and until that time things disagreeable mattered little. Floria had never seen him so gay, and remarked to her uncle that he was surely the happiest boy in Venice.

"It shows he can be contented at dyeing," she said.

For still she believed that to be of the tintori was better than to be a painter.

But the man shook his head.

"No," he replied, "it is the thought of what is to come that makes him glad."

Jacopo began his work with the master, and Heaven seemed to have opened its gates to him. Titian then had many canvasses in his workshop, and the beauty-loving lad drank in the magic of their coloring as thirsty travelers drink from cooling springs, his eyes reveling in the gold and purples and crimsons that surpassed everything he had ever seen except the sunset tints on the lagoons. The working days in the studio were long, yet he was never glad when they came to an end, and always looked eagerly to the beginning of another. It was an enchanted land in which he dwelt, and he was a fairy prince.

But his joy was to be short-lived, for very

soon afterward the master sent him away. Why, no one knows, although many guesses have been made as to the reason, and some have gone so far as to say that Titian was jealous of the gifted youth and feared he might eclipse him. But it does not seem possible that the master-painter of Italy could have feared a mere boy, for he was great enough to know that there is room in the world for more than one genius. But at any rate he sent him away, and dark days began for Jacopo.

Many a lad would have given up and gone back to the dye-shop, but not Robusti's son. He was made of the stuff that wins, and every obstacle in his way goaded him on to greater effort. The greatest master of Venice had refused to teach him. But he determined to teach himself, and the struggle he had in doing it has never been equaled by an artist before or since.

Along the Merceria were elevated benches where the poorer painters sat and did their work before the eyes of the passing throng, selling it sometimes while the canvasses were still wet. There Jacopo went day after day, to watch them mix and apply the colors. Once he worked with journeymen painters at San Marco, and once with stone-masons at Cittadella that he might learn the principles of joining. To know the laws of proportion, he watched the people in the streets and modeled them in wax, moving these figures back and forth between lamps to watch the effect of the shadows.

For ten years he struggled on, always studying, always watching and working. It would have been easier to have taken up his father's trade, for in the dye-shop, when the day's toil is over, there follows a night of rest. But Jacopo thought only of being a painter, and was bound to succeed. So he kept on. All the work that paid well was given to Titian, but that Jacopo might get his pictures where people could see them, he had to paint for nothing. But that did not matter. He was learning and growing, and at last he had his day.

Titian died, and all Venice wondered who would take his place.

"There is no one else," the critics said sadly. "His like will not come again."

But one of the nobles who was wise enough to know that when a work is to be done there is always a man to do it, thought of Jacopo Robusti.

"Why not Tintoretto?" asked this one, whose word was law. And by Tintoretto he meant Jacopo, who because of his father's trade was called "The Little Dyer."

"We will go and see," they said. "And it will be a glad day if he can take the master's place."

So the great of Venice gathered about the paintings of one who had given his work to every church and building that would receive it. In Santa Maria della Orto they found it, in shops along the Merceria, and out Treviso way in village churches where peasants met to worship.

"It is wonderful!" they exclaimed. "What magnificent coloring! What perfection of line! Surely this is the work of the master."

For they did not know that, during the years they had scorned him, his one thought and one aim had been to make his pictures as fine as Titian's, and he had succeeded so well that they mistook them for the master's.

Then it was agreed that he should paint in the Doge's Palace, the greatest honor that could come to a Venetian artist. And there he left much

work that still draws to the city of St. Mark art lovers from every quarter of the globe. There is his exquisite "Adoration of the Savior," and there too is the wonderful "Paradise," the largest oil-painting in the world.

But Venice is not the only city that is rich in his handiwork. Many galleries in many lands have given princely sums to obtain it, and his canvasses have been carried to France and Germany, and even to the banks of the Thames, where, in the stately halls they adorn, they give joy to thousands, although the hand that fashioned them has been still for five hundred years. Yet very few know the name of Jacopo Robusti, because to this day, as in the old Venetian time, he is still called in the musical tongue of the lagoons, "Tintoretto,—The Little Dyer."



FOUR WINDS

BY CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

THE East Wind is a Shepherd;
When spring 's new,
He leads the little cloud-lambs up the sky
To pastures blue;
Then suddenly he turns back with a shout,
And flaps the snowy clothes-lines all about.

Creeps the West Wind like a Hunter, creeps
soft-footed, stealing by
Slow and silent, like a Hunter stalking with a
watchful eye.
He has roamed o'er prairies wide,
And upon his brow in pride
Wears a circlet of bright feathers plucked from
out the evening sky.

The North Wind is a Knight in clinking mail:
He rides upon the wide wings of the gale.
He can storm the strongest fortress;
He has never known defeat:
He can make the stoutest soldier
Face about in quick retreat;
And before him children scatter, helter-skelter,
down the street.

The South Wind as a wandering Singer comes,
Fingering
His silver lute, the moon. And as he strums,
Lingering,
In leafy lattices white petals glisten,
And all the little flowers lean out to listen.

GREENCAP

BY RUTH HAYS

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl whose name was Sarah Jane. She did n't like it a bit better than you do, and would much rather have been called Cicely or Rosalind. Sarah would n't have been so bad without Jane; or she could have got along pretty well with Jane, if Sarah had n't been tacked to it. But Sarah Jane she was, and had to make the best of it.

She was always called by the full name too, because she was living now with the two aunts whose names she bore. If you had said "Sarah" only, how was anybody to know whether you meant aunt or niece? If you said "Jane," why, there you were again! So it was a hopeless case altogether.

Her own mother and father were in India, and nobody seemed to know when they were coming home again. Sarah Jane was afraid she would be quite grown-up first. She missed her mother dreadfully, and you know you can never be a little girl more than once. Aunt Sarah was very kind and gentle, but she was a good deal of an invalid and must n't be bothered, so Aunt Jane managed Everything—Everything with a capital E, so of course that included Sarah Jane.

It was a pleasant big house where they lived, with a wide lawn in front and a wonderful garden at the back. Behind the garden there was a beautiful little wood. Sarah Jane thought she would have died of homesickness if it had n't been for the wood. She fled to it in all her troubles, and many a stormy cry she had there; but the wood kept her secrets, and nobody ever knew.

She went racing down the garden path one afternoon near sunset, the tears on her cheeks and a very angry light in her eyes. The garden gate fairly slammed behind her as she ran on and on till she was deep in the wood and far away from everybody. Then she threw herself down among the ferns and cried and cried and *cried* as if there were no end to her tears. It was a wonder there was n't as big a salt pool about her as when Alice wept in Wonderland. But there was n't, and, as all little girls have to stop crying sometime, so, finally, did Sarah Jane. And just as she reached that point, she suddenly heard a shrill little voice down by her foot speaking to her. "Hello!" it said; "what 's the matter with you?"

Sarah Jane sat up and rubbed her eyes. There among the ferns stood the tiniest little fellow imaginable, all in green, with his jacket neatly

belted at the waist, and a white feather in the green cap which he doffed politely, while, at the same time, he saluted like a little soldier with the grass stalk in his hand. Then he repeated his question: "What 's the matter with you?"

"Why, why," stammered Sarah Jane in some confusion, "I 'm so unhappy. Aunt Jane 's been scolding me so—"

The little fellow cocked his head on one side sociably. "Ah!" he said blandly. "And what had you done?"

"I—I only left the garden gate open—just a few minutes, and—" Sarah Jane hesitated.

"And?" repeated her visitor, inquiringly.

"And a hen got in." Sarah Jane admitted it reluctantly.

"Oh, yes,—a hen. Any damage?"

"She scratched up a lot of pansies," confessed poor Sarah Jane, her confusion increasing. His eyes were so *very* sharp, you know.

"*Your* pansies?" very politely this.

"N-no—Aunt Jane's—" She stammered a little, and her questioner interrupted ruthlessly.

"Raised 'em herself from seed perhaps. And transplanted them once or twice, no doubt. Good deal of trouble, and Aunt Jane not so young as she once was, I suppose."

Sarah Jane's temper flared up a little. "Well, I was awfully sorry!" she said sharply. "I told her so. How was I to know the hen was around? It had no business to be out, anyway! I told Aunt Jane I was sorry!"

"That put the pansies back?" Greencap said mildly.

"Of course not!" snapped Sarah Jane, exasperated. "You might know as much as that yourself. What are you asking me all these questions for, anyhow?" she demanded sharply.

Greencap made her a very polite bow. "Information, Madam. Nothing but information, I assure you. What are gates for, by the way?" he added quietly, replacing his cap.

"For? Why to get into places, of course," returned the little girl, still sharply, but Greencap shook his head.

"Can't be that," he said thoughtfully. "You could get in easier if they were n't there—as the hen did."

"Well, they 're to *shut*, then, I suppose!" Sarah Jane did n't like this at all. Why should this creature take it upon himself to lecture her?

But he did n't seem to mind her petulance at



"*'I wish you'd stop asking me questions,' said Sarah Jane.*"

all, and went on blandly. "Then why did n't you shut it?"

The little girl flushed hotly. "I—I forgot it," she said more humbly,—she really was ashamed.

"Ah! Forget often?" And then she fired up again.

"Well, how can I help it? I was born so. And it's unkind of Aunt Jane, when I'm so unhappy—"

"Aunt Jane perfectly happy herself?" Why, this fellow was as bad as a lawyer for asking questions. Sarah Jane shook her head.

"She's worried about Aunt Sarah all the time," she conceded slowly. "And I think she had a headache. I *wish* you'd stop asking me questions. I don't like it."

"Why, you said you were unhappy." Greencap looked at her with grave concern. "And I don't like to see people unhappy. Same thing, you know."

But Sarah Jane was n't appeased.

"Well, you'd be unhappy yourself," she said crossly, "if your mother and father were in India, and you had to live with Aunt Jane. Why do I live here then? There you go again asking more questions! Because they could n't take me with them, and Aunt Jane offered, and there was nowhere else for me to go. *That's* why!"

The little man cocked his head again meditatively. "Offered, did she? Fond of little girls, I suppose. No? Well, then, of course, she's well paid for it—"

"She is n't," contradicted Sarah Jane, bluntly. "She just did it out of kindness, to help along."

Greencap's tone was peculiar, but all he said was, "Oh!" and Sarah Jane blushed, and began to excuse herself again.

"Well, I try—I *do* try to please her. I don't mean to be a bother, but I *can't* help forgetting—"

The tiny visitor touched his forehead significantly. "Something wrong here, perhaps?"

"There is n't! I'm *not*!" she cried angrily. "What do you want to say such horrid things for? It's mean and—"

"Pardon me!" protested Greencap, with another bow. "*You* said you could n't help it. And, naturally, I thought—"

"Well, I—I did n't mean quite *that*, of course; only I forget so very easily, when I don't mean to. But I do try, sometimes," she added quite humbly.

"I see." Greencap nodded again. "Well, come now! Perhaps I can help you out. I'll offer you an inducement. You look out for yourself *sharp*, and *don't* forget, and I'll give you three wishes. They always give you three, you know. Let's see! To-day's Thursday. Keep a sharp lookout, and don't forget once—not even *once*, you understand,—till next Thursday, and then come down here, and I'll give you the first wish. Yes, anything you say, and honor bright."

"You will? Honest—cross your heart? And I'll be *sure* to get whatever I wish for? Oh, thank you! thank you!" She danced about, clapping her hands. "I know what I want more than anything else in all the world. Oh, I wish you

could give me the chance *now*!" longingly, but Greencap shook his head. "Sorry to refuse you," he said politely, "but you have to *earn* it."

"Oh, I will—I will!"

"All right, then. See you Thursday," interrupted Greencap, curtly, and in an instant he was gone. He did n't *go away*, he was just *gone*, all in a second, and Sarah Jane stared for a full minute, with frightened eyes, at the place where he had been. It was a very subdued little girl that went slowly back through the garden to the house. Nobody knew better than she how hard she would have to try every single minute of the time. But for the hope of her wish, she did n't think she could do it. But oh, if she only might! She must n't speak of it—if anybody knew, they'd think she was making it up,—"*telling stories*,"—and would n't let her go to the wood at all. She must be *so*-careful. Then she thought of all the sharp little questions he had asked. It was quite true—being sorry afterward never made up. "I've got to remember," said Sarah Jane, stoutly.

She was so quiet and submissive all the evening that Aunt Jane thought complacently that her lecture had really made an impression on the child at last. Kind Aunt Sarah called her "*Deary*," looking wistfully into her face. She would have liked to pet the child, but she knew her sister would n't approve of that. Aunt Sarah had once gently said she was afraid the little girl missed her mother and was unhappy; and Aunt Jane had replied that it was very ungrateful if she was not happy in so good a home, and that it was unwise to talk of her mother while there was no prospect of her return. Much better keep it out of her mind. And if Aunt Sarah was going to worry, the child must be sent away to school. So poor Aunt Sarah kept quiet and did all her worrying in secret.

That was the longest week Sarah Jane had ever spent. She watched herself painfully, and scarcely dared to play at all. She studied very hard, and spent her playtime reading the dullest books she could find, so she would n't get "*swallowed up*," as Aunt Jane said, and forget everything. She crept off to bed unusually early, because the only time when she was *perfectly* safe was while she was asleep. Aunt Sarah watched her uneasily, and was afraid she was going to be sick; but Aunt Jane thought she was improving, and that there might be some chance for the child after all, if she could be under proper guidance long enough.

But she did it! Thursday came at last and she had n't forgotten. She shut the garden gate carefully and went as demurely as a little Quaker maid down the box-bordered path. But when

the second gate was shut behind her, she ran like the wind, flying along the path to the trysting-place and looking eagerly about her. It *could n't* have been a dream, and she had tried so hard! If Greencap did n't come, she felt that she should just drop down and die on the spot. But out stepped the dainty little figure again from behind a tall fern, and saluted with a wave of his grass blade just as he did before. Sarah Jane could not speak. She only stretched out her hands imploringly with all her heart in her eyes.

"It 's all right," he said, nodding encouragement. "They 're coming. On the way."

And then Sarah Jane went down in a crumpled little heap and began to cry as hard as before.

"Well! I like that!" Greencap's tone was distinctly disgusted. "What in the world are you crying for *now*?"

"Because I 'm so happy!" sobbed Sarah Jane.

"Well! The other day it was because you were unhappy, and now it 's because you 're happy. You might as well turn into a fountain at once. I don't like it, I tell you. If you 're going to cry *all* the time, I 'm going."

Sarah Jane sat up suddenly. "Of course I 'm not," she said with much dignity. "I 've got through now."

"Very well, then! Two weeks this time—Thursday again." He was gone, just as suddenly as before.

"Oh, but, Greencap—dear Greencap!" she pleaded. "Do come back one minute. I want to ask you—" But there was no answer. A light breeze stirred the ferns, but no little figure re-appeared, and she knew it was of no use to wait, and went slowly back toward the house.

Were they really on the way? Her own mother and father coming home at last? "Honor bright," he *said*, and had n't he known just what she wished without asking? She *must* believe it, but it would n't do to be happy over it yet. If she did, she 'd forget, she knew she should. And then she began to think what her next wish should be. There were so many things she wanted. First she thought she 'd wish to be so sweet and good and lovely herself that nobody ever *could* scold her any more. But no, that would n't do. He said she must *earn* it, so it would n't be fair to wish that, perhaps. But that Aunt Jane should be "different"—if she only dared wish that, how comfortable it would be! But she *could n't* be different, all in a minute. Sarah Jane was sure that was impossible, and she must n't waste her chance on impossible things. Then for a second she thought of Aunt Sarah—if she could get well. She was so kind always. But, of course, she 'd get well sometime anyway. "Everybody does,"

she told herself confidently. No, she 'd wish for a nice, pleasant home in the country, far, *far* from here, with her own mother and father and nobody else, where they never 'd have to go away. That would be bliss. She 'd wish for that next.

But alas and alas! when the day came, she went with lagging steps toward the wood. Once she nearly turned back altogether—she was ashamed to meet the sharp eyes again. But there he was waiting for her. She shook her head sadly, trying very hard not to cry.

"Well, what was it *this* time?" he said sharply.

"I—I left a blind unfastened in my room—I was in such a hurry—and it banged and waked poor Aunt Sarah. She 'd been in pain, and she 'd just got to sleep. I would n't have done it for anything—you know I would n't, and I 've tried so hard all this time! But it 's no use," and now the poor child did break down and sobbed a little.

"Ever lie awake all night?" demanded Greencap, abruptly.

Sarah Jane started. Of course she had n't, but what had that to do with it, she wondered.

"Why don't you try it sometime?" he went on quietly, and Sarah Jane stared still more.

"Why, I could n't do it if I tried," she said rather huffily. "And, besides, I should n't like it."

"Aunt Sarah does, no doubt; especially in pain."

"I wish you would n't say such things," flashed out poor Sarah Jane. "You make me feel so—so *contemptible*. You 're just trying to!"

"I? Not at all," protested Greencap. "Merely looking at the other side—you should always do that, you know."

"Well, you keep insinuating, and I hate to be insinuated at. You think I 'm a horrid, selfish thing, and I 'm not. I 'm only careless, because I don't think. I don't *mean* to be." And then some lines Aunt Jane had made her learn flashed into her mind.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
More oft than —"

Why, she 'd forgotten *that* too, already! Was there really something wrong about her memory? But she could repeat whole *pages* of "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake," and all of "We are Seven" and "The Pet Lamb."

"I can remember what I *like*, well enough," she thought, and Greencap nodded as if she 'd said it aloud.

"Quite so," he said curtly. "Well?"

"Well, it 's no use," sighed the poor child. "I can't have any wish, that 's all."

"What 's the matter with another try?" suggested Greencap. "You can *always* try again.

Keep trying till you get there! Two weeks." And once more he was gone.

How she did try in those two weeks! She felt as if she 'd been trying, trying, and holding herself tight for *years*. Nobody said anything of the home-coming, and her own letters from her mother did n't speak of it. But then they might have started in a hurry afterward. He *said* they were on the way, and she would believe it. But when she went down to the wood again with her second wish all ready, Greencap seemed to be rather huffy.

"What do you want to be so far away for?" he said crossly. "Is n't this place good enough for you?"

"Oh, it 's beautiful, indeed it is!" Sarah Jane assured him eagerly. "And the wood 's lovely—I 'm very fond of the wood, you know—I *love* it! But it is n't my own home, you see, and I do *so* want that! My own home, and my own mother and father, and nobody else," she added imploringly. "I have n't had them for so *long*!"

"Well—suit yourself." He was plainly not pleased. "Three weeks this time."

She was quite used to his sudden disappearances now, and, though she did n't like him to be so vexed with her, still he had promised just the same, and she did want her own home. But she 'd try to make it up with him next time—she 'd do anything he said when her mother came. She meant to have asked him when it would be, if he had n't been so vexed. Three weeks was such a long, long time to wait and to watch, to hope, and to struggle with herself.

But she was learning—it *was* easier now. Even Aunt Jane had once or twice said a word of commendation; she was almost pleased sometimes. And Sarah Jane tried harder than ever through those slow and lagging weeks, and went down to the wood at last, thankful with all her heart that she had conquered so far, and meaning to try and *try* every day—every day.

"Really, I 'm quite proud of you," was Greencap's greeting. "Keep it right up. How 's Aunt Jane?"

"Oh, she 's well. We 're getting on better, of course—a great deal better," said Sarah Jane, wearily. "But I do wish I could love Aunt Jane better!" she added with a great sigh.

"Very good," said Greencap, approvingly. "Very good indeed! You 're improving. Aunt Jane will be appreciated at last."

"Oh, but that was n't my *wish*," cried Sarah Jane, in dismay. "I did n't mean *that*."

"You *don't* wish it?" said Greencap, sharply. "Why did you say you did then? You can't have

two wishes, and you need n't expect it. What did you want then?"

"I was going to wish for money," she began humbly.

"Poof! Money!" interrupted Greencap, scornfully. "I 'm ashamed of you."

"Not for myself," pleaded Sarah Jane, "and not *very* much, you know. Only enough so my father would n't ever have to go away off again to the other side of the world," deprecatingly.

"Your father can look out for himself," returned Greencap, shortly. "He does n't want you wishing him money. *Money!* Why, there 's a thousand things in the world better than money; and let me tell you, Miss, there 's nothing in all this earth better than love. Stick to your wish. When you love Aunt Jane, you 'll be a much wiser and better person than you are now. Money, indeed! I thought you had more sense."

He was gone again, and poor Sarah Jane felt very small indeed as she went back to the house. She did really want to like Aunt Jane better; she was coming to appreciate her real goodness, now that she was learning to look on the other side and be more just to her. But she shook her head sadly as she went slowly along the path.

"I never can really love her—here. Perhaps some day when I 'm grown up and have n't seen her for a long time—"

When she got back to the house, Aunt Jane was standing on the piazza, and she was smiling very pleasantly.

"Run up to Aunt Sarah's room a minute," she said to Sarah Jane. "She wants to see you."

Sarah Jane ran up-stairs. There was a gentleman sitting beside Aunt Sarah talking to her, and close by was a lady looking toward the door and not talking. When she saw Sarah Jane, she held out her arms, and Sarah Jane ran into them, and heard her mother's voice saying, "My own, own little daughter," while her father stood by, smiling and waiting for his turn.

Then presently she saw that Aunt Jane had come in, and was standing by the window. And she looked so kind, so pleased, and yet somehow so *alone*, that before Sarah Jane quite knew what she was doing, she had run across, and given her an impulsive kiss. And there were actually tears in Aunt Jane's eyes when she returned the kiss.

And it was the queerest thing. When Sarah Jane looked up, she could have sworn that Greencap himself was sitting on the arm of her mother's chair. And he said to her with a very broad smile indeed:

"Did n't I tell you so, you goose? Why, love is the *only* thing in the world!"



"THIS IS THE SHADOW OF THE DONKEY AND I HIRED THE DONKEY" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

CHINESE FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

THESE quaint and amusing stories were selected from a number of tales gathered in China by the Rev. Joseph Clemens, Chaplain U. S. Army. Concerning them he writes, from Manila, as follows: "They were collected during a detail of over two years in China, by paying to certain colleges money prizes in a students' contest in writing Chinese stories which were to be taken from their old books or folk lore, but which had not before been published in a foreign language. My object in collecting them was to get stories to relate to my soldiers sick in the hospital, but it occurs to me that they may interest a wider circle. I have kept the language and thought of the writers as nearly as possible."—THE EDITOR.

WHO OWNS THE DONKEY'S SHADOW?

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who traveled in a large country. His name was Mr. Hong. He had spent many years teaching a few boys to repeat the wise sayings of the Chinese sages, and in studying books of philosophy, history, and poetry in hopes that he could pass an examination and take a degree which would entitle him to more remuneration for his teaching. But although he had tried to pass the examination for more than twenty years, each year there were many others who possessed more wisdom than he, and so were passed while he struggled on,

each year hoping to be better prepared for the next examination.

At the time he took the journey we mention, he was still poor, and not very strong because he spent the time he should have taken to exercise in studying his books. But he was determined to start in time to walk to the far-off city where the great hall had been built in which several hundred students were examined each year.

After traveling several days on foot over the level country, he found himself very tired, and feared that he must either stay at an inn to rest until it would be too late for him to get to his examination, or else he must return home, as he

could not continue his journey on foot. He was very much grieved, but suddenly, by his good brain, he got a plan to get on his journey—that he would engage a cart or a horse to ride, instead of going on his feet.

Next morning early, he saw a donkey and a donkey owner, standing outside of his inn, to hire to others who would not walk on foot. The traveler was very glad, and after haggling for a long time to fix the price, hired the donkey and its driver. So he started at once, in the comfortable morning, with the donkey owner.

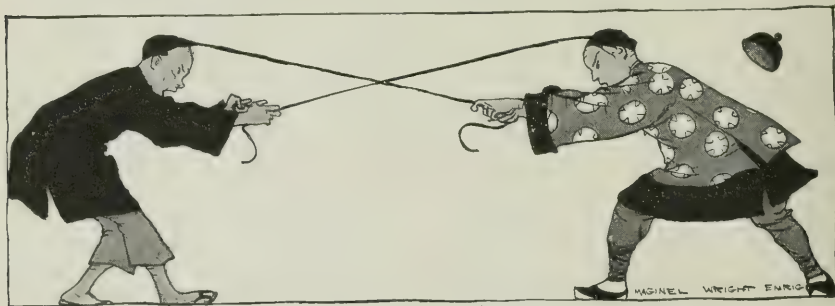
With greater hope the faithful student went off, trotting on the sturdy little donkey while its driver ran by its side, with a whip to make it go faster when it became lazy. But when the sun arose, he felt less comfortable, and when it began to pour its hot rays straight down on the top of his head, he felt that he could hardly stand the jolting of the donkey. At last he became so exhausted that he was compelled to dismount, for the sun had become warmer and still warmer, until it was now noontime.

The traveler at this time was passing through a part of the country where there were no houses, nor trees, nor even a field of any kind of plants where there was any shade. He felt very warm, and looked all about him to find some shade in which to sit and eat the portion of rice he had brought for his meal, but he could see no shade and was not able to ride farther to search for a tree or house. Just as he thought he must sit or lie on the hot sand under the roasting sun, he

hot sun. At once he began to prepare to enjoy this new luxury; but the driver asked why he laughed so pleasantly after having complained so much of the heat a moment before. He then told him of his happy thought about the shade of the donkey, and sat down in the shade at once to enjoy the fruits of his discovery.

The driver was very angry when he saw what he was missing, and said, "Please ride upon the donkey. The shadow is mine. I have not hired it to you." So saying, he demanded that the man give it up to him. As the scholar was very tired and wanted to rest in comfort, he refused to leave the shadow, and said to the driver, "I engaged the donkey. It is the donkey's shadow; not yours."

This caused a great dispute, the driver saying he had not hired the shadow, but only the donkey, and demanding that if the man wished to use the shadow, he must pay him twice the amount he had agreed to pay for the donkey. This he argued was but fair, for now he was enjoying two luxuries, whereas he had only paid for one. The tired scholar argued that while he confessed to enjoying a second luxury, that it was not the property of the driver. Pointing to the shadow made by the man, he said, "that is your shadow and not the one I am using. If I should ask you to stand over me to shelter me from the hot sun, then I should pay you extra for it, but the donkey's shadow is not your shadow, as you may see if you look by your side, for there is your shadow beside you, and this is



"THEY DRAG ONE ANOTHER AROUND, ALL THE TIME BECOMING MORE ANGRY."

caught sight of the shadow made by the faithful little animal, which never seems to get tired as men do.

Mr. Hong was overjoyed at this new discovery, and laughed aloud to have been so wise as to discover such a comfortable retreat from the

the shadow of the donkey and I hired the donkey."

While the argument seemed to have some justice in it, yet it did not satisfy the driver, but only served to make him angry, because the scholar could place his arguments in better form

than he could. But he pointed to the donkey, and asked, "Is this donkey my animal or is it not? If this donkey is mine, how dare you say that the

When the two men saw the donkey run so fast, they were both troubled. The scholar could not get to his examination if he did not have the



"THE DONKEY WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT."

shadow it makes is yours, when you have not paid me a tunzar for it? You are a thief. Your mother is a mule; and your father is nothing but a mud-crawling turtle."

The driver was as angry as he could be or he could not have called the man such names, for they are the worst swear-names that one Chinese can call another. The other did not wish to use any such language, for it is not fit to be uttered by one who considers himself a gentleman; but he dares not hear the awful names the man called his ancestors, for that cannot be. His honor is at stake, and the spirits of the departed may rise from their graves and punish him if he does not avenge them for such great insults. He forgets how tired he is, throws aside his rice, and takes hold of the driver. The driver is very angry, and takes hold of the scholar's queue. The man of learning takes the same hold of the driver, and they drag one another around, all the time becoming more angry. When each has pulled out a great deal of the other's hair, they try to get hold of each other's hands that they might bite them; for that is the manner for Chinese to fight, and they must carefully follow the proper way to do things; for they may not depart from rules laid down by their ancestors.

After they had punished each other for some time, they came near the donkey, which had been asleep when they fought at a distance from him; but when they bumped against him, he awakened so suddenly as not to understand what had happened. In his fright, he kicked out both heels, knocking the fighters apart, and began to run away as fast as he could go. Being frightened, not only by being so suddenly awakened but because he had kicked his master, he went faster than a donkey had ever gone, before him.

donkey; and the owner of the animal did not wish to lose it, for he made a living for himself and family by his good donkey. So they both began to run as fast as they could, and to call for the donkey to stop. This only seemed to terrify the little beast the more. He could not tell, in his fright, what could be the matter that he heard such running and shouting behind him, and he only increased his speed to such swiftness that he was soon out of sight of the men.

The men did not stop running after the donkey; and it is said that the scholar never received his degree, nor the owner his donkey, but their fight so maddened them that they are still, to this day, running after the donkey.

And this all happened because they quarreled over the question of which owned a shadow.

Chien Chao Jung, of Tientsin.

THE CARELESS MAN

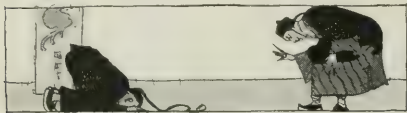
THERE was a man who was careless and unob-serving. Once, when he was going abroad, he hastily pulled on his shoes and bound the scarf about his legs, ready to hasten away, when, to his surprise, he found that one of his legs had suddenly become longer than the other.

He was both puzzled and frightened; for he said to himself, "What can be the matter? When I last walked, my legs were the same length. How queer it is! I have met with no accident, nor has any one cut a piece from my foot-palm."

He felt his legs and then his feet to solve the mystery. At last he discovered the mistake to be in his shoes, for he had put on one shoe with a thick sole and one with a thin sole.

"These shoes are odd ones and not a pair," said he. So he called loudly for his servant, and ordered him quickly to change his boots.

The servant went into the room to bring the master's boots, but after a little time came back with a much puzzled expression on his face. His master sternly demanded the boots for which he had sent him; but received for answer, "Dear



master, it is very strange; but there is no use for me to change your boots, for when I examined the pair of boots in the room, I found that they are just like the pair you have on, for one has a thick sole and the other a thin sole."

THREE NEAR-SIGHTED MEN

ONCE upon a time, there were three very near-sighted brothers, who often argued which could see an object at the greatest distance. One day, having heard that the new sign-board was to be hung before the temple, which had just been repaired at a great expense, they made a wager, each promising to pay the other two a certain amount if he did not prove that he could see better than they. They learned the day of the celebration of the completion of the work on the temple, and decided that on that day they would stand at a certain distance, and try to describe the sign-board and read the characters on it.

The oldest brother, wishing to be prepared to beat his brothers, and knowing how near-sighted he really was, went to the carpenter who was making the sign-board and asked him to tell him what was written on the board. He learned that the characters were, "Whatever people seek may be gained." Then he went home and kept silence.

The second brother, not knowing anything of the action of the first, also went to the carpenter and asked what was written on the board. But, in addition to the motto, he also learned the color of the ground and of the letters written on it. So he felt safe, for he had tried to make sure of knowing the board.

Now about the third brother. He said to himself, "If I do not know all about that sign-board, I shall lose my money to my brothers. My eyes

are so bad that I can hardly see a big mountain before me." So he also did as his brothers had done. But he asked, in addition to what his brothers had learned, how the letters were arranged.

When the day came, they took their places; and as agreed, the oldest brother was to be honored with the first trial. When asked what he saw on the sign-board, he said: "The characters are, 'Whatever people seek may be gained.'"

The third brother then asked, "And what color are the letters and the board?"

At this the oldest brother was confused and ashamed that he had not asked this of the carpenter.

"Now I will ask my second brother." He also gave the characters, and in addition, told the color of the field of the board and of the letters.

The third admitted he was right, but then asked him how the letters were arranged on the board. He said they were arranged horizontally; but the youngest brother told him he had lost, because they were arranged in two rows at either end of the board.

Their words of dispute were so loud as to bring out the old priest from the temple. They at once appealed to him, and each was anxious to have him decide the contest. He admitted that they had the meaning of the characters, and that the second brother had properly given the coloring of the ground and letters on the board, and that the third had also been right in describing the arrangement of the letters. "But," says he, "how is it possible for you all to see so well as to tell the characters, and how is it possible for two of you to tell the color of the board and the letters and for the youngest man to tell how the letters are arranged? For the board has not yet been hung, and no one could see these things from where you stand."

The young men were all very much taken down, and each felt the meaner because he had tried to cheat his brother; and they went home, each one more angry at himself than at his brothers, because, in trying to take advantage of them, he had not been able to make them believe he could see any better than they could; and they had the same question to quarrel over, besides the additional one of how each tried to cheat the other.

H. F. Chiang, of Tientsin.



THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROOM THAT WAS LOCKED

BEFORE Cynthia could realize what had happened or was happening, Joyce seized her and began waltzing madly around the library, alternately laughing, sobbing, hugging, and shaking her distractedly.

"Stop, stop, Joyce! *Please!*" she begged breathlessly. "Have you gone crazy? You act so! What is the matter?"

"*Matter!* You ask me *that!*" panted Joyce. "You great big *stupid!* Why, we've discovered the way to the locked-up room! That's what's the matter!" Cynthia looked incredulous.

"Why, certainly!" continued Joyce. "Can't you see? You know that room is right over this. Where else could those stairs lead, then? But come along! We'll settle all doubts in a moment!" She snatched up a candle again and led the way, Cynthia following without more ado.

"Oh, Joyce! It's horribly dirty and stuffy and cobwebby in here! Could n't we wait a few moments till some air gets in?" implored Cynthia in a muffled voice.

"I sha'n't wait a moment, but you may if you wish," called back Joyce. "But I know you won't! Mind your head! These are the tiniest, lowest stairs I've ever seen!" They continued to crawl slowly up, their candles flickering low in the impoverished air of the long-inclosed place.

"What if we can't open the door at the top?" conjectured Cynthia. "What if it's behind some heavy piece of furniture?"

"We'll just *have* to get in somehow!" responded Joyce. "I've gone so far now, that I believe I'd be willing to break things open with a charge of dynamite, if we could n't get in any other way! Here I am, at the top. Now you hold my candle, and we'll see what happens!" She handed her candle to Cynthia, braced herself, and threw her whole weight against the low door, which was knobless like the one below.

Then came the surprise. She had expected resistance, and prepared to cope with it. To her utter amazement, there was a ripping, tearing sound, and she found herself suddenly prone upon the floor of the most mysterious room in the house! The reason for this being that the door

at the top was covered on the inner side with only a layer or two of wall-paper, and no article of furniture happened to stand in front of it. Consequently it had yielded with ease at the tremendous shove Joyce had given it, and she found herself thus forcibly and ignominiously propelled into the apartment.

"My!" she gasped, sitting up and dusting her hands, "but that was sudden! I don't care, though! I'm not a bit hurt, and—we're *in!*" They were indeed "in"! The mysterious, locked room was at last to yield up its secret to them. They experienced a delicious thrill of expectation, as, with their candles raised above their heads, they peered eagerly about.

Now, what they had expected to find within that mysterious room, they could not perhaps have explained with any definiteness. Once they stood within the threshold, however, they became slowly conscious of a vague disappointment. Here was nothing so very strange, after all! The room appeared to be in considerable disorder, and articles of clothing, books, and boyish belongings were tossed about, as in a hurry of packing. But beyond this, there was nothing much out of the ordinary about it.

"Well," breathed Cynthia at length. "Is this what we've been making all the fuss about!"

"Wait!" said Joyce. "You can't see everything just at one glance. Let's look about a little. Oh, what a dreadful hole we've made in the wall-paper! Well, it can't be helped now, and it's the only damage we've done." They commenced to tiptoe about the room, glancing curiously at its contents.

It was plainly a boy's room. A pair of fencing-foils hung crossed on one wall, a couple of boxing-gloves on another. College trophies decorated the mantel. On a center-table stood a photograph or daguerreotype in a large oval frame. When Cynthia had wiped away the veil of dust that covered it, with the dust-cloth she had thoughtfully tucked in her belt, the girls bent over it.

"Oh, Cynthia!" cried Joyce. "Here they are—the Lovely Lady and her boy. He must have been about twelve then. What funny clothes he wore! But is n't he handsome! And see how proudly she looks at him. Cynthia, how *could* he bear to leave this behind! I should n't have thought he'd ever want to part with it."

"Probably he went in such a hurry that he could n't think of everything, and left this by mistake. Or he may even have had another copy," Cynthia added in a practical afterthought.

Garments of many descriptions, and all of old-time cut, were flung across the bed, and on the floor near it lay an open valise, half packed with books.

"He had to leave that too, you see, or perhaps he intended to send for it later," commented Joyce. "Possibly he did n't realize that his mother was going to shut up the house and leave it forever. Here 's his big, business-like-looking desk, and in pretty good order, too. I suppose he had n't used it much, as he was so little at home. It 's open, though." She began to dust the top, where a row of school-books were arranged, and presently came to the writing-tablet, which she was about to polish off conscientiously. Suddenly she paused, stared, rubbed at something with her duster, and bending close, stared again. In a moment she raised her head and called in a low voice:

"Cynthia, come here!" Cynthia, who had been carefully dusting the college trophies on the mantel, hurried to her side.

"What is it? What have you found?" Joyce only pointed to a large sheet of paper lying on the blotter. It was yellow with age and covered with writing in faded ink,—writing in a big, round, boyish hand. It began,—

"My dearest Mother—" Cynthia drew back with a jerk, scrupulously honorable, as usual. "Ought we read it, Joyce? It 's a letter!"

"I did," whispered Joyce. "I could n't help it, for I did n't realize what it was at first. I don't think it will harm. Oh, Cynthia, *read it!*" And Cynthia, doubting no longer, read aloud:

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—the best and loveliest thing in my life,—I leave this last appeal here, in the hope that you will see it later, read it, and forgive me. We have had bitter words, but I am leaving you with no anger in my heart, and nothing but love. That we shall not see each other again in this life, I feel certain. Therefore I want you to know that, to my last hour, I shall love you truly, devotedly. I am so sure I am right, and I have pledged my word. I cannot take back my promise. I never dreamed that you feel as you do about this cause. My mother, my own mother, forgive me, and God keep you.

Your son,

FAIRFAX

When Cynthia had ended, there was a big lump in Joyce's throat, and Cynthia herself coughed and flourished a handkerchief about her face with suspicious ostentation. Suddenly she burst out:

"I think that woman must have had a—a heart

of *stone*, to be so unforgiving to her son,—after reading this!"

"*She never saw it!*" announced Joyce, with a positiveness that made Cynthia stare.

"*Well!*—I 'd like to know how you can say a thing like that!" Cynthia demanded at once.

"How do you account for this room being locked?" parried Joyce, answering the question, Yankee fashion, by asking another. Cynthia pondered a moment.

"I *don't* account for it! But—why, of course! The boy locked it after him when he went away, and took the key with him!" Joyce regarded her with scorn.

"That *would* be a sensible thing to do, now, would n't it! He writes a note that he is hoping with all his heart that his mother will see. Then he calmly locks the door and walks off with the key! What for?"

"If he did n't do it, who did?" Cynthia defended herself. "Not the servants. They went before he did, probably. There 's only one person left—his mother!"

"You 've struck it at last. What a good guesser you are!" said Joyce, witheringly. Then she relented. "Yes, she must have done it, Cynthia. She locked the door, and took the key away, or did something with it,—though what on earth *for*, I can't imagine!"

"But what makes you think she did it *before* she read the note?" demanded Cynthia.

"There are just two reasons, Cynthia. She could n't have been *human* if she 'd read that heartrending letter and not gone to work at once and made every effort to reach her son! But there 's one other thing that makes me *sure*. Do you see anything *different* about this room?" Cynthia gazed about critically. Then she replied:

"Why, no. I can't seem to see anything so *different*. Perhaps I don't know what you mean."

"Then I 'll tell you. Look at the windows! Are they like the ones in the rest of the house?"

"Oh, no!" cried Cynthia. "Now I see! The curtains are not drawn, or the shutters closed. It 's just dark because it 's boarded up outside."

"That 's precisely it!" announced Joyce. "You see, she must have gone around closing all the other inside shutters tight. But she never touched them in this room. Therefore she probably never came in here. The desk is right by the window. She could n't have helped seeing the letter if she had come in. No, for some reason we can't guess, she locked the door,—and never knew!"

"And she never, never will know," whispered Cynthia. "That 's the saddest part of it!"

CHAPTER XIII

A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT

THE Friday afternoon meeting of the Sigma Sigma literary society broke up with the usual confused mingling of chatter and laughter. There had been a lively debate, and Joyce and Cynthia, as two of the opponents, had just finished roundly and wordily belaboring each other. They entwined arms now, amiably enough, and strolled away to collect their books and leave for home. Out on the street, Cynthia suddenly began:

"Do you know, we've never had that illumination in the Boarded-up House that we planned last fall, when we commenced cleaning up there."

"We never had enough money for candles," replied Joyce.

"Yes, I know. But still I've always wanted to do it. Suppose we buy some and try it soon,—say to-morrow?" Joyce turned to her companion with an astonished stare.

"Why, Cynthia Sprague! You know it's near the end of the month, and I'm down to fifteen cents again, and I guess you are n't much better off! What nonsense!"

"I have two dollars and a half. I've been saving it up ever so long—not for that specially—but I'm perfectly willing to use it for that."

"Well, you are the queerest one!" exclaimed Joyce. "Who would have thought you'd care so much about it! Of course, I'm willing to go in for it, but I can't give my share till after the first of the month. Why do you want to do it so soon?"

"Oh, I don't know—just because I *do*!" replied Cynthia, a little confused in manner. "Come! Let's buy the candles right off. And suppose we do a little dusting and cleaning up in the morning, and fix the candles in the candelabrum, and in the afternoon light them up and have the fun of watching them?" Joyce agreed to this heartily, and they turned into a store to purchase the candles. Much to Joyce's amazement, Cynthia insisted on investing in the best *wax* ones she could obtain, though they cost nearly five cents apiece.

"Tallow ones will do!" whispered Joyce, aghast at such extravagance. But Cynthia shook her head, and came away with more than fifty.

"I wanted them *good*!" she said, and Joyce could not budge her from this position. Then, to change the subject, which was plainly becoming embarrassing to her, Cynthia abruptly remarked:

"Don't forget, Joyce, that you are coming over to my house to dinner, and this evening we'll do our studying, so that to-morrow we can have the whole day free. And bring your music over, too.

Perhaps we'll have time to practise that duet afterward."

"I will," agreed Joyce, and she turned in at her own gate.

Joyce came over that evening, bringing her books and music. As Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were occupying the sitting-room, the two girls decided to work in the dining-room, and accordingly spread out their books and papers all over the big round table. Cynthia settled down methodically and studiously, as was her wont. But Joyce happened to be in one of her "fly-away humors" (so Cynthia always called them), when she found it quite impossible to concentrate her thoughts or give her serious attention to anything. These moods were always particularly irritating to Cynthia, who rarely indulged in causeless hilarity, especially at study periods. Prudently, however, she made no remarks.

"Let's commence with geometry," she suggested, opening the text-book. "Here we are, at Proposition XVI."

"All right," assented Joyce, with deceptive sweetness. "Give me a pencil and paper, please." Cynthia handed them to her and began:

"Angle A equals angle B."

"*Angel* A equals *angel* B," murmured Joyce after her.

"Joyce, I wish you would *not* say that!" interrupted Cynthia, sharply.

"Why not?" inquired Joyce with pretended surprise, at the same time decorating the corners of her diagram with cherubic heads and wings.

"Because it confuses me so I can't think!" said Cynthia. "Please call things by their right names."

"But it makes no difference with the proof, what you call things in geometry," argued Joyce, "whether it's angles or angels or caterpillars or coal-scuttles,—it's all the same in the end!" Cynthia ignored this, swallowed her rising wrath, and doggedly began anew:

"Angle A equals angle B!" But Joyce, who was a born tease, could no more resist the temptation of baiting Cynthia, than she could have refused a chocolate ice-cream soda, so she continued to make foolish and irrelevant comments on every geometrical statement, until, in sheer exasperation, Cynthia threw the book aside.

"It's no use!" she groaned. "You're not in a studying frame of mind, Joyce—certainly not for geometry. I'll go over that myself Monday morning; but what *you're* going to do about it, I don't know—and I don't much care! But we've got to get through somehow. Let's try the algebra. You always like that. Do you think you could put your mind on it?"

"I 'll try," grinned Joyce, in feigned contrition. "I 'll make the greatest effort. But you don't seem to realize that I 'm actually working *very* hard to-night!" Cynthia opened her algebræ, picked out the problem, and read:

"A farmer sold 300 acres—" when Joyce suddenly interrupted:

"Do you know, Cynthia, I heard the most interesting problem the other day. I wonder if you could solve it."

"What is it?" asked Cynthia, thankful for any awakening symptom of interest in her difficult friend.

"Why, this," repeated Joyce with great gravity. "If it takes an elephant ten minutes to put on a white vest, how many pancakes will it take to shingle a freight-car?" Cynthia's indignation was rapidly waxing hotter, but she made one more tremendous effort to control it.

"Joyce, I told you that I was serious about this studying."

"But so am I!" insisted the wicked Joyce. "Now let's try to work that out. Let's equal the number of pancakes—" The end of Cynthia's patience had come, however. She pushed the books aside.

"Joyce Kenway, you are—*abominable!* I wish you would go home!"

"Well, I won't!" retorted Joyce, giggling inwardly, "but I 'll leave you to your own devices, if you like!" And she rose from the table, walked with great dignity to a distant rocking-chair, seated herself in it, and pretended to read the daily paper which she had removed from its seat. From time to time she glanced covertly in Cynthia's direction. But there was no sign of relenting in that young lady. She was, indeed, too deeply indignant, and, moreover, had immersed herself in her work. Presently Joyce gave up trying to attract her attention, and began to read the paper in real earnest,—a thing which she seldom had the time or the interest to do.

There was a long silence in the room, broken only by the scratch of Cynthia's pencil or the rustling of a turned page. Suddenly Joyce looked up.

"Cynthia!" she began. Her voice sounded dif-



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND ENJOY THE SPECTACLE."
(SEE PAGE 693.)

ferent now. It had lost its teasing tone and seemed a little muffled. But Cynthia was obdurate.

"I don't want to talk to you!" she reiterated. "I wish you 'd go home!"

"Very well, Cynthia, I will!" answered Joyce, quietly. And she gathered up her books and belongings, giving her friend a queer look as she left the room without another word.

Later, Cynthia put away her work, yawned, and rose from the table. She was beginning to feel just a trifle sorry that she had been so short with her beloved friend.

"But Joyce was simply impossible, to-night!" she mused. "I never knew her to be quite so foolish. Hope she is n't really offended. But she'll have forgotten all about it by to-morrow morning. . . . I wonder where to-day's paper is? Joyce was reading it—or pretending to! I want to see the weather report for to-morrow. I hope it's going to be fair. . . . Pshaw! I can't find it. She must have gathered it up with her things and taken it with her. That was mighty careless—but just like Joyce! I'm going to bed!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT ILLUMINATION

THE next morning the two girls met, as though absolutely nothing unpleasant had happened. These little differences were, as a fact, of frequent occurrence, and neither of them ever cherished the least grudge toward the other when they were over. Not a word was said in reference to it by either, but Cynthia noticed Joyce looking at her rather curiously several times. Finally she asked:

"What are you staring at me so for, Joyce?"

"Oh, nothing! I was n't staring," Joyce replied, and began to talk of something else.

"By the way, Cyn, why would n't it be a good idea to wait till next week before we have our illumination? Perhaps we could get more candles by that time, too. I vote for next Saturday instead of to-day."

"I can't see why you want to wait," replied Cynthia. "To-day is just as good a time as any. In fact, I think it's better. Something might happen that would entirely prevent it next week. No, let's have it to-day. My heart is set on it."

"Very well then," assented Joyce. "But, do you know, I believe, if this time is a success, we might have it again next Saturday, too."

"Well, you can have it if you like, and if you can raise the money for candles," laughed Cynthia; "but you must n't depend on me. I'll be 'cleaned out' by that time!"

That morning they carefully dusted the drawing-room and library of the Boarded-up House.

"We'll put the candles in the drawing-room, in the big candelabrum. That will take about forty—and we'll have enough for the library too," said Cynthia, planning the campaign. "And the rest of the candles we'll put in the 'locked-up room.' Let's go right up there now and dust it!"

"Oh, what do you want to light *that* room for!"

cried Joyce. "Don't let 's go in there. It makes me blue—even to think of it!" But Cynthia was obdurate.

"I want it lit up!" she announced. "If you don't feel like going up, I'll go myself. I don't mind. But I want candles there!"

"Oh, if you insist, of course I'll go! But really, Cynthia, I don't quite understand you to-day. You want to do such queer things!"

"I don't see anything *queer* about that!" retorted Cynthia, blushing hotly. "It just seemed—somehow—appropriate!"

But Joyce, in spite of her protests, accompanied Cynthia up the tiny, cramped stairway, the entrance to which they had not blocked by restoring the book-shelves.

"What a strange thing it is,—this secret stairway!" she marveled aloud. "I'm sure it is a secret stairway, and that it was long unused, even before Mrs. Collingwood left here. I even feel pretty certain that she never knew it was here."

"How do you figure that out?" questioned Cynthia.

"Well, in several ways. For one thing, because it was all closed up and papered over. That could have been done before she came here, and you know she only lived in this house eighteen years. But mainly because there would n't have been much sense in her locking up the room (if she *did* lock it) had she known there was another easy way of getting into it. No, I somehow don't think she knew!"

They did their dusting in the locked-up room, and tried to make it look as ship-shape as possible, carefully avoiding, however, the vicinity of the desk. Cynthia arranged six candles in holders, ready to light, and they went down stairs again to arrange the others,—a task that was accomplished with some difficulty, as the candelabrum was rather high, and they were obliged to stand on chairs. At last all was ready and they hurried home to luncheon, agreeing to meet at two for the "great illumination!"

When they returned that afternoon, Cynthia had smuggled over the gas-lighter, which they found a boon indeed in lighting so many candles at such a height. When every tongue of flame was sparkling softly, the girls stepped back to admire the result.

"Is n't it the prettiest thing you ever saw?" cried Joyce in an ecstasy of admiration. "It beats a Christmas-tree all hollow! I've always heard that candle-light was the loveliest of all artificial illumination, and now I believe it. Just see how this room is positively transformed! We never *saw* those pictures properly before!"

"Now it looks as it did fifty years ago," said Cynthia, softly. "Of course, houses *were* lighted by gas then, but only city ones or those near the city. I know, because I've been asking about it. Other people had to use horrid oil-lamps. But there were *some* who kept on having candles because they preferred that kind of light—especially in country-houses. And evidently this was one of them."

Joyce eyed her curiously.

"You've certainly been interested in the question of illumination, half a century ago,—but *why*, Cynthia? I never knew you to go so deeply into anything of this kind before!" Cynthia started, and blushed again.

"Do you think so?" she stammered. "Oh, well!—it's only because this—this house has taken hold of me—somehow. I can't get it out of my mind, day or night!"

"Yes," cried Joyce, "and I remember the day when I could hardly induce you to enter it! I just had to *pull* you in, and you disputed every inch of the way!"

"That's the way with me," returned Cynthia. "I'm not quick about going into things, but once I'm *in*, you can't get me out! And nothing I ever knew of has made me feel as this house has. Now I'm going to light the candles in the locked-up room."

"That's the one thing I can't understand!" protested Joyce, as they climbed the tiny stairs once more. "You seem perfectly crazy about that room, and it makes me so—so *depressed* that I hate to go near it! I like the library and the picture of the Lovely Lady best."

Cynthia did not reply to this but lit the candles and gave a last look about. Then they returned to the drawing-room. As there was nothing further to do but sit and enjoy the spectacle, the two girls cuddled down on a roomy old couch or sofa, and watched with all the fascination that one watches the soft illumination of a Christmas-tree. Sometimes they talked in low voices, commenting on the scene, then they would be silent for a long period, simply drinking it in and trying to photograph it forever on their memories. Joyce frankly and openly enjoyed it all, but Cynthia seemed nervous and restless. She began at length to wriggle about, got up twice and walked around restlessly, and looked at her watch again and again.

"I wonder how long these candles will last?" questioned Joyce, glancing at her own timepiece. "They are n't a third gone yet. Oh, I could sit here and look at this for hours! It's all so different from anything we've ever seen."

"*What's that!*" exclaimed Cynthia, suddenly and Joyce straightened up to listen more intently.

"I don't hear anything. What is the matter with you to-day, Cynthia Sprague?"

"I don't know. I'm nervous, I guess!"

"There!—I *did* hear something!" It was Joyce who spoke. "The queerest *click*! Good gracious, Cynthia! Just suppose somebody should take it into his head to get in here to-day! Of *all* times! And find this going on!" But Cynthia was not listening to Joyce. She was straining her ears in another direction.

"There it is again! Somebody is at that front door!" cried Joyce. "I believe they must have seen these lights through some chink in the boarding and are breaking in to find out what's the matter! Perhaps they think—"

C-r-r-r-rack!—Something gave with a long, resounding noise, and the two girls clasped each other in an agony of terror. It came from the front door, there was no shadow of doubt, and somebody had just succeeded in opening the little door in the boarding. There was still the big main door to pass.

"Come!—quick!—quick!" whispered Joyce. "It will *never* do for us to be found here. We might be arrested for trespassing! Let's slip down cellar and out through the window, and perhaps we can get away without being seen. Never mind the candles! They'll never know who put them there!—Hurry!" She clutched at Cynthia, expecting instant acquiescence. But, to her amazement, Cynthia stood firm, and boldly declared:

"No, Joyce, I'm not going to run away! Even if we got out without being seen, they'd be sure to discover us sooner or later. We've left enough of our things around for that. I'm going to meet whoever it is, and tell them we have n't done any real harm,—and so must you!"

All during this speech they could hear the rattle of some one working at the lock of the main door. And a second after Cynthia finished, it yielded with another loud crack. Next, footsteps were heard in the hall. By this time, Joyce was so paralyzed with fright that she could scarcely move a limb, and speech had entirely deserted her. They were caught as in a trap! There was no escape now. It was a horrible position. Cynthia, however, pulled her to her feet.

"Come!" she ordered. "We'd better meet them and face it out!" Joyce could only marvel at her astonishing coolness, who had always been the most timid and terror-ridden of mortals.

At this instant, the drawing-room door was pushed open!

Percy and Billy

Prim and Bunce



BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT



"My name is Percy Algernon,
I'd rather it was Bill.
To tack a name like that upon
A kid against his will
Is mean! And I've got curly hair,
I'd rather it was straight,
And velvet suits I cannot bear,
And Windsor ties I hate!

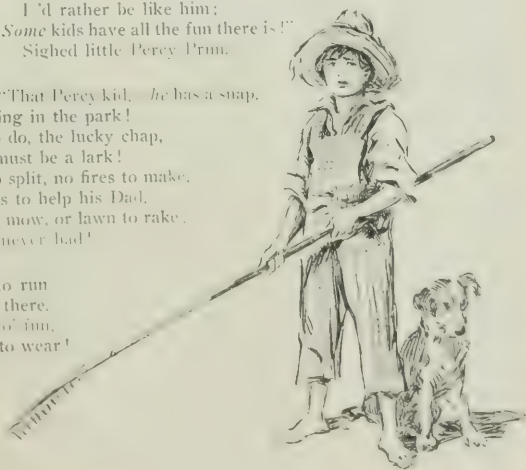
I wish I might go barefoot once,
And tumble in the dirt;
I wish that I were Billy Bunce
And had a gingham shirt!

I'd like to trade my suit for his,
I'd rather be like him;
Some kids have all the fun there is!"
Sighed little Percy Prim.

Said Billy: "That Percy kid, — he has a snap,
Just playing in the park!
No work to do, the lucky chap,
His life must be a lark!
No wood to split, no fires to make,
No chores to help his Dad,
No grass to mow, or lawn to rake,
I wish I never had!"

I bet he does n't have to run
On errands here and there,
He sure must have a lot o' fun,
And such fine clothes to wear!

I'd like to swap my duds for his;
I'd like to be him once,
Some guys have all the luck there is!"
Sighed little Billy Bunce.





START OF A MODEL AEROPLANE RACE. (FROM A MOVING-PICTURE FILM.)

MODEL AEROPLANES

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boy's Book of Model Aeroplanes," "The Wireless Man," etc.

THE most enthusiastic friends of the model aeroplane have been unprepared for its marvelous development. At the early indoor meets, model-flights of 200 feet were considered very creditable, and it was pointed out with pride that in a year the record had been increased from sixty feet. To-day the American record stands at 2803 feet—more than half a mile—and even this flight is likely to be surpassed in the near future.

The model aeroplanes built by American boys compare very favorably with those of their English cousins, both as regards workmanship and the distances flown. In the early days of the sport, it may be remembered, the English records far outdistanced the best American flights, but at present the best models on either side of the Atlantic seem to be well matched and the rivalry is very keen.

As the model aeroplanes have increased in distance-qualities, they have gained as well in general stability, and can negotiate air-currents which would have proved disastrous in the past. Even a high wind has little effect upon the flights. In the recent outdoor tournaments a flight of less

than one quarter of a mile has not been considered in competition. Those who admired the hundred-foot flights in the early days of model-flying have difficulty in finding suitable adjectives to describe the recent long-distance competitions. The model aeroplane is without doubt the most fascinating toy in the world.

The marvelous flights of these little machines is not the result of a happy accident. They follow as the result of an immense amount of hard work and patience on the part of the model-builders. An examination of the most successful long-distance models, illustrated herewith, shows that the designers are gradually simplifying their aeroplanes and doing away with all unnecessary parts. As the models have grown simpler and lighter, their motors have been made more powerful, the propellers more efficient, and their long-distance qualities have increased accordingly.

All the newer models are monoplanes. In every case, it will be noticed, the models are supported by two planes, the smaller plane being carried forward. The propellers in every instance are placed at the rear, in contrast to the

passenger-carrying air-craft. The models are somewhat larger this season than heretofore, the average length being about four feet. An immense amount of ingenuity has been displayed in lightening the various parts and improving the general workmanship. The best of the recent models, when equipped with motors ready for flight, weigh from six to seven ounces. The early models, while often considerably smaller, were much heavier.

The secret of the amazingly long flights is to be found in the new propellers. The first propellers seem very crude affairs in the light of recent experience. The propellers now in use are of much higher pitch, while their lines are much more scientific. The most successful models are driven by twin propellers measuring about twelve inches in diameter, which is fully twice the size of the early designs. The pitch of these propellers is often as high as thirty-four inches. In other words, the model-aeroplane thus equipped is driven forward, theoretically, nearly one yard with each revolution. Since the propellers have a speed of about 500 revolutions per minute, the

made with about ten strands of one-eighth-inch flat rubber.

No part of the model aeroplane perhaps shows



LESTER NESS, WITH HIS 1915 MODEL

speed of the little air-craft is often surprising. The motive power is still supplied by bands of twisted rubber. The most efficient motors are



AN EFFICIENT 1915 MODEL

more ingenuity than the construction of the planes or wings. In the early models the planes were constructed with rather stout sticks covered with cloth, and were decidedly awkward and heavy. The designs were quickly improved as new and lighter materials were discovered. As the result of several years of study the planes now employed are marvels of lightness and strength weighing less than half as much as the earlier forms. At one stage of the development of the model aeroplane, the size of the planes was greatly reduced, and it was believed that future models would be flown with even less supporting surface. A reaction seems to have set in, however, and the planes, instead of being further reduced, have been somewhat increased in size.

The planes of the most successful long-distance models are made of very light wood, oftener of bamboo. Every part has been fined away as far as possible. A study of the accompanying pictures will show the general plans of wing-con-



HARRY HERZOG, WITH HIS MODEL THAT FLEW 2803 FEET.

struction. The frames are covered with a very thin Japanese silk or bamboo paper. The fibrous nature of the paper renders it especially dura-

ble, and, in case of a tear or puncture, the paper-covered wings may be easily repaired. The planes, when covered, are usually painted with a special varnish, which on drying contracts the surface, making it as taut as a drumhead. In the early days of model-flying, the planes were frequently damaged on landing, although their construction was comparatively durable. Nowadays, however, the stability of the models is so well controlled that the models on landing flutter to the ground practically on an even keel, and little or no damage is done even to the lightest planes.

It will be noticed that among the model aeroplanes here illustrated no two are exactly alike. Every model-builder seems to have ideas of his own as to the most efficient form of the wings or planes. Some of the models are supported by planes cut away to a knife-like blade, others are borne on wings of two or three times their area. In some cases the planes are almost perfect ellipses, while others are sharply rectangular in form. Several models are equipped with comparatively broad planes with their ends carried well back in irregular-shaped ailerons. Still other wings are diamond-shaped, while one particularly successful model has wings in the form of narrow rectangles with the ends bent sharply upward. There seems to be no hard and fast rule for designing the planes, and each designer follows his own inclination.

Still another surprise will be found in the modeling of the newer and most efficient planes. Many of the builders, after several years of experimenting, have returned to the early designs.



CHARLES A. OBST, PRESIDENT OF THE AERO SCIENCE CLUB OF AMERICA, WITH HIS ENGLISH MODEL.

The early models, it may be remembered, were equipped with perfectly flat planes. Later, a great deal of attention was paid to the camber, or curve, of the wings. It was considered of vital importance that the wings be curved scientific-

ally, with their highest point just back of the front, or entering, edge, as in the case of the man-carrying machines. Some of the model-builders continue to make their planes with great accuracy, while other machines, supported by practically flat surfaces, fly for amazing distances.



THE MEASURING DEVICE, EQUIPPED WITH A CYCLOMETER

ally, with their highest point just back of the front, or entering, edge, as in the case of the man-carrying machines. Some of the model-builders continue to make their planes with great accuracy, while other machines, supported by practically flat surfaces, fly for amazing distances.

The planes of the earlier models were usually constructed with double surfaces. An ingenious frame was constructed and completely covered with cloth, leaving an air-space within. It was thought that, by keeping both the upper and under surface of the wings as smooth as possible, the resistance offered to the air would be reduced and the increased weight of this construction more than compensated for. The recent models are equipped with single surface planes. In contrast to some of the early forms of planes, which measured perhaps half an inch in thickness, the best of the newer planes have been reduced to the thinness of heavy paper.

A great improvement is to be found in the construction of the frame, or chassis, of the model aeroplane. In the early days of the sport the frames were often very cumbersome. A

powerful motor, and which at the same time will add but an ounce or two of weight. While scarcely two of the frames employed are identical, the general form is much the same.

The frame almost invariably consists of a triangle with a base of about one foot and a length of four feet or thereabout. The longer sides of the triangle are built of strips of bamboo, or some light tough wood, perhaps less than one quarter of an inch square. It is made rigid by ingenious systems of bracing with strips of wood or piano wire, or both. Some builders still retain the single stick form. The metal bearings used in mounting the propellers have also been greatly improved in the recent models.

In the early days of model aeroplane flying, the energy was stored in the rubber motors by the simple method of turning the propeller with the finger until the rubber strands were tightly twisted. The method involved considerable labor, even when the flights were very short; and with the increase in distance qualities, it became impracticable. To turn each of the twin propellers 1000 or more times for each flight would leave little time for anything else. An ingenious

device is now used which makes it possible to wind up both motors in opposite directions at the same time. It is designed after the plan of a drill, or an egg-beater, so that a single turn of the handle will add several twists to the rubber strands. In winding up the motor, the strands are first stretched to a considerable distance, which makes it possible to give them a greater number of turns. The winding is done from the front of the motor and not, as formerly, from the propeller end.

An ingenious measuring device has further served to save much of the labor of the early flying days. It is obviously a very slow process

to measure the distance of a flight with a tape, even when the flights are very short. When the model aeroplane soars for upward of half a mile before coming to earth, the old-fashioned system is practically out of the question. The new measuring device, designed by Mr. Edward Durant, consists of a wheel, with a circumference of just two feet, mounted at the end of a long stick and equipped with a cyclometer. As the wheel is pushed along the ground, the distance in feet is thus recorded automatically. As soon as the model aeroplane is aloft the official measurer pursues it on the run, and the distance of the flight may be announced the moment it lands.

A HOME-MADE SWIMMING-POOL

BY MARY BIDDLE FILTER

"A SPRINKLER may be all right, I suppose, Mother, but we want something to get into—we want to *swim*!" complained the eldest of our four, aged ten, looking longingly at the river on a particularly hot day in early June.

"I know it's hard, dear, with the river right before you, but you know how unhealthy Dr. Hills said it was," mother explained. "Might as well let them bathe in a sewer," he had remarked bluntly, when she had consulted him on the subject.

"Oh, if we only had somepin, just somepin we could get in and swim in!" mourned the second, two years younger, adopting his older brother's words.

It was this conversation, repeated to the family that evening, that brought forth the "idea." The small boy's moan, "just somepin to get in," had set mother pondering. Believing in making home as attractive as possible, so as to draw other children there and keep her own about her, she strove as nearly as lay in her power to surround them with all possible, harmless amusements. And what does a boy love in warm weather like swimming!

"I wish I could give them something," she said, when telling the family. "We are n't going away this summer, and we are n't allowing them any fire-crackers or fireworks. After Nathaniel's narrow escape from blindness from those sparklers last year, it will be a sane Fourth for us forevermore," but we are saving money by it, and, if I could only devise some plan, I should love to give them 'just somepin to get in and swim.' Of

course, we have n't room for a real swimming-pool nor the money to make it but—"

"I have it!" interrupted Uncle Mac, the carpenter-born member of the family, and therefore—such is the irony of fate—a wool-merchant by inheritance. Thereupon, with great excitement he proceeded to propound his scheme.

"Would it be practical, do you think?" asked mother, doubtfully. "And would n't it be very expensive?"

"I think it would," said Uncle Mac to the first part of the question; "and I think it would n't," to the second.

"May I try it?" asked mother of father.

"I don't believe it's feasible; but if you'll attend to it, try away!" said busy father.

Next morning bright and early, mother had the carpenter down and explained her—or rather Uncle Mac's—"idea." He listened most intelligently.

"Can you give me a rough estimate of the cost?" she asked eagerly.

He did some calculating with pencil and pad.

"About ninety-seven dollars," he announced after a moment.

Mother's face fell.

"Ninety-seven dollars!" she gasped. "Why, we did n't expect it would be over fifty! We can't do it."

"But, Madam, that's a large floor space, and, when you tongue and groove boards—"

"Tongue and groove!" interrupted mother blankly. "Mac did n't mention anything about tongues and grooves. What are they?"

The carpenter patiently went into a long explanation.

"I don't think we need tongues and grooves," still persisted mother. "But Mac did speak of calking; what 's that?"

"But, Madam, that 's what one does to a boat to keep it from leaking. I 'm not a boat-builder!" he deprecated.

Mother looked discouraged.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, brightening after a moment's thought. "I 'll call up Mr. Mac, and you can talk to him. I feel sure there should 'nt be tongues and grooves."

Uncle Mac laughed when he heard mother's trouble.

"Send him to the 'phone," he said, "and I 'll tell him."

So Uncle Mac, the carpenter-born, from his wool-merchant's office explained to the carpenter by trade, just how and what to do. And this was what he told him.

Take six, twenty-foot yellow-pine planks, fourteen inches wide, two inches thick. Cut two in half for the ends. Order enough one inch plank-

sides like a boat; put a few strips along the bottom to raise it slightly off the ground; then, when finished, turn over.

The turning-over process required as many men as a twenty foot sail-boat. When right side up, the inside was painted white, and the outside green to match the grass. A plug about the diameter of an orange was put in one corner, and then the hose was turned in. About three hours later the boys were swimming in the nicest little swimming-pool imaginable.

White and pure, the pool shone crystal bright and the cold spring water, sparklingly clear, made a mirror of shimmering beauty to reflect the glorious blue of the sky above.

The week after it was completed, the boys could swim, dive, go the length of it under water, and do nearly everything that would have been accomplished in the river. They even put the canoe in it, and one day it upset, spilling two boys out on the grass and two into the pool.

All through the long hot summer, mother's boys and all their friends played in and around that box. They sailed their boats, paddled the



SWIMMING POOL ON A LITTLE BOY.

ing *not tongued and grooved*, to plank the bottom. Then make a box, twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and twenty-eight inches deep. Get five pounds of cotton for calking and a calking-iron. Then, before turning over, calk the bottom and

canoe, and went in swimming. A small tent beside it made a splendid bath-house and they had all the pleasures of the shore.

"How does it drain?" asked an inquiring admirer.



"WATCH ME!"

"Pull out the plug at night," explained mother. "A couple of hours later the water has gone, sunk right into the earth. Then we sweep the pool out,

turn on the hose, and before bedtime it is filled. And we don't use as much water as we used to with our sprinkler."



DIVING FROM THE CORNERS.



A CANOE PARTY.

Mother's greatest triumph came when, one hot afternoon after business hours, father, the skeptical, quietly put on his bathing-suit and joined

the boys. Finding it so refreshing, the next day he repeated it, and the next. Now it's a daily occurrence.



LARKING IN THE SWIMMING-POOL.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"HELP!"

"Did it take you long to find it?" asked the lovely person with the smile. "Of course I knew you would find it in the end. But we had to give ourselves time. How long did it take?"

Marco removed himself from beneath the touch of her hand. It was quietly done, but there was a disdain in his young face which made her wince though she pretended to shrug her shoulders amusedly.

"You refuse to answer?" she laughed.

"I refuse."

At that very moment he saw at the curve of the corridor the Chancellor and his daughter approaching slowly. The two young officers were talking gaily to the girl. They were on their way back to their box. Was he going to lose them? Was he?

The delicate hand was laid on his shoulder again, but this time he felt that it grasped him firmly.

"Naughty boy!" the soft voice said. "I am going to take you home with me. If you struggle I shall tell these people that you are my bad boy who is here without permission. What will you answer? My escort is coming down the staircase and will help me. Do you see?" And in fact there appeared in the crowd at the head of the staircase the figure of the man he remembered.

He did see. A dampness broke out on the palms of his hands. If she did this bold thing, what could he say to those she told her lie to? How could he bring proof or explain who he was—and what story dare he tell? His protestations and struggles would merely amuse the lookers-on, who would see in them only the impotent rage of an insubordinate youngster.

There swept over him a wave of remembrance which brought back, as if he were living through it again, the moment when he had stood in the darkness of the wine cellar with his back against the door and had heard the man walk away and leave him alone. He felt again as he had done then—but now he was in another land and far away from his father. He could do nothing to help himself unless Something showed him a way.

He made no sound, and the woman who held

him saw only a flame leap under his dense black lashes.

But something within him called out. It was as if he heard it. It was that strong self—the self that was Marco, and it called—it called as if it shouted.

"Help!" it called—to that Unknown Stranger Thing which had made worlds and which he and his father so often talked of and in whose power they so believed. "Help!"

The Chancellor was drawing nearer. Perhaps? Should he—?

"You are too proud to kick and shout," the voice went on. "And people would only laugh. Do you see?"

The stairs were crowded and the man who was at the head of them could only move slowly. But he had seen the boy.

Marco turned so that he could face his captor squarely as if he were going to say something in answer to her. But he was not. Even as he made the movement of turning, the help he had called for came and he knew what he should do. And he could do two things at once—save himself and give his Sign—because, the Sign once given, the Chancellor would understand.

"He will be here in a moment. He has recognized you," the woman said.

As she glanced up the stairs, the delicate grip of her hand unconsciously slackened.

Marco whirled away from her. The bell rang which was to warn the audience that they must return to their seats and he saw the Chancellor hasten his pace.

A moment later, the old aristocrat found himself amazedly looking down at the pale face of a breathless lad who spoke to him in German and in such a manner that he could not but pause and listen.

"Sir," he was saying, "the woman in violet at the foot of the stairs is a spy. She trapped me once and she threatens to do it again. Sir, may I beg you to protect me?"

He said it low and fast. No one else could hear his words.

"What! What!" the Chancellor exclaimed.

And then, drawing a step nearer and quite as low and rapidly but with perfect distinctness, Marco uttered four words.

The Help cry had been answered instantly. Marco saw it at once in the old man's eyes, notwithstanding that he turned to look at the woman at the foot of the staircase as if she only concerned him.

"What! What!" he said, and made a move-



"WHAT! WHAT!" THE CHANCELLOR EXCLAIMED.

ment toward her, pulling his large moustache with a fierce hand.

Then Marco recognized that a curious thing happened. The Lovely Person saw the movement and the gray moustache, and that instant her smile died away and she turned quite white—so white, that under the brilliant electric light she was almost green and scarcely looked lovely at all. She made a sign to the man on the staircase and slipped through the crowd like an eel.

She was a slim flexible creature and never was a disappearance more wonderful in its rapidity. Between stout matrons and their thin or stout escorts and families she made her way and lost herself—but always making toward the exit. In two minutes there was no sight of her violet draperies to be seen. She was gone and so, evidently, was her male companion.

It was plain to Marco that to follow the profession of a spy was not by any means a safe thing. The Chancellor had recognized her—she had recognized the Chancellor who turned looking ferociously angry and spoke to one of the young officers.

"She and the man with her are two of the most dangerous spies in Europe. She is a Rumanian and he is a Russian. What they wanted of this innocent lad I don't pretend to know. What did she threaten?" to Marco.

Marco was feeling rather cold and sick and had lost his healthy color for the moment.

"She said she meant to take me home with her and would pretend I was her son who had come here without permission," he answered. "She believes I know something I do not." He made a hesitating but grateful bow. "The third act, Sir—I must—not—keep you. Thank you! Thank you!"

The Chancellor moved toward the entrance door of the balcony seats, but he did it with his hand on Marco's shoulder.

"See that he gets home safely," he said to the younger of the two officers. "Send a messenger with him. He's young to be attacked by creatures of that kind."

Polite young officers naturally obey the commands of Chancellors and such dignitaries. This one found without trouble a young private who marched with Marco through the deserted streets to his lodgings. He was a stolid young Bavarian peasant and seemed to have no curiosity or even any interest in the reason for the command given

him. He was in fact thinking of his sweetheart who lived near Königsee and who had skated with him on the frozen lake last winter. He scarcely gave a glance to the school-boy he was to escort, he neither knew nor wondered why.

The Rat had fallen asleep over his papers and lay with his head on his folded arms on the table. But he was awakened by Marco's coming into the room and sat up blinking his eyes in the effort to get them open.

"Did you see him? Did you get near enough?" he drowsed.

"Yes," Marco answered. "I got near enough."

The Rat sat upright suddenly.

"It's not been easy," he exclaimed. "I'm sure something happened—something went wrong."

"Something nearly went wrong—*very* nearly," answered Marco. But as he spoke he took the sketch of the Chancellor out of the slit in his sleeve and tore it and burned it with a match. "But I did get near enough. And that's *two*."

THEY talked long, before they went to sleep that night. The Rat grew pale as he listened to the story of the woman in violet.

"I ought to have gone with you!" he said. "I see now. An Aide-de-Camp must always be in attendance. It would have been harder for her to manage two than one. I must always be near to watch, even if I am not close by you. If you had not come back—if you had not come back!" He struck his clenched hands together fiercely. "What should I have done!"

When Marco turned toward him from the table near which he was standing, he looked like his father.

He wore what The Rat called his "tall" look. It was a wonderful, vivid expression, which made him look almost unnaturally wise, because it was so much older than his years.

"You would have gone on with the Game just as far as you could," he said. "You could not leave it. You remember the places, and the faces, and the Sign. There is some money; and when it was all gone, you could have begged, as we used to pretend we should. We have not had to do it yet, and it was best to save it for country places and villages. But you could have done it if you were obliged to. The Game would have to go on."

The Rat caught at his thin chest as if he had been struck breathless.

"Without you?" he gasped. "Without you?"

"Yes," said Marco. "And we must think of it, and plan in case anything like that should happen."

He stopped himself quite suddenly, and sat

down looking straight before him, as if at some far away thing he saw.

"Nothing will happen," he said. "Nothing can."

"What are you thinking of?" The Rat gulped, because his breath had not quite come back. "Why will nothing happen?"

"Because—" the boy spoke in an almost matter of fact tone—in quite an unexalted tone at all events, "you see I can always make a strong call, as I did to-night."

"Did you shout?" The Rat asked. "I did n't know you shouted."

"I did n't. I said nothing aloud. But I—the myself that is in me," Marco touched himself on his breast, "called out, 'Help! Help!' with all its strength. And help came."

The Rat regarded him dubiously.

"What did it call to?" he asked.

"To the Power—to the Strength-place—to the Thought that does things. The Buddhist hermit, who told my father about it, called it 'The Thought that thought the World.'"

A reluctant suspicion betrayed itself in The Rat's eyes.

"Do you mean you prayed?" he inquired, with a slight touch of disfavor.

Marco's eyes remained fixed upon him in vague thoughtfulness for a moment or so of pause.

"I don't know," he said at last. "Perhaps it's the same thing—when you need something so much that you cry out loud for it. But it's not words, it's a strong thing without a name. I called like that when I was shut in the wine-cellar. I remembered some of the things the old Buddhist told my father."

The Rat moved restlessly.

"The help came that time," he admitted. "How did it come to-night?"

"In that thought which flashed into my mind almost the next second. It came like lightning. All at once I knew that if I ran to the Chancellor and said the woman was a spy, it would startle him into listening to me; and that then I could give him the Sign; and that when I gave him the Sign, he would know I was speaking the truth and would protect me."

"It was a splendid thought!" The Rat said, biting his nails. "And it was quick. But it was you who thought it."

"All thinking is part of the Big Thought," said Marco slowly. "It *knows*—It *knows*—It *knows*. And the outside part of us somehow broke the chain that linked us to It. And we are always trying to mend the chain, without knowing how. That is what our thinking is—trying to mend the chain. But we shall find out how to

do it sometime. The old Buddhist told my father so—just as the sun was rising from behind a high peak of the Himalayas." Then he added hastily, "I am only telling you what my father told me, and he only told me what the old hermit told him."

"Does your father believe what he told him?" The Rat's bewilderment had become an eager and restless thing.

"Yes, he believes it. He always thought something like it, himself. That is why he is so calm and knows so well how to wait."

"Is that it!" breathed The Rat. "Is that why? Has—has he mended the chain?" And there was awe in his voice, because of this one man to whom he felt any achievement was possible.

"I believe he has," said Marco. "Don't you think so yourself?"

"He has done something," The Rat said.

He seemed to be thinking things over before he spoke again—and then even more slowly than Marco.

"If he could mend the chain," he said almost in a whisper, "he could find out where the descendant of the Lost Prince is. He would know what to do for Samavia!"

He ended the words with a start, and his whole face glowed with a new, amazed light.

"Perhaps he does know!" he cried. "If the help comes like thoughts—as yours did—perhaps his thought of letting us give the Sign was part of it. We—just we two every-day boys—are part of it!"

"The old Buddhist said—" began Marco.

"Look here!" broke in The Rat. "Tell me the whole story. I want to hear it."

It was because Loristan had heard it, and listened, and believed, that The Rat had taken fire. His imagination seized upon the idea, as it would have seized on some theory of necromancy proved true and workable.

With his elbows on the table and his hands in his hair, he leaned forward, twisting a lock with restless fingers. His breath quickened.

"Tell it," he said, "I want to hear it all!"

"I shall have to tell it in my own words," Marco said. "And it won't be as wonderful as it was when my father told it to me. This is what I remember:

"My father had gone through much pain and trouble. A great load was upon him, and he had been told he was going to die before his work was done. He had gone to India, because a man he was obliged to speak to had gone there to hunt, and no one knew when he would return. My father followed him for months from one wild place to another, and, when he found him,

the man would not hear or believe what he had come so far to say. Then he had jungle-fever and almost died. Once the natives left him for dead in a bungalow in the forest, and he heard the jackals howling round him all the night. Through all the hours he was only alive enough to be conscious of two things—all the rest of him seemed gone from his body: his thought knew that his work was unfinished—and his body heard the jackals howl."

"Was the work for Samavia?" The Rat put in quickly. "If he had died that night, the descendant of the Lost Prince never would have been found—never!" The Rat bit his lip so hard that a drop of blood started from it.

"When he was slowly coming alive again, a native, who had gone back and stayed to wait upon him, told him that near the summit of a mountain, about fifty miles away, there was a ledge which jutted out into space and hung over the valley, which was thousands of feet below. On the ledge there was a hut in which there lived an ancient Buddhist, who was a holy man, as they called him, and who had been there during time which had not been measured. They said that their grandparents and great-grandparents had known of him, though very few persons had ever seen him. It was told that the most savage beast was tame before him. They said that a man-eating tiger would stop to salute him, and that a thirsty lioness would bring her whelps to drink at the spring near his hut."

"That was a lie," said The Rat promptly.

Marco neither laughed nor frowned.

"How do we *know*?" he said. "It was a native's story, and it might be anything. My father neither said it was true nor false. He listened to all that was told him by natives. They said that the holy man was the brother of the stars. He knew all things past and to come, and could heal the sick. But most people, especially those who had sinful thoughts, were afraid to go near him."

"I'd like to have seen—" The Rat pondered aloud, but he did not finish.

"Before my father was well, he had made up his mind to travel to the ledge if he could. He felt as if he must go. He thought that if he were going to die, the hermit might tell him some wise thing to do for Samavia."

"He might have given him a message to leave to the Secret Ones," said The Rat.

"He was so weak when he set out on his journey that he wondered if he would reach the end of it. Part of the way he traveled by bullock-cart, and part, he was carried by natives. But at last the bearers came to a place more than halfway up the mountain, and would go no further.

Then they went back and left him to climb the rest of the way himself. They had traveled slowly and he had got more strength, but he was weak yet. The forest was more wonderful than anything he had ever seen. There were tropical trees with foliage like lace, and some with huge leaves, and some of them seemed to reach the sky. Sometimes he could hardly see gleams of blue through them. And vines swung down from their high branches, and caught each other, and matted together; and there were hot scents, and strange flowers, and dazzling birds darting about, and thick moss, and little cascades bursting out. The path grew narrower and steeper, and the flower scents and the sultriness made it like walking in a hothouse. He heard rustlings in the undergrowth, which might have been made by any kind of wild animal; once he stepped across a deadly snake without seeing it. But it was asleep and did not hurt him. He knew the natives had been convinced that he would not reach the ledge; but for some strange reason he believed he should. He stopped and rested many times, and he drank some milk he had brought in a canteen. The higher he climbed, the more wonderful everything was, and a strange feeling began to fill him. He said his body stopped being tired and began to feel very light. And his load lifted itself from his heart, as if it were not his load any more but belonged to something stronger. Even Samavia seemed to be safe. As he went higher and higher, and looked down the abyss at the world below, it appeared as if it were not real but only a dream he had wakened from—only a dream."

The Rat moved restlessly.

"Perhaps he was light-headed with the fever," he suggested.

"The fever had left him, and the weakness had left him," Marco answered. "It seemed as if he had never really been ill at all—as if no one could be ill, because things like that were only dreams, just as the world was."

"I wish I'd been with him! Perhaps I could have thrown these away—down into the abyss!" And The Rat shook his crutches which rested against the table. "I feel as if I was climbing, too. Go on."

Marco had become more absorbed than The Rat. He had lost himself in the memory of the story.

"I felt that I was climbing, when he told me," he said. "I felt as if I were breathing in the hot flower-scents and pushing aside the big leaves and giant ferns. There had been a rain, and they were wet and shining with big drops, like jewels, that showered over him as he thrust his

way through and under them. And the stillness and the height—the stillness and the height! I can't make it real to you as he made it to me! I can't! I was there. He took me. And it was so high—and so still—and so beautiful that I could scarcely bear it."

But the truth was, that with some vivid boy-touch he had carried his hearer far. The Rat was deadly quiet. Even his eyes had not moved. He spoke almost as if he were in a sort of trance.

"It's real," he said. "I'm there now. As high as you—go on—go on. I want to climb higher."

And Marco, understanding, went on.

"The day was over and the stars were out when he reached the place where the ledge was. He said he thought that during the last part of the climb he never looked on the earth at all. The stars were so immense that he could not look away from them. They seemed to be drawing him up. And all overhead was like violet velvet, and they hung there like great lamps of radiance. Can you see them? You must see them. My father saw them all night long. They were part of the wonder."

"I see them," The Rat answered, still in his trance-like voice and without stirring, and Marco knew he did.

"And there, with the huge stars watching it, was the hut on the ledge. And there was no one there. The door was open. And outside it was a low bench and table of stone. And on the table was a meal of dates and rice, waiting. Not far from the hut was a deep spring, which ran away in a clear brook. My father drank and bathed his face there. Then he went out on the ledge, and sat down and waited, with his face turned up to the stars. He did not lie down, and he thought he saw the stars all the time he waited. He was sure he did not sleep. He did not know how long he sat there alone. But at last he drew his eyes from the stars, as if he had been commanded to do it. And he was not alone any more. A yard or so away from him sat the holy man. He knew it was the hermit because his eyes were different from any human eyes he had ever beheld. They were as still as the night was, and as deep as the shadows covering the world thousands of feet below, and they had a far, far look, and a strange light was in them."

"What did he say?" asked The Rat hoarsely.

"He only said, 'Rise, my son. I awaited thee. Go and eat the food I prepared for thee, and then we will speak together.' He did n't move or speak again until my father had eaten the meal. He only sat on the moss and let his eyes rest on the shadows over the abyss. When my father



THEY HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO WANDER ABOUT THE MARVELOUS LITTLE OLD CITY (SEE PAGE 712)

went back, he made a gesture which meant that he should sit near him.

"Then he sat still for several minutes, and let his eyes rest on my father, until he felt as if the light in them were set in the midst of his own body and his soul. Then he said, 'I cannot tell thee all thou wouldst know. That I may not do.' He had a wonderful gentle voice, like a deep soft bell. 'But the work will be done. Thy life and thy son's life will set it on its way.'

"They sat through the whole night together. And the stars hung quite near, as if they listened. And there were sounds in the bushes of stealthy, padding feet which wandered about as if the owners of them listened too. And the wonderful, low, peaceful voice of the holy man went on and on, telling of wonders which seemed like miracles but which were to him only the 'working of the Law.'"

"What is the Law?" The Rat broke in.

"There were two my father wrote down, and I

learned them. The first was the law of The One. I'll try to say that," and he covered his eyes and waited through a moment of silence.

It seemed to The Rat as if the room held an extraordinary stillness.

"Listen!" came next. "This is it:

"There are a myriad worlds. There is but One Thought out of which they grew. Its Law is Order which cannot swerve. Its creatures are free to choose. Only they can create Disorder, which in itself is Pain and Woe and Hate and Fear. These they alone can bring forth. The Great One cannot. It is a Golden Light. It is not remote but near. Hold thyself within its glow, and thou wilt behold all things clearly. First, with all thy breathing being, know one thing! That thine own thought—when so thou standest—is one with That which thought the Worlds!"

"What?" gasped The Rat. "My thought—the things I think!"

"Your thoughts—boys' thoughts—anybody's thoughts."

"You're giving me the jim-jams!"

"He said it," answered Marco. "And it was then he spoke about the broken Link—and about the greatest books in the world—that in all their different ways, they were only saying over and over again one thing thousands of times. Just this thing—'Hate not, Fear not, Love.' And he said that was Order. And when it was disturbed, suffering came—poverty and misery and catastrophe and wars."

"Wars!" The Rat said sharply. "The World could n't do without war—and armies and defenses! What about Samavia?"

"My father asked him that. And this is what he answered. I learned that too. Let me think again," and he waited as he had waited before. Then he lifted his head. "Listen! This is it:

"Out of the blackness of Disorder and its outpouring of human misery, there will arise the Order which is Peace. When Man learns that he is one with the Thought which itself creates all beauty, all power, all splendor, and all repose, he will not fear that his brother can rob him of his heart's desire. He will stand in the Light and draw to himself his own."

"Draw to himself?" The Rat said. "Draw what he wants? I don't believe it!"

"Nobody does," said Marco. "We don't know. He said we stood in the dark of the night—without stars—and did not know that the broken chain swung just above us."

"I don't believe it!" said The Rat. "It's too big!"

Marco did not say whether he believed it or not. He only went on speaking.

"My father listened until he felt as if he had stopped breathing. Just at the stillest of the stillness the Buddhist stopped speaking. And there was a rustling of the undergrowth a few yards away, as if something big was pushing its way through—and there was the soft pad of feet. The Buddhist turned his head and my father heard him say softly: 'Come forth, Sister.'"

"And a huge leopardess with two cubs walked out on to the ledge and came to him and threw herself down with a heavy lunge near his feet."

"Your father saw that!" cried out The Rat. "You mean the old fellow knew something that made you beat beasts afraid to touch him or any one near him?"

"Not afraid. They knew he was their brother, and that he was one with the Law. He had lived so long with the Great Thought that all darkness and fear had left him forever. He had mended the Chain."

The Rat had reached deep waters. He leaned forward—his hands burrowing in his hair, his face scowling and twisted, his eyes boring into space. He had climbed to the ledge at the mountain top; he had seen the luminous immensity of the stars, and he had looked down into the shadows filling the world thousands of feet below. Was there some remote deep in him from whose darkness a slow light was rising? All that Loristan had said he knew must be true. But the rest of it—?

Marco got up and came over to him. He looked like his father again.

"If the descendant of the Lost Prince is brought back to rule Samavia, he will teach his people the Law of the One. It was for that the holy man taught my father until the dawn came."

"Who will—who will teach the Lost Prince—the new King—when he is found?" The Rat cried. "Who will teach him?"

"The hermit said my father would. He said he would also teach his son—and that son would teach his son—and he would teach his. And through such as they were, the whole world would come to know the Order and the Law."

Never had The Rat looked so strange and fierce a thing. A whole world at peace! No tactics—no battles—no slaughtered heroes—no clash of arms, and fame! It made him feel sick. And yet—something set his chest heaving.

"And your father would teach him that—when he was found! So that he could teach his sons. Your father *believes* in it?"

"Yes," Marco answered. He said nothing but "Yes."

The Rat threw himself forward on the table, face downward.

"Then," he said, "he must make me believe it. He must teach me—if he can."

They heard a clumping step upon the staircase, and, when it reached the landing, it stopped at their door. Then there was a solid knock.

When Marco opened the door, the young soldier who had escorted him from the Hof Theater was standing outside. He looked as uninterested and stolid as before, as he handed in a small flat package.

"You must have dropped it near your seat at the Opera," he said. "I was to give it into your own hands. It is your purse."

After he had clumped down the staircase again, Marco and The Rat drew a quick breath at one and the same time.

"I had no seat and I had no purse," Marco said. "Let us open it."

There was a flat limp leather note-holder inside. In it was a paper, at the head of which

were photographs of the Lovely Person and her companion. Beneath were a few lines which stated that they were the well known spies, Eugenia Karovna and Paul Varel, and that the bearer must be protected against them. It was signed by the Chief of the Police. On a separate sheet was written the command: "Carry this with you as protection."

"That is help," The Rat said. "It would protect us, even in another country. The Chancellor sent it—but you made the strong call—and it's here!"

There was no street lamp to shine into their windows when they went at last to bed. When the blind was drawn up, they were nearer the sky than they had been in the Marylebone Road. The last thing each of them saw, as he went to sleep, was the stars—and in their dreams, they saw them grow larger and larger, and hang like lamps of radiance against the violet-velvet sky above a ledge of a Himalayan Mountain, where they listened to the sound of a low voice going on and on and on.

CHAPTER XXII

A NIGHT VIGIL

ON a hill in the midst of a great Austrian plain, around which high Alps wait watching through the ages, stands a venerable fortress, almost more beautiful than anything one has ever seen. Perhaps, if it were not for the great plain flowing broadly about it with its wide-spread beauties of meadow-land, and wood, and dim-toned buildings gathered about farms, and its dream of a small ancient city at its feet, it might—though it is to be doubted—seem something less a marvel of medieval picturesqueness. But out of the plain rises the low hill, and surrounding it at a stately distance stands guard the giant Majesty of Alps, with shoulders in the clouds and god-like heads above them, looking on—always looking on—sometimes themselves ethereal clouds of snow-whiteness, sometimes monster bare crags which pierce the blue, and whose unchanging silence seems to know the secret of the everlasting. And on the hill which this august circle holds in its embrace, as though it enclosed a treasure, stands the old, old, towered fortress built as a citadel for the Prince Archbishops, who were kings in their domain in the long past centuries when the splendor and power of ecclesiastical princes was among the greatest upon earth.

And as you approach the town—and as you leave it—and as you walk through its streets, the broad calm empty-looking ones, or the narrow thoroughfares whose houses seem so near to each other, whether you climb or descend or cross

bridges, or gaze at churches, or step out on your balcony at night to look at the mountains and the moon—always it seems that from some point you can see it gazing down at you—the citadel of Hohen-Salzburg.

It was to Salzburg they went next, because at Salzburg was to be found the man who looked like a hair-dresser and who worked in a barber's shop. Strange as it might seem, to him also must be carried the Sign.

"There may be people who come to him to be shaved—soldiers, or men who know things," The Rat worked it out, "and he can speak to them when he is standing close to them. It will be easy to get near him. You can go and have your hair cut."

The journey from Munich was not a long one, and during the latter part of it they had the wooden-seated third-class carriage to themselves. Even the drowsy old peasant who nodded and slept in one corner got out with his bundles at last. To Marco the mountains were long-known wonders which could never grow old. They had always and always been so old! Surely they had been the first of the world! Surely they had been standing there waiting when it was said "Let there be Light." The Light had known it would find them there. They were so silent, and yet it seemed as if they said some amazing thing—something which would take your breath from you if you could hear it. And they never changed. The clouds changed, they wreathed them, and hid them, and trailed down them, and poured out storm torrents on them, and thundered against them, and darted forked lightnings round them. But the mountains stood there afterwards as if such things had not been and were not in the world. Winds roared and tore at them, centuries passed over them—centuries of millions of lives, of changing of kingdoms and empires, of battles and world-wide fame which grew and died and passed away; and temples crumbled, and king's tombs were forgotten, and cities were buried and others built over them after hundreds of years—and perhaps a few stones fell from a mountain side, or a fissure was worn, which the people below could not even see. And that was all. There they stood, and perhaps their secret was that they had been there for ever and ever and ever. That was what the mountains said to Marco, which was why he did not want to talk much, but sat and gazed out of the carriage window.

The Rat had been very silent all the morning. He had been silent when they got up, and he had scarcely spoken when they made their way to the station at Munich and sat waiting for their train. It seemed to Marco that he was thinking so hard

that he was like a person who was far away from the place he stood in. His brows were drawn together and his eyes did not seem to see the people who passed by. Usually he saw everything and made shrewd remarks on almost all he saw. But to-day he was somehow otherwise absorbed. He sat in the train with his forehead against the window and stared out. He moved and gasped when he found himself staring at the Alps, but afterwards he was even strangely still. It was not until after the sleepy old peasant had gathered his bundles and got out at a station that he spoke, and he did it without turning his head.

"You only told me one of the two laws," he said. "What was the other one?"

Marco brought himself back from his dream of reaching the highest mountain-top and seeing clouds float beneath his feet in the sun. He had to come back a long way.

"Are you thinking of that? I wondered what you had been thinking of all the morning," he said.

"I could n't stop thinking of it. What was the second one?" said The Rat, but he did not turn his head.

"It was called the Law of Earthly Living. It was for every day," said Marco. "It was for the ordering of common things—the small things we think don't matter, as well as the big ones. I always remember that one without any trouble. This was it:

"Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see become a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart—seeing first that it is such as can wrong no man and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw near to thee.

"This is the Law of That which Creates."

Then The Rat turned round. He had a shrewdly reasoning mind.

"That sounds as if you could get anything you wanted, if you think about it long enough and in the right way," he said. "But perhaps it only means that, if you do it, you'll be happy after you're dead. My father used to shout with laughing when he was drunk and talked about things like that and looked at his rags."

He hugged his knees for a few minutes. He was remembering the rags, and the fog-darkened room in the slums, and the loud, hideous laughter.

"What if you want something that will harm somebody else?" he said next. "What if you hate some one and wish you could kill him?"

"That was one of the questions my father asked that night on the ledge. The holy man said people always asked it," Marco answered. "This was the answer:

"Let him who stretcheth forth his hand to draw the lightning to his brother recall that through his own soul and body will pass the bolt."

"Wonder if there's anything in it?" The Rat pondered. "It'd make a chap careful if he believed it! Revenging yourself on a man would be like holding him against a live wire to kill him and getting all the volts through yourself."

A sudden anxiety revealed itself in his face.

"Does your father believe it?" he asked. "Does he?"

"He knows it is true," Marco said.

"I'll own up," The Rat decided after further reflection—"I'll own up I'm glad that there is n't any one left that I've a grudge against. There is n't any one—now."

Then he fell again into silence and did not speak until their journey was at an end. As they arrived early in the day, they had plenty of time to wander about the marvelous little old city. But through the wide streets and through the narrow ones, under the archways into the market gardens, across the bridge and into the square where the "glockenspiel" played its old tinkling tune, everywhere the Citadel looked down and always The Rat walked on in his dream.

They found the hair-dresser's shop in one of the narrow streets. There were no grand shops there, and this particular shop was a modest one. They walked past it once, and then went back. It was a shop so humble that there was nothing remarkable in two common boys going into it to have their hair cut. An old man came forward to receive them. He was evidently glad of their modest patronage. He undertook to attend to The Rat himself, but, having arranged him in a chair, he turned about and called to some one in the back room.

"Heinrich," he said.

In the slit in Marco's sleeve was the sketch of the man with smooth curled hair, who looked like a hair-dresser. They had found a corner in which to take their final look at it before they turned back to come in. Heinrich, who came forth from the small back room, had smooth curled hair. He looked extremely like a hair-dresser. He had features like those in the sketch—his nose and mouth and chin and figure were like what Marco had drawn and committed to memory. But—

He gave Marco a chair and tied the professional white covering around his neck. Marco leaned back and closed his eyes a moment.

"That is *not* the man!" he was saying to himself. "He is *not* the man."

How he knew he was not, he could not have

explained, but he felt sure. It was a strong conviction. But for the sudden feeling, nothing would have been easier than to give the Sign. And if he could not give it now, where was the one to whom it must be spoken, and what would be the result if that one could not be found? And if there were two who were so much alike, how could he be sure?

Each owner of each of the pictured faces was a link in a powerful secret chain; and if a link were missed, the chain would be broken. Each time Heinrich came within the line of his vision, he recorded every feature afresh and compared it with the remembered sketch. Each time the resemblance became more close, but each time some persistent inner conviction repeated, "No; the Sign is not for him!"

It was disturbing, also, to find that The Rat was all at once as restless as he had previously been silent and preoccupied. He moved in his chair, to the great discomfort of the old hair-dresser. He kept turning his head to talk. He asked Marco to translate divers questions he wished him to ask the two men. They were questions about the Citadel—about the Mönchsberg—the Residenz—the Glockenspiel—the mountains. He added one query to another and could not sit still.

"The young gentleman will get an ear snipped," said the old man to Marco. "And it will not be my fault."

"What shall I do?" Marco was thinking. "He is not the man."

He did not give the Sign. He must go away and think it out, though where his thoughts would lead him he did not know. This was a more difficult problem than he had ever dreamed of facing. There was no one to ask advice of. Only himself and The Rat, who was nervously wriggling and twisting in his chair.

"You must sit still," he said to him. "The hair-dresser is afraid you will make him cut you by accident."

"But I want to know who lives at the Residenz?" said The Rat. "These men can tell us things if you ask them."

"It is done now," said the old hair-dresser with a relieved air. "Perhaps the cutting of his hair makes the young gentleman nervous. It is sometimes so."

The Rat stood close to Marco's chair and asked questions until Heinrich also had done his work. Marco could not understand his companion's change of mood. He realized that, if he had wished to give the Sign, he had been allowed no opportunity. He could not have given it. The restless questioning had so directed the older

man's attention to his son and Marco that nothing could have been said to Heinrich without his observing it.

"I could not have spoken if he had been the man," Marco said to himself.

Their very exit from the shop seemed a little hurried. When they were fairly in the street, The Rat made a clutch at Marco's arm.

"You did n't give it?" he whispered breathlessly. "I kept talking and talking to prevent you."

Marco tried not to feel breathless, and he tried to speak in a low and level voice with no hint of exclamation in it.

"Why did you say that?" he asked.

The Rat drew closer to him.

"That was not the man!" he whispered. "It does n't matter how much he looks like him, he is n't the right one."

He was pale and swinging along swiftly as if he were in a hurry.

"Let 's get into a quiet place," he said. "Those queer things you 've been telling me have got hold of me. How did I know? How could I know—unless it 's because I 've been trying to work that second law? I 've been saying to myself that we should be told the right things to do—for the Game and for your father—and so that I could be the right sort of Aide-de-Camp. I 've been working at it, and, when he came out, I knew he was not the man in spite of his looks. And I could n't be sure you knew, and I thought, if I kept on talking and interrupting you with silly questions, you could be prevented from speaking."

"There 's a place not far away where we can get a look at the mountains. Let 's go there and sit down," said Marco. "I knew it was not the right one, too. It 's the Help over again."

"Yes, it 's the Help—it 's the Help—it must be," muttered The Rat, walking fast and with a pale, set face. "It could not be anything else."

They got away from the streets and the people and reached the quiet place where they could see the mountains. There they sat down by the wayside. The Rat took off his cap and wiped his forehead, but it was not only the quick walking which had made it damp.

"The queerness of it gave me a kind of fright," he said. "When he came out and he was near enough for me to see him, a sudden strong feeling came over me. It seemed as if I knew he was n't the man. Then I said to myself—'but he looks like him'—and I began to get nervous. And then I was sure again—and then I wanted to try to stop you from giving him the Sign. And then it all seemed foolishness—and the next second

all the things you had told me rushed back to me at once—and I remembered what I had been thinking ever since—and I said—'Perhaps it 's the Law beginning to work,' and the palms of my hands got moist."

Marco was very quiet. He was looking at the farthest and highest peaks and wondering about many things.

"It was the expression of his face that was different," he said. "And his eyes. They are rather smaller than the right man's are. The light in the shop was poor, and it was not until the last time he bent over me that I found out what I had not seen before. His eyes are gray—the other ones are brown."

"Did you see that!" The Rat exclaimed. "Then we're sure! We're safe!"

"We're not safe till we've found the right man," Marco said. "Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?"

He said the words dreamily and quietly as if he were lost in thought—but also rather as if he expected an answer. And he still looked at the far-off peaks. The Rat, after watching him a moment or so, began to look at them also. They were like a loadstone to him too. There was something stilling about them, and when your eyes had rested upon them a few moments they did not want to move away.

"There must be a ledge up there somewhere," he said at last. "Let's go up and look for it and sit there and think and think—about finding the right man."

There seemed nothing fantastic in this to Marco. To go into some quiet place and sit and think about the thing he wanted to remember or to find out was an old way of his. To be quiet was always the best thing, his father had taught him. It was like listening to something which could speak without words.

"There is a little train which goes up the Gaisberg," he said. "When you are at the top, a world of mountains speak around you. Lazarus went once and told me. And we can lie out on the grass all night. Let us go, Aide-de-Camp."

So they went, each one thinking the same thought, and each boy-mind holding its own vision. Marco was the calmer of the two, because his belief that there was always help to be found was an accustomed one and had ceased to seem to partake of the supernatural. He believed quite simply that it was the working of a law, not the breaking of one, which gave answer and led him in his quests. The Rat, who had known nothing of laws other than those administered by police-courts, was at once awed and fascinated by the suggestion of crossing some borderland of

the Unknown. The Law of the One had baffled and overthrown him, with its sweeping away of the enmities of passions which created wars and called for armies. But the Law of Earthly Living seemed to offer practical benefits if you could hold on to yourself enough to work it.

"You would n't get everything for nothing, as far as I can make out," he had said to Marco. "You'd have to sweep all the rubbish out of your mind—sweep it as if you did it with a broom—and then keep on thinking straight and believing you were going to get things—and working for them—and they'd come."

Then he had laughed a short ugly laugh because he recalled something.

"There was something in the Bible that my father used to jeer about—something about a man getting what he prayed for if he believed it," he said.

"Oh, yes, it's there," said Marco. "That if a man pray believing he shall receive what he asks it shall be given him. All the books say something like it. It's been said so often it makes you believe it."

"He did n't believe it, and I did n't," said The Rat.

"Nobody does—really," answered Marco, as he had done once before. "It's because we don't know."

They went up the Gaisberg in the little train, which pushed and dragged and panted slowly upward with them. It took them with it stubbornly and gradually higher and higher until it had left Salzburg and the Citadel below and had reached the world of mountains which rose and spread and lifted great heads behind each other and beside each other and beyond each other until there seemed no other land on earth but that on mountain sides and backs and shoulders and crowns. And also one felt the absurdity of living upon flat ground, where life must be an insignificant thing.

There were only a few sight-seers in the small carriages, and they were going to look at the view from the summit. They were not in search of a ledge.

The Rat and Marco were. When the little train stopped at the top, they got out with the rest. They wandered about with them over the short grass on the treeless summit and looked out from this viewpoint and the other. The Rat grew more and more silent, and his silence was not merely a matter of speechlessness but of expression. He looked silent and as if he was no longer aware of the earth. They left the sight-seers at last and wandered away by themselves. They found a ledge where they could sit or lie and where even the world of mountains seemed below

them. They had brought some simple food with them, and they laid it behind a jutting bit of rock. When the sight-seers boarded the laboring little train again and were dragged back down the mountain, their night of vigil would begin.

That was what it was to be. A night of stillness on the heights, where they could wait and watch and hold themselves ready to hear any thought which spoke to them.

The Rat was so thrilled that he would not have been surprised if he had heard a voice from the place of the stars. But Marco only believed that in this great stillness and beauty, if he held his boy-soul quiet enough, he should find himself at last thinking of something that would lead him to the place which held what it was best that he should find. The people returned to the train and it set out upon its way down the steepness.

They heard it laboring on its way, as though it was forced to make as much effort to hold itself back as it had made to drag itself upward.

Then they were alone, and it was a loneliness such as an eagle might feel when it held itself poised high in the curve of blue. And they sat and watched. They saw the sun go down and, shade by shade, deepen and make radiant and then draw away with it the last touches of color—rose-gold, rose-purple, and rose-gray. One mountain top after another held its blush a few moments and lost it. It took long to gather them all but at length they were gone and the marvel of night fell.

The breath of the forests below was sweet about them, and a soundlessness enclosed them which was of unearthly peace. The stars began to show themselves, and presently the two who waited found their faces turned upward to the sky and they both were speaking in whispers.

"The stars look large here," The Rat said.

"Yes," answered Marco. "We are not as high as the Buddhist was, but it seems like the top of the world."

"There is a light on the side of the mountain yonder which is not a star," The Rat whispered.



"HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT AND BARED HIS HEAD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"It is a light in a hut where the guides take the climbers to rest and to spend the night," answered Marco.

"It is so still," The Rat whispered again after a silence, and Marco whispered back:

"It is so still."

They had eaten their meal of black bread and cheese after the setting of the sun, and now they lay down on their backs and looked up until the first few stars had multiplied themselves into

myriads. They began a little low talk, but the soundlessness was stronger than themselves.

"How am I going to hold on to that second law?" The Rat said restlessly. "'Let pass through thy mind only the image thou wouldst see become a truth.' The things that are passing through my mind are not the things I want to come true. What if we don't find him—don't find the right one, I mean!"

"Lie still—still—and look up at the stars," whispered Marco. "They give you a *sure* feeling."

There was something in the curious serenity of him which calmed even his Aide-de-Camp. The Rat lay still and looked—and looked—and thought. And what he thought of was the desire of his heart. The soundlessness enwrapped him and there was no world left. That there was a spark of light in the mountain-climbers' rest-hut was a thing forgotten.

They were only two boys, and they had begun their journey on the earliest train and had been walking about all day and thinking of great and anxious things.

"It is so still," The Rat whispered again at last.

"It is so still," whispered Marco.

And the mountains rising behind each other and beside each other and beyond each other in the night, and also the myriads of stars which had so multiplied themselves, looking down knew that they were asleep—as sleep the human things which do not watch forever.

"SOME one is smoking," Marco found himself saying in a dream. After which he awakened and found that the smoke was not part of a dream at all. It came from the pipe of a young man who had an alpenstock and who looked as if he had climbed to see the sun rise. He wore the clothes of a climber and a green hat with a tuft at the back. He looked down at the two boys, surprised.

"Good day," he said. "Did you sleep here so that you could see the sun get up?"

"Yes," answered Marco.

"Were you cold?"

"We slept too soundly to know. And we brought our thick coats."

"I slept half-way down the mountain," said the smoker. "I am a guide in these days, but I have not been one long enough to miss a sunrise it is no work to reach. My father and brother think I am mad about such things. They would rather stay in their beds. Oh! he is awake, is he?" turning toward The Rat, who had risen on one elbow and was staring at him. "What is the matter? You look as if you were afraid of me."

Marco did not wait for The Rat to recover his breath and speak.

"I know why he looks at you so," he answered for him. "He is startled. Yesterday we went to a hair-dresser's shop down below there, and we saw a man who was almost exactly like you—only—" he added, looking up, "his eyes were gray and yours are brown."

"He was my twin brother," said the guide, puffing at his pipe cheerfully. "My father thought he could make hair-dressers of us both, and I tried it for four years. But I always wanted to be climbing the mountains and there were not holidays enough. So I cut my hair, and washed the pomade out of it, and broke away. I don't look like a hair-dresser now, do I?"

He did not. Not at all. But Marco knew him. He was the man. There was no one on the mountain top but themselves, and the sun was just showing a rim of gold above the farthest and highest giants' shoulders. One need not be afraid to do anything, since there was no one to see or hear. Marco slipped the sketch out of the slit in his sleeve. He looked at it and he looked at the guide, and then he showed it to him.

"That is not your brother. It is you!" he said.

The man's face changed a little—more than any other face had changed when its owner had been spoken to. On a mountain top as the sun rises one is not afraid.

"The Lamp is lighted," said Marco. "The Lamp is lighted."

"God be thanked!" burst forth the man. And he took off his hat and bared his head. Then the rim behind the mountain's shoulder leaped forth into a golden torrent of splendor.

And The Rat stood up, resting his weight on his crutches in utter silence, and stared and stared.

"That is three!" said Marco.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF A DIMPLE

BY EDITH VAUGHAN MICHAUX

A DEAR little girl named Dorothy Simple,
Possessed, when she smiled, the cunningest dimple;

A dimple that danced near her wee rosebud mouth,
Refreshing and sweet like a breeze from the south;

And none could resist so infectious a sight
As it twinkled and it winked, like a star in the night.

So Dorothy walked down a smile-bordered way,
Wimpling and dimpling, magnetic and gay.

Why, even rheumatic and cross Mr. Brown
Met Dorothy's smile with much less of a frown.

So is n't it strange that this Dorothy Simple,
Possessing so perfect and charming a dimple,

Could really allow it to fade out of sight
Whenever her problems "just *would* n't come right"?



Or when she forgot whether knob took
a K,
Or whether Geneva was spelled with a J?

And when it began to get easy to pout,
That dear little dimple just died—and
went out.

Alas and alack, were this rhyme here to
end!
But Habit is difficult even to mend;

So it worked in a way that was perfectly
simple,
And Dottie just *had* to live up to that
dimple!

For people *would* smile as she went on
her way,
And up popped the dimple, magnetic and
gay.

And so, even rheumatic and cross Mr.
Brown
Met Dorothy's smile with never a
frown!



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

HOW HE LEARNED TO ADMIRE THUNDERER THE RUFFED GROUSE

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

FROM over in the Green Forest where the silver beeches grow, came a sound which made Tommy stop to listen. For a minute or two all was still. Then it came again, a deep, throbbing sound that began slowly and then grew faster and faster until it ended in a long rumble like distant thunder. Tommy knew it could n't be that, for there was n't a cloud in the sky; and anyway it was n't the season of thunder-storms. Again he heard that deep hollow throbbing grow fast and faster until there was no time between the beats and it became a thunderous rumble; and for some reason which he could not have explained, Tommy felt his pulse beat faster in unison, and a strange sense of joyous exhilaration.

Drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-rum! The sound beat out from beyond the hemlocks and rolled away through the woods.

"It's an old cock-partridge drummin'." Tommy had a way of talking to himself when he was alone. "He's down on that old beech log at the head of the gully. Gee, I'd like to see him! Bet it's the same one that was there last year. Dad says that old log is a reg'lar drummin'-log and he's seen partridges drum there lots of times. And yet he does n't really know how they make all that noise. Says some folks say they beat the log with their wings, and, because it's holler, it makes that sound. Don't believe it, though. They'd bu'st their wings doing that. Besides, that old log ain't much holler anyway, and I never can make it sound up much hammering it with a stick; so how could a partridge do it with nothin' but his wings?

"Some other folks say they do it by hitting their wings together over their backs; but I don't see any sense in that, 'cause their wings are all feathers. And some say they beat their sides to make the noise; but if they do that, I should think they'd knock all the wind out of themselves and be too sore to move. Bet if I could ever catch ol' Thunderer drummin', I'd find out how he does it! I know what I'll do! I'll go over to the old wishing-stone. Wonder why I did n't think of it before. Bet I'll find out a lot."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and trudged up the Crooked Little Path, out of the Green Forest, and over to the great gray stone on the edge of the Green Meadows where so many wishes had come true, or had seemed to come true, anyway, and where he had learned so much about the lives of his little wild neighbors. As he tramped, his thoughts were all of Thunderer the Ruffed Grouse, whom he called a partridge, and some other people call a pheasant, but who is neither. Many times had Tommy been startled by having the handsome bird spring into the air from almost under his feet, with a noise of wings that was enough to scare anybody. It was because of this and the noise of his drumming that Tommy called him Thunderer.

With a long sigh of satisfaction, for he was tired, Tommy sat down on the wishing-stone, planted his elbows on his knees, dropped his chin in his hands, looked over to the Green Forest through half-closed eyes, and wished.

"I wish," said he, slowly and earnestly, "I could be a partridge." He meant, of course, that he could be a grouse.

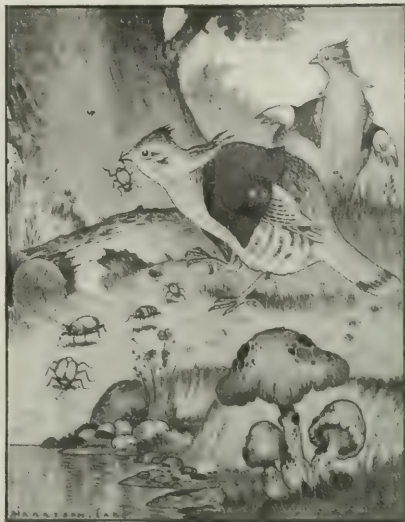
Just as always had happened when he had expressed such a wish on the old wishing-stone, the very instant the words were out of his mouth, he ceased to be a boy. He was a tiny little bird, like nothing so much as a teeny, weeny chicken, a soft little ball of brown and yellow, one of a dozen, who all looked alike as they scurried after their little brown mother in answer to her anxious cluck. Behind them, on the ground, cunningly hidden back of a fallen tree, was an empty nest with only some bits of shell as a reminder that, just a few hours before, it had contained twelve buff eggs. Now Tommy and his brothers and sisters did n't give the old nest so much as a thought. They had left it as soon as they were strong enough to run. They were starting out for their first lesson in the school of the Great World.

Perhaps Tommy thought his mother fussy and altogether a great deal too nervous; but if he did, he did n't say so. There was one thing that seemed to have been born in him, something that as a boy he had to learn, and that was the habit

of instant obedience. It was instinct which, so naturalists say, is habit confirmed and handed down through many generations. Tommy did n't know why he obeyed. He just did, that was all. It did n't occur to him that there was anything else to do. The idea of disobeying never entered his funny, pretty little head. And it was just so with all the others. Mother Grouse had only to speak and they did just exactly what she told them to.

This habit of obedience on their part took a great load from the mind of Mother Grouse. They had n't been in the Great World long enough to know it, but she knew that there were dangers on every side; and to watch out for and protect them from these she needed all her senses, and she could n't afford to dull any of them by useless worrying. So it was a great relief to her to know that, when she had bidden them hide and keep perfectly still until she called them, they would do exactly as she said. This made it possible for her to leave them long enough to lead an enemy astray, and be sure that when she re-

rying along with the others as fast as his small legs could take him when his mother gave a sharp but low call to hide. There was a dried



BUGS WERE FOUR, FOUND UNDER OLD LOGS
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"MOTHER GROUSE KNEW THERE WERE DANGERS
ON EVERY SIDE."

turned she would find them just where she had left them.

She had to do this twice on their very first journey into the Great World. Tommy was hur-

leaf on the ground close to Tommy. Instantly he crept under it and flattened his small self to the ground, closed his eyes tight, and listened with all his might. He heard the whirr of strong wings as Mother Grouse took flight. If he had peeped out, he would have seen that she flew only a very little way, and that, when she came to earth again, there appeared to be something the matter with her, so that she flopped along instead of running or flying. But he did n't see this, because he was under that dead leaf and his eyes were tightly closed.

Presently, the ground vibrated under the steps of heavy feet that all but trod on the leaf under which Tommy lay and frightened him terribly. But he did not move and he made no sound. Again, had he peeped out, he would have seen Mother Grouse fluttering along the ground just ahead of an eager boy who thought to catch her and tried and tried until he had been led far from the place where her babies were. Then all was still, so still that surely there could be no danger near. Surely it was safe to come out now. But Tommy did n't move, nor did any of his brothers and sisters. They had been told not

to until they were called, and it never once entered their little heads to disobey. Mother knew best.

At last there came a gentle cluck. Instantly Tommy popped out from under his leaf to see his brothers and sisters popping out from the most unexpected places all about him. It seemed almost as if they had popped out of the very ground itself. And there was Mother Grouse, very proud and very fussy, as she made sure that all her babies were there. Later that same day the same thing happened, only this time there was no heavy footstep, but the lightest kind of patter as cushioned feet eagerly hurried past, and Reddy Fox sprang forward, sure that Mother Grouse was to make him the dinner he liked best, and thus was led away to a safe distance, there to realize how completely he had been fooled.

It was a wonderful day, that first day. There was a great ant-hill which Mother Grouse

the Green Forest, they nestled close under Mother Grouse in one of her favorite secret hiding-places and straightway went to sleep as healthy children should, sure that no harm could befall them, nor once guessed how lightly their mother slept and more than once shivered with fear, not for herself but for them, as some prowler of the night passed their retreat.

So the days passed and Tommy grew and learned, and it was a question which he did the faster. The down with which he had been covered gave way to real feathers and he grew real wings, so that he was little over a week old when he could fly in case of need. And in that same length of time, short as it was, he had filled his little head with knowledge. He had learned that a big sandy dome in a sunny spot in the woods usually meant an ants' castle, where he could eat to his heart's content if only it was torn open for him. He had learned that luscious fat worms and bugs were to be found under rotting pieces of bark and the litter of decaying old logs and stumps. He had learned that wild strawberries and some other berries afforded a welcome variety to his bill of fare. He had learned that a daily bath in fine dust was necessary for cleanliness as well as being vastly comforting. He had learned that danger lurked in the air as well as on the ground, for a swooping hawk had caught one of his brothers who had not instantly heeded his mother's warning. But most important of all, he had learned the value of that first lesson in obedience, and to trust wholly to the wisdom of Mother Grouse and never to question her commands.

A big handsome grouse had joined them now. It was old Thunderer, and sometimes when he would throw back his head, spread his beautiful tail until it was like a fan, raise the crest on his head and the glossy ruff on his neck, and proudly strut ahead of them, Tommy thought him the most beautiful sight in all the world and wondered if ever he would grow to be half as handsome. While he did little work in the care of the brood, Thunderer was of real help to Mother Grouse in guarding the little family from ever-lurking dangers. There was no eye or ear more keen than his, and none more skilful than he in confusing and baffling a hungry enemy who had chanced to discover the presence of the little family. Tommy watched him every minute he could spare from the ever important business of filling his crop, and stored up for future need the things he learned.

Once he ventured to ask Thunderer what was the greatest danger for which a grouse must watch out, and he never forgot the answer.



REDDY FOX DINING ON ONE

scratched open with her stout claws and exposed ever and ever so many white things, which were the eggs of the big black ants, and which were delicious eating, as Tommy soon found out. It was great fun to scramble for them, and eat and eat until not another one could be swallowed. And when the shadows began to creep through

"There is no greatest danger while you are young," replied Thunderer, shaking out his feathers. "Every danger is greatest while it exists. Never forget that. Never treat any danger lightly. Skunks and foxes and weasels and minks and coons and hawks and owls are equally dangerous to youngsters like you, and one is as much to be feared as another. It is only when you have become full-grown, like me, and then only in the fall of the year, that you will know the greatest danger."

"And what is that?" asked Tommy timidly.

"A man with a gun," replied Thunderer.

"And what is that?" asked Tommy again, eager for knowledge.

"A great creature who walks on two legs and points a stick which spits fire and smoke, and makes a great noise, and kills while it is yet a long distance off."

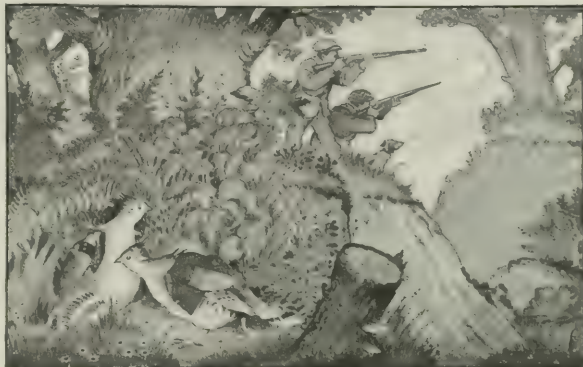
"Oh!" gasped Tommy.

"How is one ever to learn to avoid such a dreadful danger as that?"

"I'll teach you when the time comes," replied Thunderer. "Now run along and take your dust-bath. You must first learn to avoid other dangers before you will be fitted to meet the greatest danger."

All that long bright summer Tommy thought of that greatest danger, and, by learning how to meet other dangers, tried to prepare himself for it. Sometimes he wondered if there really could be any greater danger than those about him every day. It seemed sometimes as if all the world sought to kill him, who was so harmless himself. Not only were there dangers from hungry animals, and robbers of the air, but also from the very creatures that furnished him much of his living—the tribe of insects. An ugly-looking insect, called a tick, with wicked blood-sucking jaws, killed one of the brood while they were yet small, and an equally ugly worm called a bot-worm caused the death of another. Shadow the Weasel surprised one foolish bird who insisted on sleeping on the ground when he was big enough to know better, and Reddy Fox dined on another whose curiosity led him to move when he had been warned to lie perfectly still, and who paid for his disobedience with his life. Tommy, not three feet away, saw it all and profited by the lesson.

He was big enough now to act for himself and no longer depended wholly for safety on the wisdom of Mother Grouse and Thunderer. But while he trusted to his own senses and judgment, he was ever heedful of their example and still ready to learn. Especially did he take pains to keep near Thunderer and study him and his ways,



"TOMMY KNEW NO HOUR OF PEACE AND SECURITY."

for he was wise and cunning with the cunning of experience and knowledge. Tommy was filled with great admiration for him and tried to copy him in everything. Thus it was that he learned that there were two ways of flying, one without noise and the other with the thunder of whirring wings. Also he learned that there was a time for each. When he knew himself to be alone and suddenly detected the approach of an enemy, he often would launch himself into the air on silent wings before his presence had been discovered. But when others of his family were near, he would burst into the air with all the noise he could make as a warning to others. Also, it sometimes startled and confused the enemy.

Thunderer had taught him the trick one day when a fox had stolen, unseen by Tommy, almost within jumping distance. Thunderer had seen him, and purposely had waited until the fox was just gathering himself to spring on the unsuspecting Tommy. Then with a splendid roar of his stout wings Thunderer had risen just to one side of the fox, so startling him and distracting his attention that Tommy had had ample time to whirl up in his turn, to the discomfiture of Reynard.

So, when the fall came, Tommy was big from good living, and filled with the knowledge that makes for long life among grouse. He knew the

best scratching-grounds, the choicest feeding-places according to the month, every bramble-tangle and every brush-pile, the place for the warmest sun-bath, and the trees which afforded the safest and most comfortable roosting places at night. He knew the ways and the favorite hunting-grounds of every fox, and weasel, and skunk, and coon of the neighborhood, and how to avoid them. He knew when it was safest to lie low and trust to the protective coloring of his feathers, and when it was best to roar away on thundering wings.

The days grew crisp and shorter. The maples turned red and yellow, and soon the woods were filled with fluttering leaves and the trees began to grow bare. It was then that old Thunderer warned Tommy that the season of greatest danger was at hand. Somehow, in the confidence of his strength and the joy of the splendid tide of life surging through him, he did n't fear this unknown danger as he had when as a little fellow he had first heard of it. Then one day, quite unexpectedly, he faced it.

He and Thunderer had been resting quietly in a bramble-tangle on the very edge of the Green Forest, when suddenly there was the rustle of padded feet among the leaves just outside the brambles. Looking out, Tommy saw what at first he took to be a strange and very large kind of fox, and he prepared to fly.

"Not yet! Not yet!" warned Thunderer. "That is a dog and he will not harm us. But to fly now might be to go straight into that greatest danger, of which I have told you. That is the mistake young grouse often make, flying before they know just where the danger is. Watch until you see the two-legged creature with the fire-stick, then follow me and do just as I do."

The dog was very near now. In fact, he had his nose in the brambles and was standing as still as if turned to stone, one of his fore feet lifted and pointing straight at them. No one moved. Presently Tommy heard heavy steps, and, looking through the brambles, saw the great two-legged creature of whom Thunderer had told him.

"Now!" cried Thunderer. "Do as I do!" With a great roar of wings he burst out of the tangle on the opposite side from where the hunter was, and flying low, so as to keep the brambles between himself and the hunter, swerved sharply to the left to put a tree between them, and then flew like a bullet straight into the Green Forest where the trees were thickest, skillfully dodging the great trunks, and at last at a safe distance sailing up over the tops to take to the ground on the other side of a hill and there run swiftly for a way. Tommy followed closely,

doing exactly as Thunderer did. Even as he swerved behind the first tree, he heard a terrible double roar behind him and the sharp whistle of things which cut through the leaves around him and struck the tree behind him. One even nipped a brown feather from his back. He was terribly frightened, but he was unhurt as he joined Thunderer behind the hill.

"Now you know what the greatest danger is," said Thunderer. "Never fly until you know just where the hunter is, and then fly back of a bush or a tree, the bigger the better, or drop over the edge of a bank if there is one. Make as much noise as you can when you get up. It may startle the hunter so that he cannot point his fire-stick straight. If he has no dog, it is sometimes best to lie still until he has passed and then fly silently. If there is no tree or other cover near enough when you first see the dog, run swiftly until you reach a place where it will be safe to take wing."

For the next few weeks it seemed as if from daylight to dark the woods were filled with dogs and hunters, and Tommy knew no hour of peace and security until the coming of night. Many a dreadful tragedy did Tommy see when companions, less cunning than old Thunderer, were stricken in mid-air and fell lifeless to the ground. But he, learning quickly and, doing as Thunderer did, escaped unharmed.

At last the law, of which Tommy knew nothing, put an end to the murder of the innocents, and for another year the greatest danger was over. But now came a new danger. It was the month of madness. Tommy and all his companions were seized with an irresistible desire to fly aimlessly, blindly, sometimes in the darkness of night, they knew not where. And in this mad flight some met death, breaking their necks against buildings and against telegraph wires. Where he went or what he did during this period of madness, Tommy never knew; but when it left him as abruptly as it had come, he found himself in the street of a village.

With swift strong wings he shot into the air and headed straight back for the dear Green Forest, now no longer green save where the hemlocks and pines grew. Once back there, he took up the old life and was happy, for he felt himself a match for any foe. The days grew shorter and the cold increased. There were still seeds and acorns and some berries, but with the coming of the snow these became more and more scarce and Tommy was obliged to resort to catkins and buds on the trees. Between his toes there grew little horny projections, which were his snowshoes and enabled him to get about on the snow without sinking in. He learned to dive

into the deep soft snow for warmth and safety. Once he was nearly trapped there. A hard crust formed in the night and, when morning came, Tommy had hard work to break out.

So the long winter wore away and spring came with all its gladness. Tommy was fully as big as old Thunderer now and just as handsome, and he began to take pride in his appearance and to strut. One day he came to an old log, and, jumping up on it, strutted back and forth proudly with his fan-like tail spread its fullest and his broad ruff raised. Then he heard the long rolling thunder of another grouse drumming. Instantly he began to beat his wings against the air, not as in flying, but with a more downward motion, and to his great delight there rolled from under them that same thunder. Slowly he beat at first and then faster and faster, until he was forced to stop for breath. He was drumming! Then he listened for a reply.

Drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-rum. Tommy's eyes flew open. He

was sitting on the old wishing-stone on the edge of the Green Meadows. For a minute he blinked in confusion. Then, from over in the Green Forest, came that sound like distant thunder, *drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-rum.*

"It 's ol' Thunderer again on that beech log!" cried Tommy. "And now I know how he does it. He just beats the air. I know, because I 've done it myself. Geewhilkens, I 'm glad I 'm not really a partridge! Bet I 'll never hunt one after this, or let anybody else if I can help it. Ain't this old wishing-stone the dandy place to learn things, though! I guess the only way of really knowing how the critters live and feel is by being one of 'em. Somehow it makes things look all different. Just listen to ol' Thunderer drum! I know now just how fine he feels. I 'm going to get Father to put up a sign and stop all shooting in our part of the Green Forest next fall, and then there won't be any greatest danger there."

And Tommy, whistling merrily, started for home.

(To be continued.)



WATCHFUL WAITING. DRAWN BY MARY DESS HILL

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XVII

"STOP THIEF"

THERE was a perfect Bedlam of noises behind us as we turned out of the gate. I was inclined to be alarmed, but M. Victor was in the gayest of moods.

"We have wake' more than one dog, Mademoiselle!" he cried, "and all bark."

"Would it not have been better to take another horse for me?" I asked, seeing that, if we were pursued, our beast, carrying double, would be at a disadvantage.

"I thought of that," he answered, "but I like' not to make free with the horse' of strangers. Already they cry 'thief.' But do not fear, Mademoiselle. We shall win to the Germantown."

He spoke so confidently that I caught the infection of his high spirits.

"I would I could see Jasper Pilgrim's face in the morning," I laughed.

"Ah, do not speak of it, Mademoiselle!" M. Victor burst out wrathfully.

"Nay, be not so serious," I replied. "I am done with him now. I do not think he will have the hardihood to come to Denewood for me."

"But I am not done with him," said the young Frenchman, rather grimly, and I could not help but wonder how it came about that so courteous a gentleman should be associated with the scoundrelly Pilgrim. But though I was sufficiently curious, I could not, in decency, ask him.

Hearing naught of a pursuit, M. de Soulange slackened the horse's pace and we moved along more cautiously. You may be sure I was ready enough to gallop all the way, but I realized the wisdom of going more slowly. Though the moon would soon be rising to give us a good light, it was still too dark to see the road clearly. A stumble might ruin our chances, and, to curb my impatience, I thought of the saying upon that piece of paper that had been left behind: "Overhaste churns bad butter."

We had made fair progress, and M. Victor seemed so certain of his way that I had ceased to worry, when quite suddenly he checked his horse. "Listen!" he said in a whisper; and I held my breath.

At first I heard naught, though I strained my ears; then, quite unmistakably, the dull sound of hoof-beats at a distance came to me.

"The horse hear' it first," declared M. Victor, "I see him prick up his ear' and wonder what it means. Are they behin' us?"

I listened again.

"No, I think they are on our right hand," I answered.

"I think so, too," he agreed; "but they approach?"

"Yes," I replied, for the sounds were growing more distinct each moment.

"Is there a short cut?" asked M. Victor, speaking as if to himself. "Ah, that mus' be it! They hope to intercept' us." Then, clapping his hand to his belt, he gave an exclamation of dismay. "Foolish that I am," he muttered, "to have forgot my pistol!"

Evidently he anticipated danger of some sort, and at once I became anxious.

"Who do you think it can be?" I questioned.

"What care we, Mademoiselle?" he answered gaily. "Though I have not my pistol! I still have a sword. There is no danger."

He spurred his horse, setting it at a gallop, and I guessed that he hoped to pass the road, down which the approaching horsemen were coming, ere they reached the junction.

"Hol' tight, Mademoiselle," M. Victor murmured, half turning his head, while with his free hand he drew his sword. Then leaning forward on his beast's neck, he urged it faster.

We could not tell from the sounds how near the riders were, nor whether we were to be intercepted; but it was plain that, if we were to meet our pursuers, the spot was not far off.

"Monsieur," I said, "if they stop us, I shall get down and run into the woods and then on to Denewood"; and as I spoke, I loosened the cloak from about my shoulders and laid it across my arm, so that I could drop it, lest it hinder me when I took to running.

"Nay, Mademoiselle, we shall not be easily stopp'," he replied; and even as he spoke, there was a shout a little ahead of us, and we saw the dim outline of a horse as it was reined across our path.

"Let me get down!" I cried.

"Nay, not yet," he insisted, and spurred his horse the faster toward the unknown man who blocked the way.

The rider ahead, seeing us approaching, shouted something in German which I could not understand, but by the language I knew it was a man from the Schneider farm.

And now we were almost upon him.

"Stop!" cried the man. "Stop! Stop!" He repeated the word again and again; but it had no effect upon M. Victor, who was riding as if to run him down, which perchance he might have done had not another horseman appeared, taking up his position beside his companion, and so closing our road completely.

At that, M. Victor drew in our horse and brought it to a stand within touching distance of the two.

"Out of my way!" he shouted to them, raising his sword. "Seek not to stay a lady on an urgent errand. Out of the way, I say!" and he threatened them.

"T'ief! T'ief!" they called together in broken English, and one ventured to lay a hand on our horse's bridle.

"You dare!" cried M. Victor, and down came the flat of the sword on the man's arm, with such a right good will that he drew back with a cry of pain, pulling his horse out of our path.

On the instant, M. Victor plunged spurs into our beast, which sprang forward with a jump, but the other German was as prompt and started off beside us.

"Stop!" he ordered. "Stop, or I shoot!" and I saw the gleam of a pistol-barrel pointed at M. Victor's head, scarce a foot away from it.

Instinctively I flung out my arm to brush it aside, and, sensing rather than seeing the cloak that hung over it, with a mighty effort I managed to throw it about the man's head, disturbing his aim as his pistol went off with a smothered report which caused his horse to shy into the ditch beside the road.

"Go on, Monsieur, we're past them!" I told him, and I looked back to see the man struggling to loose his head, while his horse plunged wildly, high unseating him.

But we were not to get off without a run for it, though we now had a start and the horse under us was a strong one.

"They would never have catch us save for that short cut," said M. Victor, "and they will not again." And patting his horse's neck, he leaned over and spoke to it encouragingly, and it flew along with great strides as if it understood. Indeed, the pursuit now was but half-hearted, and

presently we heard them no more and concluded that they had given up the chase.

Soon we turned into the Wissahickon road and from there I knew my way. Also the moon had risen, and, though it was past the full, it yet gave us plenty of light. We now struck off to the left, and 't was scarce ten o'clock when we entered the long drive at Denewood.

"We are in plenty of time," I said, with a sigh of relief. "How can I ever thank you, Monsieur de Soulange?"

"Do not talk of that, Mademoiselle," he replied. "'T is that I have enjoy' the pleasure. My doctor say it is good for my health that I take the ride' by moonlight. Beside, you have save' my life, Mademoiselle."

"What mean you?" I asked, for I did not think he knew that his cloak was some miles back upon the road we had come.

"What have you done with my cloak, Mademoiselle?" he inquired meaningly.

"I've lost it, Monsieur," I replied. "And your hat also," I added, for in the race that had dropped off, though I scarce knew it at the time.

"'T is better to have lose that than the head," he laughed back; and then, seriously, "I shall always be your debtor, Mademoiselle."

"Nay, Monsieur, did you not save me?" I replied. "Let us cry quits."

"*Mais non!*" he exclaimed. "Not quits. That means the end of things. I hope Mademoiselle does not mean an end to our—our—may I say—friendship?"

"Oh no, indeed!" I replied quickly, and then suddenly we fell silent.

We soon came in sight of the house, but instead of the bright lights I had expected to see burning in the windows, everything was dark as though the place were deserted. It had a strange look, for Denewood was an open house, always ready to welcome a guest, night or day, with the best that could be provided.

Monsieur de Soulange pulled up before the step.

"Wait, Monsieur," I said, slipping down quickly, "I will have some one take your horse"; and I ran to the front door.

But though I plied the knocker with a will and heard the sounds of it echoing through the halls, no response came, and for a moment I stood appalled. What could have happened?

I ran down the steps of the portico and so around the house to the back, while M. Victor followed, leading his horse. But here, too, the doors were locked, the windows shuttered and barred, and from no crack nor cranny was there a ray of light to show that any were within.

"Has Captain Blundell been here already?" I murmured, looking helplessly at M. Victor. "What can it mean?"

"I should say there was no one at home, Mademoiselle," he answered.

"But that is impossible!" I protested. "Even if Bee and Cousin John are away, where are all the servants? And Mummer the steward, and Mrs. Mummer and—" I might have named a dozen that should have been there, but what was the use? No one came in answer to my summons, and I must e'en take my own measures to gain an entrance.

"I know a way in, Monsieur," I explained. "Tie your horse to the post and let us hurry."

"Nay, he will stand quite still, Mademoiselle," he assured me, leading the good beast to the side of the driveway and speaking a word to it. "I am at your service," he ended taking his place beside me.

"It is through a secret passage I must lead you," I explained. "You will get your feet wet, Monsieur, but I dare not go alone, for fear of meeting this Captain Blundell."

"I think, Mademoiselle, my doctor has not forbid it that I wet my feet," he answered lightly. "I shall be honor' to accompany you."

"Have ready your sword," I cautioned him, not knowing what to expect.

We crossed the brick-paved court beside the kitchens, dark under the shade of the great maples surrounding the mansion, and came in sight of the spring-house showing plainly in the moonlight.

"There is the place we are going," I said, pointing.

"Then I lead," M. Victor remarked under his breath, and stepped ahead carrying his naked sword in his hand.

But we had scarce started ere he halted, holding out his arm to stay me.

"There is a man there!" he whispered; and as he spoke, I saw a crouching form move swiftly toward the door of the spring-house and disappear inside.

"It is Blundell!" I cried. "Quick, Monsieur, we must stop him before he takes the boy!" And without a thought of myself I ran across the intervening space.

"Nay, Mademoiselle!" protested M. Victor, seizing my arm. "This is man's work. Let me go first."

He waited not for my assent, but thrust me behind him and hurried forward.

At the door of the spring-house he paused a moment; but I was sure Blundell would have gone on through the passage.

"He 's not in there, Monsieur," I exclaimed, making no effort to lower my voice; and at the words, there was an outcry of fear from within, and a black shape darted out like a frightened rabbit.

In an instant M. Victor was after it, but he had scarce laid hands upon the fleeing figure when the man tumbled to the ground with a scream of terror.

"Don't kill me, Sperry!" he whined in anguish, and the twisted face of Jasper Pilgrim showed plain in the moonlight as he knelt before M. Victor, his hands lifted in supplication.

"'T is the Quaker!" exclaimed the Frenchman, while I was so surprised that I could only stare, trying to guess what it all meant.

Our captive was the first to recover himself; for seeing that it was the French gentleman and not Blundell, as he too had evidently expected, his courage suddenly returned and he rose quickly to his feet.

"So thee is in the plot to rob me, is thee?" he cried out in a rage. "Thee 's brought the girl with thee, I see."

"What were you doing in the spring-house?" I demanded, for I thought he also must be aware of the secret passage.

"What does thee think I was doing?" he answered insolently. "Sampling the butter?"

"Answer Mademoiselle Travers, at once," M. Victor commanded, grasping the Quaker by the collar and raising his sword threateningly.

With a whine the man's manner changed, for there was that in Monsieur's tone that brooked no trifling.

"I did but go in to see what was Sperry's business there this morning," he replied sullenly.

"This morning?" I echoed in astonishment.

"Aye; and I doubt not you knew it when you sent me on that fool's errand," Pilgrim went on. "I caught sight of him then, sneaking in. Where is he now?" he ended, with a glance about as if he expected to see the one of whom he spoke.

Our encounter with the Quaker had carried us a short distance past the spring-house, and, as he asked this question, I looked instinctively toward it. I was just in time to see a dark shape enveloped in a long cloak appear on the threshold. In the moonlight the face showed white and distinct. This time I was not mistaken. The man was Captain Blundell!

CHAPTER XVIII

A STOLEN HORSE

For a moment Blundell stood looking at me, evidently much surprised that I should be there; but

the fear of what might be concealed beneath the folds of the dark cloak he wore brought me quickly to my senses.

"Monsieur, here is the man!" I cried, starting forward.

"This way, Monsieur," I cried at the top of my voice, instinctively following the fleeing man, and Monsieur Victor's answering shout of caution assured me that he too was pursuing quickly, while the next instant he passed me on the run.



"IT IS BLUNDELL!" I CRIED.
"QUICK, MONSIEUR!"

But Blundell was quick to recover himself and darted out of the spring-house, turning sharply away from it and rounding the corner toward the dark shadow of the woods in the rear.

"Do not move, Mademoiselle," called M. Victor, and I saw him run back of the house to intercept the fugitive, while the mock Quaker sneaked off the moment he was released.

But of him I thought little. My whole interest was centered in the capture of the other man; and, fearing that my feeble help might prove only an embarrassment to the young Frenchman, I stood my ground, awaiting the outcome with a fast-beating heart.

A minute later I heard a half-smothered exclamation of anger from Blundell and the voice of M. Victor commanding him to halt. Thus I knew that they had met, but almost at the same moment the British captain came out into the moonlight running toward the maple grove.

All the advantage was with Blundell, for so dark was it under the trees that one could not see a yard ahead; and although M. Victor reached the shadows but a few paces behind the other, he was unable to tell in which direction to go and paused an instant, giving me time to come up with him.

Then as we looked eagerly about, hoping that a movement or a sound would serve to guide us, we heard a mocking laugh and the clatter of hoofs on the driveway.

"Ah, he has take' my horse, the rascal!" cried M. Victor, rushing into the darkness, but he was too late. Ere he reached the place where he had left the beast, Blundell had galloped away and we were helpless to stop him.

"Has he taken the boy?" I cried, still thinking of what might lie concealed beneath that long cloak he wore; but I waited not for the answer I knew M. Victor could not give.

"Go to the front door, Monsieur," I went on; "I will open it presently." And without another word I ran back to the spring-house.

I was certain then that we had been too late. The dark, silent house seemed to make this conclusion the only possible one, and I was fearful of what awaited me inside.

I groped my way in the darkness until I found the secret entrance, plunged into the shallow water, scarce heeding its coldness, and made my way under ground as rapidly as I could till I came to the narrow rough stair. Up this I staggered, tripping over the uneven steps as I hurried on, conscious only of a heavy weight of anxiety.

At last I reached the top and, bending down, slipped past the great stone which masked the upper opening, and so on through the fireplace into the day-nursery. There was a tiny candle burning in the room, and I looked about me half expecting to see something amiss, but all seemed as usual, and I tiptoed across to the open door leading into the children's sleeping-chamber.

Almost certain that I should find it empty, I peeped into Jacky's little white bed—and there he lay, safe and sound!

So great was my thankfulness and joy that I felt myself grow weak, and had to clutch at the door jamb to keep my balance. Whatever else had happened, all the children were safe, for Marjory was in her crib, and through the door beyond I saw the baby's nurse sleeping soundly and knew Allan must be there too.

But why was Denewood so shut up? And why was the door not open to me? This was what was in my mind when a low murmur of voices reached me and I passed quietly into the upper gallery.

A small light burned in the lower hall as I hurried to the banister and looked down. Mummer and his wife stood there talking together in low tones.

"'T is easy to buy more beer than you can drink," Mummer was saying doggedly. "Dick Shoemaker maketh ill bread. Jack Baker maketh poor shoon. I am a man of peace and no fighter, therefore I will not open the door to any one who ratteth at midnight."

"Midnight!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer, scornfully. "It has scarce struck ten yet—" but ere she finished I was down the stairs, and she was staring at me as if she saw a ghost.

"Have you no welcome for me?" I asked, halting at the lower landing.

They looked at me in astonishment, as well they might, seeing that they could have no notion how I got there, but Mrs. Mummer recovered herself and ran to me with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Peggy! My little Peggy! Have you come back to us?" she cried, with tears welling into her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I'm here," I said, as well as I could, for she nigh smothered me in her embrace.

Mrs. Mummer drew away and looked at me, vowing she scarce was sure I was flesh and blood, and would have begun on the thousand questions she had ready; but ere the first was out, a thundering knock on the front door echoed through the hall.

"'T is the third time to-night," Mummer whispered, looking uneasily at his wife.

"The third time?" I repeated. "I knocked but once."

"Not twenty minutes ago there was a summons," Mrs. Mummer explained, "while we were up-stairs. 'T was that brought us down."

I was about to comment upon this, guessing that Blundell or Pilgrim must be at the bottom of it, when the knocker sounded once more, this time so persistently that I bethought myself.

"Why do you not open the door, Mummer?" I demanded. "What are you waiting for?" But he shook his head gloomily.

"I am a man of peace," he began, but I cut him short.

"Fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed, exasperated at the man's timidity. "I'll go do it, then," and without further words I took down the chain and turned the lock with the great key.

An instant later the door was wide, and M. Victor stood before us, his face flushed with anxiety and his naked sword still in his hand. Of a sudden I realized that I had clean forgot him.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he cried, evidently relieved to see me, "I began to fear that—"

"Your pardon, Monsieur," I begged. "I was so glad to find my little cousin safe that for the moment I remembered naught else."

"I am rejoicé," he answered, putting up his sword and stepping across the threshold. "The house was so silent that I fear' something might have happen' to you."

I made him known to Mrs. Mummer, explaining the service he had done me, and oh, how she beamed upon him! But now that she had me safe back again and in no way harmed, she at once took thought of my health.

"Miss Peggy!" she exclaimed, looking down, "to see you in such case! Come at once and change your shoes and stockings. They are wringing wet."

"Nay, do you stay and get M. de Soulange something to eat. I'll be but a minute," I added, and hurried to my room, where I had an oppor-

tunity to rid myself of my ragged dress, albeit I made but a hasty toilet.

When I returned, Mrs. Mummer had set out some cold meats and wine for M. Victor, and I knew from the few words I heard that she had learned from him all he could tell of my adventures. Also, that she liked the young Frenchman

"How did she know he was about?" I questioned.

"Did he not chase her on the road?" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer.

"Oh, to be sure!" I answered, remembering. "That was why Bee rode off in such a hurry. That explains it, of course!"

"Aye, that was it," Mrs. Mummer went on. "Mr. Mark, he stopped the man and brought Miss Bee and the boy home safe enough; but when the thimble came—"

"What thimble?" I interrupted.

"No other than your own silver thimble that Miss Bee gave you when you were a wee thing," Mrs. Mummer explained. "When they had looked the country over for you and for this Blundell as well, hearing naught of either, they were fair desperate about ye. Ah, dearie, 't was a sad time at Dene-wood!"

"Tell me about the thimble," I begged, for she was ready to cry at the mere recollection of my absence.

"It came with a note, scrawled on a bit of paper," she continued. "Miss Bee misdoubted it was your writing; but it said you were being carried south into Delaware and would be given up if certain provisions were agreed to, and that the thimble was to show good faith. I never believed in it for a minute."

"Blundell managed to get hold of that thimble somehow," I said. "I missed it when I was at the Schneider farm, but I might have lost it at the inn."

"Aye, they guessed it was Blundell who was at the bottom of it," Mrs. Mummer went on, "and that made it all the worse. Miss Bee could n't rest for thinking they were after that ring, bad luck to it!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, remembering. "Is my ring gone?" and I jumped to my feet.

"Nay, 't is in your powdering-box, where Mr. Powell left it," Mrs. Mummer assured me. "I looked, after that old wretch got away from us."



"HAVE YOU NO WELCOME FOR ME?" I ASKED.

at first sight was plain to me, who knew how to read her kindly face.

I found that I too was hungry, and sat down to the table ready to sup and talk with a light heart, for my worst fears had been put to rest, and now that I knew Jacky was safe, my past experiences troubled me not at all.

"Tell me what took Bee and Cousin John to Delaware after me?" I asked, when Mrs. Mummer's curiosity had been partially satisfied.

"'T was the thimble did it," she answered with a shake of her head. "I put no faith in it, but Miss Bee was mortal afraid of that Blundell."

"But why did n't you give it to him as my note said?" I demanded, for it might have made a vast difference had not M. Victor come to my aid.

"I would never give the old thief the ring," declared Mrs. Mummer stoutly.

"But you had my letter telling you to," I insisted.

"Aye, but you never writ it yourself, dearie," she answered, with a sly look. "'T was in your hand, that I saw, but the words were never yours, and I knew at once that that old wretch was no true Friend, so I meant to hold the deceiver till he led us to you."

"I should like to see this so wonderful ring, Mademoiselle," said M. Victor with something more than curiosity in his voice.

"I 'll get it for you!" I cried, and ran off to fetch it.

I tiptoed into the room for fear of waking the children, and, lighting a candle, looked eagerly into my powdering-box, thinking how glad I should be to see my ring again; but it was not there. Puzzled for a moment, I opened a gold snuffbox, that had been given me by a certain British Colonel Taunton when he was in command at Denewood, and which I used to hold patches, but again I was disappointed. Then like a flash it came to me! Blundell had taken it after all. Evidently, upon his first visit in the morning, when Jasper Pilgrim had seen him, he had found the chance would not serve and had been obliged to return later.

With a pang of regret at the loss, I was still thankful that the ring had been there, for other-

wise the little boy sleeping peacefully in the next room might have been missing now.

"Blundell has the ring!" I announced, on my return to the dining-room.

"'T is not possible!" cried Mrs. Mummer. "'T was there this very afternoon."

"He took it not a half hour gone. But never mind, we have Jacky," I said. "I 'm sorry, Monsieur, not to be able to show it to you. It was a very unusual ring."

"But what can this Captain Blundell want of it?" asked M. Victor. "I suppose he is not just a thief."

"'T is a long story, Monsieur," I began, "but, briefly, it seems that a little boy has been lost and an advertisement for him, offering a reward, has been put into a New York news-sheet. The child is to be identified by a strange ring, which in a curious way came into my possession long ago. That is the part the ring plays, and that is why Blundell wishes to secure it. I overheard him say that any child about the same age would do, if he had but the ring; and I am a little troubled thinking he may substitute another little boy for the right one, in the hope of obtaining this money. If I could but remember the name of the agent in New York I would warn him, but I forget it—and I fear the paper is lost."

"Was it not Andrew M'Sparren in Nassau Street?" M. Victor asked quietly.

"Why, yes!" I cried, remembering perfectly now, and vastly astonished. "That is the name but—Monsieur, how did you know it?"

"It was I, Mademoiselle, who advertise' for that little boy," he returned gravely.

(To be continued.)

MADE STARS

If there is n't any star within your sky,

Pretend it 's there!

Why, a make-believe one, swinging white and high,

Is just as fair!

If you put it where you 'll see it every night,

Just where the sky 's particularly bright,

Your star is sure to guide your steps aright.

If there is n't any sunshine in your day,

Why, put some in!

If you 've never tried to make your sun that way,

Oh, do begin!

This sunshine-making 's hard, but you won't mind.

Keep on; and when it 's done, you 're apt to find

The home-made brand 's the very nicest kind!

Mary Carolyn Davies.



'SCHOOL DAYS ARE OVER'

CHAINED LIGHTNING

A Story of Mexican Adventure

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER III

THE LEVER—WHICH LIFTS OUR FRIENDS OUT OF THEIR HOMES

WHEN Belville stated his determination to stand by his promise, it had a totally different effect upon Larue from what he anticipated. For a moment Larue regarded him in open-eyed astonishment; then he took him by the shoulders and, shaking him, exclaimed with some asperity: "Look here now, your promise can't hold! You are offered a sure advance—a chance that I would have jumped at myself. You 've simply got to stay here."

Belville was more than amused, he was touched by Larue's rough unselfishness and evident sincerity. He already had gained a sufficient insight into Larue's character to realize the folly of attempting to argue with him; so he merely replied to the outburst by saying: "I 'll give it more consideration, if you like; give me a chance by taking a run over to the elevator and getting the agent's grain report for me. While you 're gone, I 'll turn matters over in my mind."

"All right," said Larue good-naturedly; "but remember that I 've decided; you are to stick to our friend J. S. R." Saying which, he picked up his hat and went out.

Upon Larue's return to the depot Belville calmly announced: "Well, Larry, it 's all settled. J. S. R. has mailed me a letter enclosing passes for us to Denver, together with a remittance covering my salary to date. My relief arrives to-night."

Larry's breath was fairly taken away. He managed to stammer, "Well, I 'm—I 'm blown!" which literally expressed it. Then he assailed Belville with a volley of reproach, argument, protest, and entreaty; but finally wound up by clapping him on the back, calling him the truest and best fellow on earth, and vowing that, come what might, he would stand by him so long as he had legs to stand on.

Belville packed his few belongings, his relief arrived that evening, and the next morning found them ready to start west on number three.

The promised letter, with enclosures, was duly received; and as the engine took in water, Belville bade his friends good-by. There was little sign of emotion on the part of any one, and he

felt half angry with them, and angry with himself also; and he wished that the train would start. Then he felt a sudden tightening of the heart: he had nearly forgotten Elsie. She was Hans Smith's daughter, a little girl of twelve. He looked about for her, and glanced around the corner of the building. There she was, sobbing as if her little heart would break. He lifted her in his arms and kissed her, and for a moment felt tempted to cry himself. Then he put her down hurriedly and pressed a silver dollar into her hand. "To remember me by, little girl," he said, and left her, for the train was moving. They were off at last for Mexico! But somehow for the next couple of hours Mexico seemed further away than before and much less attractive, because of a picture that would not be banished, a picture drawn in dull, gray tones, upon a dreary background; and yet a picture resplendent with light: a child by the depot wall, sobbing.

At Red Prairie, Elsie picked up his trunk, and the rest of the day they rolled slowly along over country that gradually flattened into an endless, level plain with nothing to break its monotony but an occasional cross-roads station. The second day was much like the first, the only difference being the change from the plain to a desert, with scattered clumps of sage-brush.

Toward evening they began to climb, though the ascent was so very gradual that it was barely noticeable.

Their first view of the mountains marked an epoch in their lives; though Larry remarked, characteristically, "'T ain't so much what they may look like, as what they may pan out for us, that is most interesting."

At Denver they picked acquaintance with one of the operators, to whom they made known their need of transportation. He took them up-stairs to the trainmen's room, and introduced them to a Conductor Murphy, saying, "They want to get down to Conejos with you; and from there, are bound for the Mexican Central."

"Say no more, Sonny," said Murphy. "I take out number six to-night, and I reckon your friends go through with me."

In accordance with his promise, the boys took passage on Conductor Murphy's train that evening, and, curling themselves up in their seats, were soon in the land of Nod.

As the train drew into Conejos, Murphy called them into the baggage-car and gave them a card to the conductor of the train on the branch road. "It will carry you through to Mexico," he said, "as sure as my name 's Murphy."

As they had three hours to wait at Conejos before the branch-line train started, they walked out to the old Mission. It interested our travelers for the reason that it was the first adobe structure either of them had ever beheld. When they reached it they found the portals closed and the windows barred with wooden shutters. Belville was for returning; but Larue's curiosity prevailed and he gave a resounding blow to the entrance. The echo of it had scarcely died away ere a small panel was slipped aside from within and the opening disclosed framed a brown girl's face that might have served as a model for one of Raphael's Madonnas. The girl's dark eyes gazed expectantly at them, and Larue requested permission to inspect the interior of the Mission. The eyes and lips smiled back at him, and a low, musical voice replied: "*No comprendo, Señores!*" ("I do not understand, Sirs.")

The girl's pretty head vanished and that of a venerable padre appeared, who gravely inquired their wishes and admitted them. They saw no more of the young girl but learned that her name was "Chita."

As they returned to the depot Larry spoke of her and said, "I wonder who she is and how she comes to be there."

"Perhaps we may find out sometime. Who knows?"

"Miracles never happen," sighed Larry, but he afterwards recalled Belville's remark, which, in the light of after events seemed almost prophetic.

It was after dark when they reached Castillo, a small, dirty, Spanish-Indian settlement at the end of the narrow-gauge railway; and as the stage took them away from it at the first peep of dawn next morning, they were not sorry to have seen so little of it.

Since crossing the pass the weather had been mild; but it had turned colder in the night, and the morning air was frosty. It was too chilly to risk going to sleep, and all were too sleepy and uncomfortable to start a conversation; but as the sun rose above the hills Larue broke the silence by whistling a tune, and, somewhat to his surprise, one of their fellow-travelers, evidently an old miner, joined in its chorus.

"That 's good!" he exclaimed at its conclusion. "I ain't heered that tune since I was a lad. Reckon ye got it 'way back east—not that I 'm after pryin'."

"Oh, we 'd just as soon tell where we 're from,"

said Larry. "If you 'd care to know something about us, don't hesitate to ask."

"I 'd be glad to know," said his new acquaintance; "I feared to give offense. It 's a sort o' rule in these diggin's not to ask too many questions."

Larue gratified the miner's curiosity; but remembering the latter's words, refrained from seeking a like confidence.

"I reckon," said the miner, whose name was "Tomson; jest plain Tomson, no handle," "I reckon ye don't know much 'bout gold."

Larue admitted their ignorance.

"Then it 's sart'lnly something ye 'll hev to l'arn. Ye don't mind me givin' ye a lesson? No? Then cast yer eyes over that!" While speaking, his hand had been delving in the depths of his capacious pockets, and, as he concluded, he proudly drew forth and exhibited to Larue what appeared to be but a bit of rusty-colored stone, but which, as Tomson informed him in an impressive whisper, was "the stuff, wuth a thousand a ton!"

It was all Greek to Larue, who did not hesitate to display his ignorance by requesting further information. Tomson promptly enlightened him by plunging at once into a lecture on gold, its discovery, its mining, and the men who had made fabulous fortunes by it.

While still listening to these glowing tales, the stage-coach brought them to the top of the divide, and Santa Fé lay before them.

For a mile or more, as they neared the town, they progressed at a snail's pace. Then, as the outskirts of the city were reached, the driver gathered the reins again and swung his long whip and yelled. The mules dashed off madly at the sting of the lash, and the first impression our travelers gained of Santa Fé was a cloud of yellow dust through which they caught shadowy glimpses of wildly-fleeing children, chickens, and dogs, while their ears were deafened with the clatter and din produced by the jingling harness, the creaking coach, and the Babel of screams, howls, and barks, crowned by the Comanche-like shouts of the driver, until, with a jerk and a jolt, the stage-coach stopped before the principal hotel, the Jehu tossed his reins to a groom and leisurely descended, and the journey by stage was over.

The hotel proved clean and inviting, but the meals were served "a la Espagnol," and the dinner-hour was not until five o'clock. As it was now past one, the half-starved travelers partook of bread, cheese, and coffee.

Toward evening, they rode out of Santa Fé in the caboose of a freight-train, whose conductor they had met the night before, and who had

promised to frank them through to Mexico's frontier by means of his acquaintances down the line.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUNDER—WHICH SOUNDS SEVERAL SORTS OF MEN

It was a perfect summer's day, or so it seemed to our Northerners, when they first saw the Mexican border and descended from the train at El Paso, which was then merely a border town. It has grown to be one of the most important cities in Texas.

From the depot platform the two young men gazed across the far-famed Rio Grande, straining their imaginations to picture what fortune for them might lie beyond. It was the driest season of the year, and the Rio Grande seemed little more than a moist ditch; but afar to the southwest rose the mountains, scallops of purple against the blue sky; to the southeast was a mass of green foliage—orchards of peaches, apricots, and figs; while just across the river, to the south, the picturesque city of Paso del Norte (now called Juarez) basked in the brilliant sunlight, its old cathedral standing out in bold relief, like some watchful sentinel guarding its slumbering comrades.

This was the gateway that would lead them to the land of their dreams. Across that sluggish river lay the realization of their hopes. It would be like a new birth to them—a new tongue to learn, new friends to make, new customs to acquire, new habits to form, new pleasures to enjoy, new temptations to resist—a totally new atmosphere in which to live and breathe and work.

Leaving their luggage at the depot, they walked up town in search of their dinner. At the end of the one principal street stood the most imposing structure of the place. It bore across its white-washed adobe face the word "Hotel"; and here our boys were served with an excellent meal, the cooking being Spanish throughout. After satisfying their hunger they paid their bill and sauntered back toward the railway-station. There was but one brick building—a trifling earnest of what was to come. Its door stood invitingly open, and, as they glanced within, a young man came out. He surveyed them with cool effrontery for a moment, then inquired of them, "Rail-roads?"

"Yep," said Larue.

"Bound south?"

Larue nodded.

"Been there myself. Don't go."

"Why not?" inquired Belville.

"Dog's life—poor pay—Mexican slugs—worse grub—cactus, sage—tough crowd—cowboys, greasers, peons—"

"Where were you located?" Larry asked.

"Jimulco."

"Why, that was where Scott was," said Belville.

"Yep—I'm Scott," said the stranger.

They made themselves known and shook hands all around; after which Scott continued, in his jerky way: "Show you the town? All right—come on—won't take long to see it. This is the leader—the Fashion,—the nearest we come to a club here—take a look at it first. Everything goes here—place is quiet, though—allows no nonsense.

"See that quiet man over there—dudish-looking fellow? Name 's Smith—Six-shooter Smith. Never carries a gun in sight—carries 'em in his coat-pockets—shoots right through the cloth—buys a new coat every week. Quiet fellow, Smith. Not much to say. Takes his out in action. Runs this town square, he does. He 's U. S. marshal. Nice fellow, Smith—only one fault—might call it a failin'—can't bear to ask a man to drink and have the chap refuse—sort of a mania, I reckon—why, he 's killed—'scuse me—man over there I must see—back in a jif—" and Scott bolted across the street, leaving Belville alone and, it must be confessed, disheartened and thoroughly homesick. Not that he feared the vicious characters among whom fate seemed to have thrust him; but he knew that he could have nothing whatever in common with such men as he saw about him.

Indulging in these unhappy meditations, he became so absorbed in them that a light touch on his shoulder startled him. His confusion increased when he recognized the person who had interrupted his brown study as none other than the redoubtable "Six-shooter Smith"; and he afterwards confessed to Larry that downright fear caused his teeth to chatter audibly, as Smith accosted him with: "Lacking the price for a drink, youngster?"

Belville had never tasted liquor. Years before his father's death he had promised him that he never would, and he had kept the promise religiously. He was a rather determined young man, as may have been gathered; but this was the first time that temptation had assumed such an imperative form. He is scarcely to be blamed if for once he hesitated. He felt his hair lifting under his hat as he stammered an excuse.

"I fail to understand you," said the stranger, with a puzzled expression. "Are you not laboring under some delusion?"

"N-no, M-m-m-ister S-Smith; I—"

He was thankful all his life that the stranger interrupted him, with "Bless me, boy, my name is n't Smith! It's Hamilton. Despatcher on the Mexican Central. I was right. You had made a mistake. Tell me: what did you think I was?"

"And you're not the U. S. marshal?"

"Botheration, no! Are you an embezzler?"

Belville burst into an hysterical laugh, in which Mr. Hamilton was forced to join. When he could catch his breath, Belville hastened to make a full explanation, and these two, so oddly met, afterwards became the warmest of friends. But it is certain that to his dying day Belville will remember the terrible fright he experienced at the hands of that fabulous personage of Scott's nimble fancy—"Six-shooter Smith, U. S. Marshal."

As Belville chatted with his new acquaintance, Larue returned and was introduced, and Belville explained what had occurred, much to Larue's amusement.

It required no very great knowledge of character to discern that Mr. Hamilton was a man to rely on. The three left the "Fashion" and walked together to the depot, the boys telling something of themselves on the way.

They all boarded the car, which slowly trundled them out of their native land; and Mr. Hamilton, having satisfied his curiosity about them, became more communicative and gave them some information about the railway and its system.

"I wish I might offer you positions," he said, "but just at present my division is full. I'll give you a letter to Mr. Bagnell, at Chihuahua, and I have no doubt he will fix you up."

When the car reached the Mexican end of the bridge, it stopped to take on board the customs inspectors, who were both prompt and polite in the performance of their duties.

There was no south-bound train leaving Paso del Norte until the following morning, so Mr. Hamilton invited the boys to be his guests. "My 'trick' does n't start until midnight," he said, "and as we have half the afternoon left, suppose we see something of Paso before going home to dinner."

It was just what the boys were eager for; and though they afterwards visited the most important of the Mexican cities, with which Paso del Norte could in no way compare in points of interest, they never forgot that afternoon ramble about the picturesque "calles" and quaint corners of Paso del Norte, with genial Mr. Hamilton as their guide and interpreter. He led them through lanes where queer little carts with enormous wooden wheels, drawn by oxen or donkeys, were creaking along over the rough cobble pavement,

bearing samples of the strange produce of the country. He took them into the "tiendas," that did not greatly differ from the little shops they had seen in Santa Fé, save that the people were more picturesque. The loungers were mostly peons, in white cotton garments, with bright-colored sashes wound about their slim waists, rude leather sandals strapped to the soles of their bare brown feet, their heads crowned with wide-brimmed, high-peaked, straw sombreros.

At the Plaza they had their first taste of "*tieste*," a sweetish drink made from ground parched-corn, milk, and chocolate, and one of the delicious things to be found in a Mexican menu.

Mr. Hamilton took Belville and Larue home with him and introduced them to a sweet little woman, whom he kissed and called "Mother," and to a tall slight slip of a girl with merry eyes and nut-brown hair, whom he addressed as "Daughter." The two ladies made the boys feel at home at once, and thoroughly comfortable during their short stay.

CHAPTER V

THE BREAK—NOT A BAD ONE

"It's a queer country, Bell."

Belville grunted an affirmative; he was too busy retaining his seat to make a more dignified answer.

"Yes, it's a queer country," Larue continued complacently, "where they call corn 'mice,' and where they speak of a jackass as a 'bureau.'"

"But they—spell—it—m-a-i-z-e," replied Belville, between jolts; "and it's—b-u-r-r-o,—instead of 'bu-r-e-a-u.'"

"Bureau's a proper nickname, anyhow," replied Larry, with a grimace. "Burros, like bureaus, have four legs without joints; and it takes an equal amount of energy to move 'em."

They were undergoing the novel experience of a ride astride two Mexican donkeys which, in spite of the boys' kicks, doggedly refused to budge until urged by the shouts and prodded by the poles of their peon drivers.

It was the boys' first day in Chihuahua. They had bidden adieu to the Hamiltons and the quaint old city of Paso del Norte, and were again seeking their fortunes. Before they left him, Mr. Hamilton provided them with transportation to Chihuahua and a personal letter to Mr. Bagnell, the despatcher in charge of the Chihuahua office, and who, upon its presentation that morning, promised them positions. They were now waiting for orders; and having nothing else to do, they whiled the afternoon away by roaming about the city. They visited the stately cathedral, a

fine old church whose imposing front is studded with statues of the saints and covered with intricate designs executed in stucco. They tramped about the narrow streets, catching occasional glimpses through open portals of attractive interior courtyards, surrounded by broad verandas, wherein the residents seemed to be spending the better part of their lives in dreamy idleness. More rarely they saw a face at one of the iron-bound and barred windows; it was always a woman's face, and young or old, rich or poor, was never without the attraction of beautiful eyes.

As they returned to the plaza a band in the little elevated stand at the center was rendering that charming air, so peculiarly Mexican in every note that it is small wonder Mexico claims it, the weird and haunting "La Paloma." The boys lounged lazily in their seats, enjoying the strangeness of it all, and sipping "*frescas*" and "*piñas*," sweet drinks made from the fresh native fruits, which they purchased for a tlapiece from the bare-footed, brown-skinned vendors.

The boys then walked across the plaza to one of the small shops that faced upon it. Here they received their first lesson in the peculiar financial system in vogue in the State of Chihuahua. There are several kinds of money in circulation and it is puzzling to a stranger to keep track of the various and fluctuating premiums and discounts on foreign and native monies—paper, copper, silver, and gold.

Larry invested in some apricots, tendering an American dollar in payment. The merchant returned to him, as his change, a dollar and eighty cents in Mexican silver. As they munched the fruit, Larry bought a package of "cerillas," or wax matches that when lighted serve as tapers. He handed to the merchant the silver Mexican dollar he had just received, and to his surprise received, as change, three paper bills which possessed a total face value of a dollar and fifty cents.

"*Quiere usted mas?*" ("Do you wish anything more?") asked the merchant, as Larry inspected the "*Carajo*" money he had received for the first time.

Larry turned to Belville and said, "There are one or two more things here I might buy, but I won't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would n't be square. If I'd make a few more purchases here this poor, ignorant fellow would be dead broke."

Upon returning to their hotel they found a note from Mr. Bagnell which instructed Belville

to go to Bachimba, to relieve its operator there for a short vacation, and Larue was commissioned to Juanita. Transportation for both boys was enclosed, and they were asked to take that evening's train. They had just time enough to pack up and catch it comfortably, and were soon on their way up the Mexican plateau.

Bachimba was not far from Chihuahua, but Juanita was several hundred miles to the south, and the boys felt more than one pang of regret at their forced separation.

"Never mind," said Larry, putting his arm around Belville; "we can swap experiences with each other every night as of old—unless there should happen to be a relay station between us."

"But we won't use a ground-wire," said Belville, smiling.

Bachimba was reached all too soon. It proved to be but a "jumping-off" place. There was nothing to be seen but the small depot building and a couple of twinkling switch-lights. The operator whom Belville was relieving informed him that the hacienda building of Bachimba Rancho was not far away and that he would find the Terrazas family "great people"; which was somewhat consoling.

"They'll be over to see you in the morning," he said, "for they know a new Gringo¹ is coming. Here's your outfit of kettles and pans. You'll find the closet well stocked with raw grub—What? You can't cook? Well, you've got to learn then. Better wire for a supply of pills; you'll need 'em till you get through experimenting. You'll get used to it, though. You'll have to. I did. If you can't, I'll be back in two weeks. And when I do get back, I'll give you a decent funeral if I find you're in need of it."

Having thus cheerfully installed him, the operator boarded the train for Jimenez; and Belville bade Larue farewell. Then he stood alone on the platform watching the lights of the train that was bearing his chum away. They faded into the distance, and far off on the prairie a coyote howled. No other sound broke the silence; and as Belville returned into the little unpainted shack that was to be his first Mexican home, he experienced the loneliest moment of all his young existence.

CHAPTER VI

THE DUPLEX—ONE THAT OBJECTED TO CARRYING DOUBLE

"*Buenas dias, Señor!*"

Belville straightened himself with a start and

¹ "Gringo" is a term bestowed by Spanish-Americans on English-speaking folk, some of whom retaliate by calling the Mexicans "Greasers."

turned toward the door of his office; then he blushed to the roots of his wavy brown hair, and a ripple of merry laughter from the little group of visitors peering in through the doorway did not tend to lessen his confusion. With a towel tied about his waist, he had been struggling to concoct a breakfast out of the raw materials that he had found stowed away in the closet. The top of the small coal-stove was red hot; the coffee-pot was boiling over; and the atmosphere was permeated with the odor of charred provisions.

Under such circumstances, small wonder Belville felt embarrassed, when, upon hearing the Spanish salute, he turned to find himself confronted by three smiling faces, and two of them belonging to the prettiest señoritas that he had seen since his arrival in Mexico!

"The señor does not well with the cooking, Luis," said the elder girl to her brother, a handsome, dark-skinned youth of perhaps fifteen years. "Perhaps," striving to subdue a laugh, and half to him, half to Belville, "perhaps he will let us to help him."

Belville recovered the use of his tongue, and, making the best of his predicament, stammered "Good-morning," and bade his visitors enter. He then explained to them that this was his first attempt to prepare a meal, and that he had not yet breakfasted.

"*Pobrecito*!" ("Poor chap!") exclaimed the younger girl, when Luis had translated Belville's explanation into Spanish for her.

"Sit you down with our brother," said the elder, "and let us do it for you. This is Luis; this Anita; and I, señor, am Mercedes. We are come to invite you to dine with our father, the Don Luis Terrazas, at Bachimba Rancho."

Belville expressed his acknowledgments of their kindness, and, after introducing himself, proceeded to make himself somewhat more pre-

sentable. Meanwhile, the two girls were not idle. A new pot of coffee was placed on the stove and a pan of batter quickly prepared, that, as if by magic it seemed to Belville, was converted into nicely-browned cakes; after which they all did



"THREE TIMES THAT GENTLE MUSTANG BUCKED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

him the honor to breakfast with him, and a happy, merry group they made.

Belville found that Luis was not nearly so familiar with English as was Mercedes. He was most anxious to learn, however, and offered to instruct Belville in his own musical tongue in exchange for lessons in English. Anita spoke but a few words of English, but Mercedes informed Belville that she had studied English at school in

Chihuahua, and had greatly improved her knowledge of the language through her acquaintance with his predecessor.

"Our father can speak," said Mercedes, "but he does not like—only when there is more need—so he helps us not with our English. Come, Luis; should we not to go?"

The mustangs, that Luis had tethered back of the station, were brought and the girls were helped into their saddles. After the departure of his guests Belville put the office to rights and made his report to the despatcher, which consisted merely of "G. M."

As the day was Sunday, there would be no trains until late that night; and there was no reason why he should not have gone to the rancho with his new acquaintances, as they had urged that he should do; but it was his first day's service and he wished to familiarize himself with his new surroundings.

He examined the office records and quickly mastered the method of keeping them; then he listened attentively for an hour or more to what was passing over the wire, and noted, with some misgivings, that all of the commercial telegrams were in the Spanish language. He tried very hard to copy these, but almost every sentence contained a puzzling symbol or two with which he was unfamiliar. He waited until the wire became idle, and then called up the despatcher, who explained that these were Spanish characters which the English alphabet did not contain.

So much accomplished, Belville began to regret that he had not gone to the rancho in company with his visitors. He gazed through the window wistfully across the yellow valley to the distant hills that marked the western horizon; and he could not help thinking that Plainfield was a metropolis compared to this desert wilderness.

Had he formed some acquaintance along the line with whom he might have chatted, he would have felt less lonely, but there was no one. It was with unmixed pleasure, therefore, that presently he spied a horseman making toward the station. It proved to be young Luis, returning in search of a lesson.

Luis's bright eyes soon discerned that the young "gringo" was homesick, and he resolved to cure him of it. It had been planned, he explained, for a mozo to bring over an extra horse later on, for

Belville to ride, but they would not wait for the servant. The place was but a league away, and the mustang Luis had with him was one that his sisters frequently rode. It was big, and strong, and well-broken, and it certainly would carry double.

Belville eyed the gaunt beast with some distrust, but Luis urged that it was perfectly gentle; Belville should take the saddle and Luis, who was lighter, would ride behind.

Belville had been told some tall stories about bucking bronchos and he was rather suspicious; but Luis was so confident that finally he was persuaded.

He asked for leave from the despatcher, and this obtained, proceeded somewhat gingerly to climb into the saddle. The big mustang seemed as quiet as a cow, and he was mentally labeling as fiction the tales he had been told, when Luis vaulted up behind him. Then the fun began—for the horse. He planted his four feet, dropped his back, and Belville did n't know what more he did for he himself shot toward the zenith, with Luis clinging desperately to him. As they came down, the horse bucked again, and Belville afterward declared that he would rather be struck by a moving train than to have the thing repeated.

Three times that gentle mustang bucked, and Belville felt that his ears were bursting. Then Luis plunged his spurs in deep and the mustang started. There was no stopping him then. Belville clung to his mane, and Luis clung to Belville, and they both held their breath as the mustang skimmed over ditches, cactus, and sage, making a bee-line for the hacienda building. The mustang never swerved until he dashed through the main portal to his home and into the courtyard of the hacienda. In the center of the broad patio he stopped, as if suddenly turned to stone; but the two boys kept on going.

When Belville had wiped the dirt from his eyes, there on the wide veranda, convulsed with laughter, sat the entire Terrazas family.

Old Don Luis said never a word but stalked out into the courtyard and, picking up his fifteen-year-old son, shook him vigorously. Belville gathered himself up and looked on aghast.

"There!" said Don Luis, freeing his son, "that will teach you to fall off a horse! Welcome, Don Roberto Belville!"

(To be continued)

THE EDUCATED ANGLEWORM

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

"Why, here 's Uncle Jim!" cried Mary, running into the library and jumping on Uncle Jim's knee. "Nobody told us that you were here, did they, Paul?"

Paul shook his head and climbed nimbly to the other knee. "How long have you been here?"

But before Uncle Jim could answer, Mary had another question ready. "But what makes you look so—so grown up this morning, Uncle Jim? You are n't angry at us, are you—or sorry about anything?"

Uncle Jim laughed his usual merry "ha, ha, ha!" "Not that I know of, you young chatterbox," he answered gaily. "What have you two been up to that would—" Then he stopped impressively. "But yes—I see I can't conceal it. That secret sorrow of mine will out in spite of me. Had n't you heard, Mistress Mary, that the Educated Anglemorm is dead?"

"The what?" exclaimed Paul and Mary.

"The Educated Anglemorm," said Uncle Jim, still more impressively. "Late of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, my own Alma Mater—and I never even saw him. And now it 's too late! Do you wonder that I look grown up—and angry—and sorry this minute?"

Mary giggled, as she always did at funny Uncle Jim, but Paul remembered that there was usually some meaning even to Uncle Jim's jokes.

"Tell us all about it, please," he said. "Where did he come from and how did they educate him?"

"He came," answered Uncle Jim, "from a barnyard—but as Mary said about somebody's picture once, 'it is a boy, but whose boy I don't know.' The same way about that barnyard—whose barnyard I don't know. Maybe it belonged to a Harvard professor who was digging worms in it. Anyway, he saw this anglemorm and decided he looked intelligent enough to have a college education."

"So he took him up to his laboratory and made him a nice little home shaped like a letter T. As long as he stayed in the long part of the T he was all right. There was n't any strain on his mind at all—and neither did he get any education. But when he got to the top of the T, he had to decide which way to go. And at one end of the top there was a nice bed of soft wet blotting-paper for him to lie on—while at the other end there was a lot of sandpaper."

"O-oh!" cried Mary with a little wriggle. "What a mean man! *Poor* little anglemorm!"

"Well," smiled Uncle Jim, "you see he did n't have to go to the sandpaper end unless he wanted to. He could always stop and choose. And the wonderful thing about it was, that after a little practice he always chose right! Once he was gone a month; and when he came back, he stopped a minute and then turned and went the right way!"

"Is that *all*?" inquired Mary disappointedly, as Uncle Jim paused. "I thought maybe he learned to read or write or something."

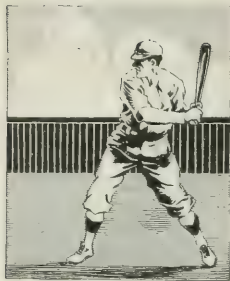
"Or play games," added Paul. "I don't see anything so wonderful about him, Uncle Jim. He just learned to choose the way that had a nice comfortable end—not the one that hurt him."

Uncle Jim smiled quizzically. "Don't you?" he said slowly. "Well, now do you know, I thought that was pretty good for an anglemorm. I 've known little girls and boys who were supposed to have plenty of brains and good memories, too, and they kept right on turning to the sandpaper end of their T's. Several times, for instance, they 've found out that eating green apples, or too much pudding or candy was bound to make them sick. I can't believe they like to be sick, and yet, every once in a while, they shut their eyes and turn down that end of their T's. And they really ought to know by this time that when they disobey Mother or Father, they are pretty sure to find the results very sandpappy in more ways than one. But I have n't heard that they always choose to obey, even yet. And when they don't learn their lessons, or go out without their rubbers—"

But by this time, Mary had climbed to her knees, and was planting a great big kiss right in the middle of the sentence. "Oh, Uncle Jim!" she cried, shaking her finger at him, "you are making a little sermon at Paul and me with that wise little anglemorm, are n't you, you old tease? Well, you won't have to again. I can remember just as well as an anglemorm, *so!* Paul, let 's say sandpaper to each other next time we get in a T."

Paul nodded, his cheeks crimson. "Yes, siree!" he answered, with great vigor. "I 'm not going to have my Uncle Jim or anybody else think that any old anglemorm has got more sense than I have, especially now I can read and write."

"In that case," laughed Uncle Jim, "I shall stop looking sorry and grown up and angry because that anglemorm is dead. I 'd rather look at a really well-educated boy and girl than an Educated Anglemorm, any day."

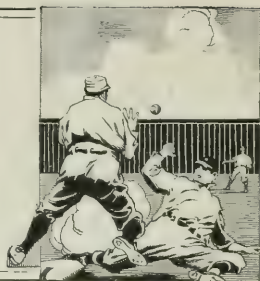


THE ART OF BATTING

BY

BILLY EVANS

Umpire in the American League



"PAYNE is now batting for Cobb!"

Such was the announcement made to the fans by the umpire, near the close of a game between Chicago and Detroit five or six years ago. No doubt you wonder what happened to make it necessary that a substitute batter be used in Cobb's place. You feel sure that Cobb suffered an injury of some kind. Nothing of the sort. The only thing wrong with Tyrus, on that memorable afternoon, was the fact that on his four trips to the plate he had struck out as many times. Not once did he even hit a long foul. Left-handers, as a rule, have the edge on a left-handed batsman. White, one of the craftiest pitchers in the business, was doing the twirling for the "White Sox." Throughout the game, he had outguessed the famous batsman of the "Tigers." At that time, Cobb was not the finished performer he is to-day. A half dozen years of experience have perfected him in many of the fine points of the game that he lacked at that time. And Payne was almost as helpless before White, as Cobb had been.

The following day, I talked with Cobb for a few minutes before the start of the game. The fact that he had been struck out four times in one game was not to his liking. He did n't intend to stand for such treatment very often. No doubt his weakness at the bat that afternoon had caused him to do a lot of thinking in the evening. Before I had a chance to say anything about White's great pitching, Cobb brought up the subject.

"I must have looked like the worst hitter in the world yesterday," remarked Tyrus. "Never has a pitcher made me look as foolish as did White, and I don't believe any pitcher will ever turn such a trick again. I feel sure I can hit White. It did n't look that way yesterday; but I am positive White is n't going to trouble me in the future. He's a great pitcher, and he certainly had me outguessed at every turn; but two can work at that game. The next time I face White, I may

get a little revênge for those four strike-outs he handed me. When I was looking for the curve, I got the slow one, and when I would get set for a fast one, he would come through with a curve. When I figured on a slow ball, he would buzz a fast one by my head. Perhaps the next time, I may do the correct guessing, and if such happens to be the case, the score is liable to show a few doubles and triples instead of a big bunch of strike-outs."

Cobb discovered that afternoon that White was less effective if the batter shifted around in the box. He made a close study of the best positions to assume to connect with White's various styles. First, he would be up in front of the batter's box, then back at the rear of it, while the next minute he would be closely hugging the plate. Never again, during the remainder of White's career as a pitcher in the American League, was he as troublesome for Cobb as on the afternoon he caused the "Georgia Peach" to whiff four times. In fact, Cobb was more troublesome, as a rule, to White than White ever was to Cobb. Many a time did Tyrus come through with a wallop at White's expense that decided the game in favor of the "Tigers."

Cobb is a wonderful batsman. His record as an American Leaguer is proof positive of that fact. He joined the Detroit club late in the season of 1905. During the remainder of the season, he took part in 41 games, hitting .240, which was the only time during his major-league career that his batting missed the .300 mark. In his second year as a big-leaguer, Cobb finished sixth, with an average of .320. In 1907, he came into his own as a batter, piling up a record of .350 for the season, and carrying off the batting honors of the league. That started Cobb on a mad batting career which still continues. The close of every season since 1907 found him leading the American League hitters, usually with a comfortable

margin to spare. Cobb's record, since joining the American League, is as follows:

Year	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Percentage
1905	41	150	9	30	.240
1906	97	350	44	112	.320
1907	150	605	97	212	.350
1908	150	581	88	188	.324
1909	150	573	116	216	.377
1910	140	509	106	196	.385
1911	146	591	147	248	.420
1912	140	553	119	227	.410
1913	122	420	70	167	.390
1914	97	345	69	127	.368

A glance at the above figures is perhaps the best possible proof of Cobb's ability as a batsman. For the last nine years, he has hit well above .300, a batting mark at which all great players aim. In two of these nine years, he has batted over .400, while in three others he has been dangerously close to the mark. It is not generally known, but Cobb suffers from a perpendicular astigmatism in one of his eyes. He rights the vision of this eye by cocking the head a trifle, which you will notice if you carefully watch his pose at the bat the next time you see him in action. American League pitchers insist they are extremely glad there is something wrong with one of his eyes. They can't imagine what his batting average would be, if both optics were in tiptop shape!

"A great hitter must have the natural ability. It is possible to perfect a man's style in the field, thus greatly improving his fielding game, but not nearly as much can be done to aid the weak hitter," remarked Cobb recently, when discussing the subject of batting with me. "It must come naturally. Mighty few hitters have benefited their averages by changing their style at the plate. Hans Wagner is a great hitter; Nap Lajoie is a wonderful batter; Sherwood Magee can clout the ball; while Sam Crawford and Tris Speaker

are feared by every pitcher with an ounce of brains. These five fellows are all great batters; yet no two of them have the same style at the plate. It would be impossible for any one in the world to copy Wagner's slouchy attitude, and achieve greatness at the bat. No one but Lajoie could assume the indifference that characterizes Larry's stand at the plate, and be able to wallop the ball as the big Frenchman does. Then there is Sam Crawford, who is grace personified when he steps into the batter's box. Every move that Sam makes in the box is graceful. He is the direct opposite of Wagner, yet both are master batsmen. Nature gave Crawford and Wagner each his particular style. Each hit at the ball in just the same way on the day he made his big league debut, as he does to-day.

"After natural ability comes confidence. A be-



TRIS SPEAKER, NAP LAJOIE, AND SAM CRAWFORD.

A very unusual picture of the greatest hitting triad of modern times. In left, Cleveland, Cobb's Detroit, and Speaker of Boston. This photograph was made a well-known benefit game played at Cleveland, several years ago, for the widow and children of the late Addie Joss who ranked among the greatest pitchers the game has known. The popularity of Joss was proved by the fact that the fans contributed more than \$15,000 to his family.

It will be noticed that Cobb appears here in a Cleveland uniform. This is no explanation. Cobb and Speaker played on an "All Star Team" against the Cleveland Club. Not knowing his Detroit uniform with him, Cobb wore a Cleveland suit. These three players are legends in every department of the game. Strangely enough, all three are left-handed batters.

lief on the part of the batter that he can hit any kind of pitching, is the greatest boost in the world

to natural ability. I have always regarded confidence as half the battle. After White had struck me out four times in that one game I was disgusted, but not discouraged. I simply could n't figure where he had any license to make me look

dented the air. White always smiled his sweetest at batters in that frame of mind. I decided that when facing White, I would smile as broadly as did he; that I would n't try to knock any balls out of the lot; that I would n't hit at any bad



BAKER

BARRY

COLLINS

DAVIS

MACK'S GREAT INFELD OF FOUR YEARS AGO.

Base ball idols are shattered quickly. Four years ago, Connie Mack had what was regarded as a stone wall infield, yet to day many of his critics think his infield is the weak spot in the Club. "Home-Run" Baker, noted for his remarkable hitting, has retired, because of some grievance. The great Eddie Collins has been sold to Chicago, while age has forced the retirement of Davis from active service. Only Barry and McInnis remain of Mack's five stars of a few years ago.

as helpless as all that. I decided that I could hit White; that I would hit him, and that I would get revenge for those four straight strike-outs. I guess even 'Doc' White himself will admit that I have made good on that point. White made trouble for me because he was brainy, and had plenty of confidence. South-paws with more speed and a better curve had been easy for me, yet White with his brains and confidence, plus a slow ball and a dinky curve, had made me look foolish. I realized that I would have to combat him with brains and confidence. To go up to the plate in a rage, determined to knock the ball out of the lot, is just the pose and frame of mind White liked all batters to be in. A fellow who took healthy lunges at White's teasers generally

ones for the sake of hitting, and that I would force 'Doc' to get the ball over the plate. I have always followed that custom when hitting against White, and have been very successful.

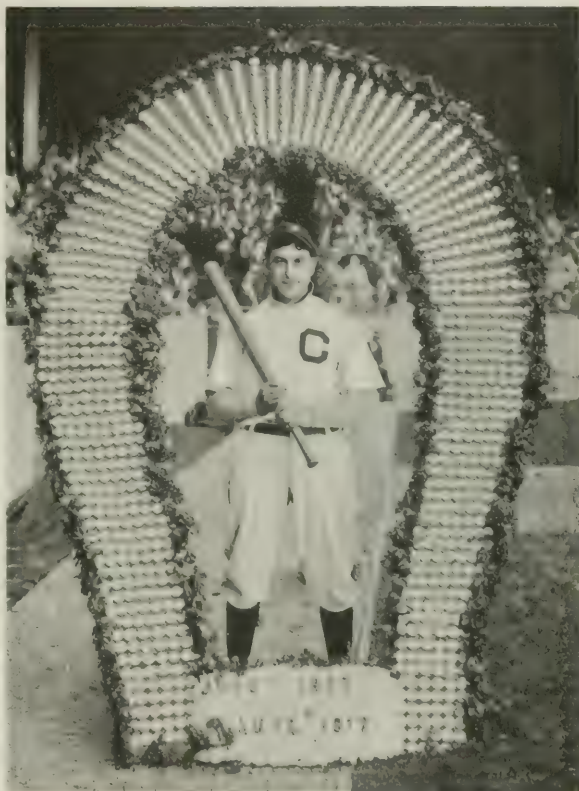
"A majority of the batters are overawed by the average pitcher when they go to bat. They figure the pitcher has the edge on them—that he has a little bit more to offer as a pitcher than they have as batsmen. If they happen to face a star, the feeling of not being able to hit is all the greater. I always make an effort to feel that I am a little bit better batter than the pitcher is a pitcher. I try not to be worried when I get two strikes, as I always figure that I still have a good chance. The only strike I hate to hear the umpire call is the third one, for then I know I am through. A lot

of critics say I am more dangerous with two strikes on me than at any other time. I suppose a lot of pitchers feel the same way about it. I hope they will always regard me in that light. I honestly believe that I do my best hitting when men are on bases. I like to see the runs going across the plate, and I really believe that I put more fire in my work, when a couple of men are on bases, than when the sacks are empty. I know the pitcher is under a strain. I always try to believe that he is the fellow who should be worried.

"A batter can never hope to be a great hitter, if he has a tendency to pull away from the plate. Batters who back away are the easiest victims for the brainy pitcher. Backing away from the plate is due to fear, a lack of confidence. The wise pitcher soon notices this defect, and is quick to take advantage of it. Such action is a tip to the pitcher that you fear being hit. Taking this as a cue, he throws a fast ball as close to your head as he can, without hitting you. This has a tendency to increase the fear, and perhaps drive you still further away from the plate. This, of course, was the end desired by the pitcher, and having accomplished it, he proceeds to take advantage of your position in the batter's box, by using a curve ball on the outside of the plate, which it is well-nigh impossible to hit, yet is good enough to be called a strike by the umpire. If you watch carefully, the good hitters are the ones who hold their ground; who refuse to be driven back. In a big majority of cases, it is the easiest thing in the world to get out of the way of the average wild pitch.

"Speed is, of course, a great asset to the batter. It is of more advantage than most batters think, for often hits are lost, simply because the batter does n't think he has a chance, and fails to run out his hit. That is one feature of the game

to which every player should adhere; yet every now and then I find myself jogging down to a base, instead of going at top speed, simply be-



LADOFF AND HIS "BIG SHOE"

The unique trophy shown is that of Harry Laidoff, one of the idols of base ball. The object, standing back of a man, is a legend and a wonder. First named white pants, the horseshoe is a brand-new shield that is the only one of its kind in the world. The fans of Cleveland thus honored Laidoff, in the year 1917, for his hitting record of 100 hits in 100 games.

cause I believe the infielder will throw me out, or the outfielder will surely catch my easy fly. A batter should never consider himself out, until he has actually been retired. Whenever he hits the ball, he should run his hardest, regardless of where or how the ball has been hit. It is really surprising the number of hits that are lost in this way every year. Running out a hit is a practice every manager should insist upon his players' obeying to the letter."

In connection with what Cobb had to say about batters often being overawed when facing some great pitcher, I vividly recall the experience of two recruits when pitted against Walter Johnson. It so happened that both these youngsters were unfortunate enough to make their major league debut against the Washington club when Johnson was doing the pitching. One of the youngsters struck out three times, and on the fourth trial went out on a pop fly to the first baseman. I felt sorry for the youngster, because I knew he was a better batter than this showed him to be. The next day, before the game, I happened to sit down next to him on the bench. I thought a little encouragement might make him feel better.

"You must n't worry because Johnson fanned you three times yesterday," I remarked. "I've seen him fan a lot of the veteran players quite as often."

The youngster did n't reply for a minute or two, and then his answer caused me to lessen my faith in his chances to make good.

"That was a fine spot to try me out!" said the youngster. "You would think the manager would have used better sense. The fans in this town can certainly roast a fellow. I can see what is coming to me, unless I deliver the goods. I suppose I'll get a chance the next time Johnson pitches. I've been sitting on the bench for a month waiting to break in, but now I wish I had n't been selected to play."

It is perhaps needless for me to add that the player I refer to did n't make good. He is not even in the minors, but has dropped out of baseball entirely.

The other player who had his debut against Johnson fared even worse. He struck out every time he stepped to the plate—to be exact, four times. I don't believe he even made so much as a foul. I shall never forget the youngster's look every time he took a swing at the ball.

"That boy certainly has something," was his remark, and a smile always accompanied it. Of the twelve strikes called on him, he swung at ten—and missed! The following day, when I came out on the field prior to the start of the game, the veteran members of the team were having a great laugh, listening to the youngster's explanation of how he managed to keep Johnson from hitting his bat! He also expressed a hope that a photographer would be present if he achieved a foul off Johnson's delivery, so that he could have an enlarged picture made of the affair. The manager sat on the bench in silence. Not until he left the bench to bat to the infield in practice, did the recruit say anything to him. Then this was his remark:

"Don't forget, manager, that if you need a pinch hitter any time Johnson is working, I am at your service!"

"I may take you at your word," replied the manager, with a smile, for he was pleased with the spirit of the youngster. As fate would have it, a week or so later the youngster got another chance, and it was as a pinch hitter with Johnson pitching. He hit for two bases, and won the game! He is a big league star to-day. He did n't worry because Johnson struck him out four times on his major league debut. He had confidence in his ability, and he owes his present high position in baseball to that feature of his make-up.

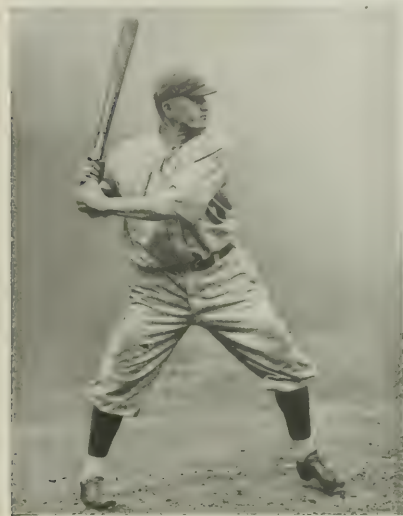
Than Larry Lajoie no greater hitter ever lived. He is one of those fellows who appear to be able to hit any kind of pitching. When spit-ball pitchers first came into the limelight and put a big crimp in the batting averages of many stars, Larry continued to hit the ball as hard as ever. Once, when asked how he managed to hit the moist ball so easily, Larry replied simply: "I hit it before it breaks. I stay up in front of the box, and when I connect it is little more than a fast ball." It was n't long before other batters were adopting similar tactics with a great deal of success.

Larry, like all other great players, no doubt has his theories on the art of batting, but he seldom expresses them. I have several times heard him remark that the best way to get the ball safe was to hit it at a spot where no one happened to be playing—"to hit 'em where they ain't," as the saying goes. Like Cobb, Lajoie insists that aside from natural ability, confidence is the batter's next best asset.

"I have always imagined that I could hit almost any kind of pitching," said Larry; "and I have succeeded fairly well. A good many pitchers have labored under the belief that there was n't any use trying to fool me. I believe all of this has played a big part in my batting ability, a superabundance of confidence on my part, and a lack of it on the part of the pitcher. It gave me the edge.

"I am often asked which is the easiest ball for a batter to hit. A good many people believe that certain styles and kinds of deliveries are much easier to hit than others. The easiest kind of a ball to hit varies with the batters. Certain players like best to swing at a fast ball at the knee, others waist high, some at the shoulders, while every now and then you find some batter whom pitchers always refer to as a 'wild pitch hitter.' By that they mean the batter is most dangerous when thrown a very bad ball, at which the average batter would not think of offering. Some

players hit a curve ball hard; others are almost helpless before that kind of an offering. Batting becomes a duel of wits between the batter and the 'battery men,' by which I mean the pitcher and catcher. If the batter has a weakness, the pitcher naturally tries to take advantage of that fact, while the batter often waits patiently for



HANS WAGNER, THE PITCHER-ROSE STAR

One of the most marvelous players the game has produced. Opposing pitchers learn the only way to keep him from hitting safely is to give him a base on balls. For 17 consecutive years, he batted better than .300, in the National League.

the pitcher to serve the style of ball which is easiest for him to hit.

"Pitchers have always been kind enough to say that I did not have a weakness at the bat. They have always contended, however, that I invariably hit bad balls harder than balls right through the heart of the plate. I have to agree with them on that point. I have always liked a ball just on the outside or inside, or a ball a trifle above the shoulder, better than a fast ball through the middle, waist high. It has always seemed to me that I have been able to get more power in my swing, when hitting at the bad balls. A batter should always study the style of ball he likes best, and should never fail to try for such a ball, when delivered by the pitcher. Often he may have to look three or four pitches over before he gets one to his liking. The pitcher will naturally try to make the batter hit directly opposite to what he wants. If the batter is wise enough to wait out

the pitcher, it is almost certain the pitcher will be forced to give the batter something approaching what he likes. If the batter waits him out, he gets the pitcher into the hole, for trying to work him on bad balls. This makes it necessary for the pitcher to get the ball over, or walk the batter, and every wise pitcher prefers to make the batsman earn his right to first base. That is perhaps one failing I have always had. I never waited out the pitcher as much as I should. Possibly I can explain this failure by the fact that pitchers have always regarded my weakness as a ball right through the heart of the plate, while the average batter has a bad ball weakness. Naturally a batter can only take three balls through the center of the plate, and then go back to the bench and get a drink of water, if he lets them all go by.

"In conclusion I would say the successful batter is the one with the natural ability, who has confidence in himself. He is the fellow who knows his strength as well as his weakness at the bat. In the game he is constantly trying to take advantage of his strength, while in practice he is always attempting to bolster up his weakness. If it happens that you are weakest on a curve, insist on crowding the plate as closely as possible, without leaving the lines of your position. Don't allow the pitcher to drive you back by coming through with a fast ball on the inside. If he tries such a ball, he is simply trying to intimidate you, to get you away from the plate, and then come back with a curve. It is not possible to do much with the curve, unless you stand close to the plate; all the more so, if it happens to be your weakness. Unless you happen to have a decided weakness, it is best not to set yourself for a particular style of delivery. A batter assumes different positions when striking at different styles of delivery. It is evident that if he sets himself for the fast ball, he is at a disadvantage should the pitcher toss up a slow one. He can do very little with it. If you have no definite weakness, it is best to assume an ordinary position, then shift your feet to meet the style of delivery that you believe he is about to pitch."

I have discussed batting with all the great hitters, and few of them believe it is possible to develop a weak batter into a great one. They all insist that hitting is a gift of nature. They do admit it is possible to improve, but not to the extent of making a great batter out of a poor one. They will admit that, all things being equal, the fellow with the confidence, "the fight," is by far the most valuable man. Many a great minor league hitter fails in the big show, not because of lack of ability, but because of lack of confidence.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE BEAUTIFUL PAPER-NAUTILUS IS A DOUBT AND FRIENDLY CREATURE.

TAMING THE ARGONAUT

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

Author of "Life of Louis Agassiz," "The Game Fishes of the World," "Along the Florida Reef," etc.

No animal so appealed to the imagination of the ancients as the argonaut, which they pictured as a fairylike galley propelled over the sea by myriads of scintillating oars. Some naturalists of half a century ago believed that the argonaut of the Mediterranean Sea held up its large-tipped arms and sailed the ocean, confusing it, perhaps, with the radiantly beautiful *Physalia*, which raises its sail and becomes virtually a ship, sailing in fleets over the tropical seas. Again, the argonaut is named from the *Argo*, the famed ship of Jason, that, according to Hellenic myth, sailed the Euxine Sea to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

The argonaut is one of the rarest and most beautiful of the shells, being a near kinsman of

the devil-fish or octopus, and the cuttlefish or sepia. It dwells in semi-tropic seas, as the Mediterranean, and is well known in the cerulean depths of the Black Current or Gulf Stream of Japan—the Kuroshiwo—where it flows among the summer isles along the coast of Southern California.

The argonaut is a first cousin to the eight-armed octopus or devil-fish that in Alaskan waters has a radial spread of twenty feet or more, a cast of one of this size being hung in the Yale Museum. But the male argonaut is about one inch in length, while the female has a radial spread of six, eight, or more, inches. Not one person in a million has ever seen a male argonaut, and not one in a quarter of a million, the world over, has seen the living female with its shell, though the argonaut is found in many semi-tropic seas in colder water than its kinsman, the chambered nautilus of many arms.

Unlike the chambered nautilus, the argonaut can leave its shell and return to it, really using it only as a sort of capsule to protect its eggs. In appearance the shell is like a beautiful fluted cup, and is formed by secretions from two of the tentacles which are enlarged at their tips into membranes so rubber-like that they can be expanded to cover the shell completely, each forming and protecting one half.

The great mountain island, Santa Catalina, off Los Angeles, is for some reason a favorite locality for this interesting and timid creature. It doubtless lives on the slopes of this marine mountain that, rising from a mile under water, extends half a mile above it, and is twenty-two miles in length. In February after storms, and often in the spring, the argonaut appears, and men and women make the rounds of the beaches in early morning, hoping to find the fragile shell before the waves break it, as it is nearly as delicate as the foam of the sea. At one time twenty beautiful shells were found in a single cove, and were sold at from ten to one hundred dollars each.

It so happened that I was at the island one summer when several living argonauts were taken. One particularly large specimen was brought to me by a man who held the shell at seventy-five dollars, but who gave me the animal. I placed the latter in a tank, borrowed a large shell from a friend, and had the satisfaction of seeing the beautiful argonaut, paper-nautilus, call it what you will, enter the borrowed home, and, what was still more interesting, I had a series of photographs taken, the first ever secured of the rare and interesting animal.



FIG. 1. THE NAUTILUS OUT OF ITS SHELL.

For several days and nights I had this wonderful creature under observation. The first surprise was its tameness. It is supposed to be one

of the most timid of all animals, and doubtless is, in its native haunts; but ten minutes after I had placed it in the tank and offered it a new shell,



FIG. 2. COVERING ITS SHELL WITH ITS ENLARGED TENTACLES.

it ate some fish which I offered it and permitted me to handle it.

If the reader has never seen an octopus or devil-fish, it is difficult to compare it to anything. Imagine an elongated bag the size of a turkey's egg, perhaps a little larger or smaller. One end is round, like the end of an egg; the other is separated into eight fingers or tentacles, each provided with two rows of suckers. (See Fig. 1.) The tentacles are its arms or feet, by which it crawls, or seizes its prey, and they branch from the head, in the center of which are the small parrot-like teeth and mouth. Below the mouth is the siphon, or swimming apparatus, as the argonaut takes water in at its gills and shoots it out with considerable force through the siphon.

In examining the beautiful animal as it poises, palpitating, changing color, flashing and paling, you note that six of its tentacles, which are six or eight inches in length, are pointed and finger-like, while two spread out into the oar-like shell-making organs already described. All this is fascinating, but to me the most attractive and remarkable feature in the argonaut was its colors, which are all shades and variants of blue, red, and silver. Its emotions were doubtless expressed by blushing, which it did continuously; then a deep splendid blue ran out along its arms and melted into a suggestion of vermilion. All the time its weird eye would be looking at me.

When I discovered that the rare and timid paper-nautilus received my friendly advances, I called in a clever photographer and succeeded in securing a really remarkable series of photographs showing the animal resting on my hand and submitting to various kindly familiarities, not the least of which was lifting it above water, when it would eject a stream of water from its siphon to the distance of a foot or more. In Fig. 2 the animal is shown as it habitually rests in the shell. The two wide-tipped arms are thrown backward and encompass the entire shell, to protect it, doubtless, and hold it securely. At this time the pointed arms are concealed inside. Curiously enough, the argonaut will assume almost this identical position when deprived of its shell; that is, the tentacles are all thrown back, quivering with color, the beautiful eye gleaming at you from among them.

My argonaut was far from bearing out its reputation for timidity. As I watched it, it would come out of its shell, a dazzling symphony of blue and silver, throw its graceful arms about, fasten the broad oar-like ones to the glass, so I could examine the surface and see the very radiations which produced those on the shell. Suddenly it would assume the attitude of an octopus and creep along the bottom stealthily, like a cat,



FIG. 3. THE NAUTILUS DRAWING IN ITS TENTACLES WHEN DISTURBED.

all the time trembling flashes of color passing over it, giving the impression of heat-lightning. Abruptly it would stop, contract, and so nearly assume the colors of the bottom that it appeared

to fairly melt into its surroundings and disappear, as though touched by the wand of some invisible harlequin. Then it would suddenly pale,



FIG. 4. NAUTILUS OUT OF ITS SHELL.

become active, and dash through the water like a torpedo by forcing water from its siphon.

When resting, the argonaut invariably sought its shell, and, when cleverly packed away within it, its eye shining through the shell, it presented an interesting appearance. When I inserted my hand into the tank and lifted the shell (Fig. 3) it would frequently come out, as though to see what was the trouble, and in a very friendly manner coil its arms about my fingers.

It would assume all sorts of positions and weird shapes by extending its arms in every direction, as though yawning or stretching, but rarely displaying fear. In one photograph taken (Fig. 4), it came out of its shell and, while standing on two legs, threw aloft its big shell-secreting arms, then laid one of them confidently in my hand. What the point of view of the paper-nautilus was I do not pretend to say. It seemed to be shaking hands when the picture was developed; but if the mind of the animal could be penetrated, it would be found that what appeared on the surface to be intelligence was a mild form of curiosity. The argonaut stands at the top of the list among the shells or mollusks, but this does not imply any particular intelligence.

When I fed the animal, it would reach up, seize the bit of fish from my hand, and press it upon its mouth, which held two parrot-like beaks, that nipped away the flesh morsel by morsel. The contrast between this docile and friendly creature and its cousin, an octopus in a tank

near by, was more than remarkable. The latter crouched in the corner, a fury, a gelatinous tigerish horror, rolling its Medusa-like arms over and over. When I extended my hand, it flung itself at it, wound its snaky arms about it, pressing its web-like figure down over it, just as it does when smothering its prey—the crabs of the rocks along-shore. The devil-fish was a fend; the paper-nautilus, which looked very like it, a dove.

It has always been a mystery how this nautilus produces its shell, and I had the borrowed shell taken from my specimen to see if it would not make another. This it attempted to do at night. It held to the side of the tank by several of its tentacles, raised the larger ones, and pressed them together. In this position, and when fully expanded, each broad end had the exact shape of half of the shell; and after a while it was noticed that the glands on the tips were producing a filmy substance which resembled glue. This took the shape of a filmy ethereal shell, translucent, and so soft that the slightest movement of the water bent it.

It was secreted more or less rapidly. I mean by this that the entire shell would be completed in a night, the two pads being forms, as it were, in which the shell was molded, for on the face of the broad tentacles could be seen the exact shape and convolutions of the shell. The latter, when complete in all its details, is one of the most exquisite and graceful forms in the realm of nature or art.

When first completed, the nest or shell is very soft, but it gradually hardens, until we find it extremely hard, but always so translucent that the weird eye of the argonaut can be seen through it.

HYACINTHS BLOCK NAVIGATION IN ST. JOHN'S RIVER

IN the battle which has been waged against the beautiful water-hyacinths, which choke up many of the rivers of the southern part of the United States, the problem has been complicated to a serious degree by the fondness which cattle exhibit for the plants. It is almost without food value, but there is a certain relish about it which attracts the animals, and they have been known to be drowned in efforts to obtain it.

Only one method has been discovered for entirely eradicating this formidable hindrance to navigation, which grows and spreads like wild-fire, and this is by the use of powerful acids, which, when sprayed upon the plants, are very effective. This treatment, however, has been discontinued by an act of Congress.

In the past few years, investigations have been conducted by army engineers in an effort to discover some means of making this application in such a manner as to remove the danger to cattle, but without success; for the cattle could not be prevented from eating the sprayed plants.

The army engineers have concluded that the most feasible way to eradicate the hyacinths is by means of mechanical destroyers. A boat is employed to cut out the obstructive jam of hyacinths as soon as it forms, and the tangled mass is pushed into the current to insure its floating away. On the St. John's River, Florida, a hyacinth elevator, consisting of a catamaran scow, equipped with an inclined conveyor driven by a gasoline engine, is in service. With this equipment it was possible last year to keep the channel of the river quite free from the plants. Experiments are also being made with a parasitic fungus



STEAMERS ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA, BLOCKED BY HYACINTHS

which attacks the hyacinth leaves from beneath, forming concentric circles, and in time completely killing them.

The water-hyacinths increase with great rapidity during the summer season, and propagate themselves not only by seed, but by the development of new plants from the root-stems or portions of the roots. It made its appearance in the waters of southern Louisiana about 1884, and spread with such rapidity that it soon infested all of the streams where sufficient current did not exist to carry it to salt water. In Florida it was first introduced as an ornamental plant; now it is a pest. One Louisiana statesman, some years ago, introduced a measure in Congress to import hippopotami from Africa to feed on the hyacinths, and thus help navigation and reduce the cost of beef at one blow. Last year, army engineers spent nearly \$25,000 in their efforts to keep the navigable streams clear of this river weed.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CHIMNEY-SWIFT

MUCH has been learned about bird migration, but much yet remains to be learned; and the following is one of the most curious and interesting of

the unsolved problems. The chimney-swift is one of the most abundant and best-known birds of the eastern United States. With troops of fledglings, catching their winged prey as they go, and lodging by night in tall chimneys, the flocks drift slowly south joining with other bands, until on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico they become an innumerable host. Then they disappear. Did they drop into the water or hibernate in the mud, as was believed of old, their obliteration could not be more complete. In the last week in March a joyful twittering far overhead announces their return to the Gulf coast, but their hiding-place during the intervening five months is still the swift's secret.

BULLETIN U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE.

NO MORE HARD WORK FOR BICYCLISTS

THE ordinary bicycle can be converted into a motor-cycle inside of ten minutes by means of a clever invention known as the motor-wheel, which is bolted to the frame of the machine, and can be removed at will. The motor-wheel carries a small gas-engine similar to those used on motor-cycles,—a one-cylinder, four-cycle engine with high tension magneto and carburetor. A gasoline tank is set above this third wheel, carrying



THE MOTOR WHEEL - THE NEW ATTACHMENT FOR BICYCLES.



AN EASY SPIN THROUGH THE PARK.

sufficient fuel for a 100 mile journey. A lever attached to the handle-bar allows for convenient control of the mechanism.

This novel device is much less expensive than a motor-cycle, and for ordinary purposes is quite as effective. The owners of old style wheels which are not used as frequently as they should be, on account of the labor of propelling them, will welcome this convenient attachment.

C. L. EDHOLM.

SKILLED MASONRY BY INSECTS

WHEN a young naturalist lies face downward at the bank of a brook, and with shaded eyes watches the busy life there, he is often astonished to see little masses, or tubes, of fine stones moving about, as if they were alive. If he catches one of these little masses of stones, he will find that it is the home of an insect. This is known as a caddis-fly larva. There are many varieties of these flies, and the larvæ make all sorts of homes from various materials. Some fasten together small parts of straws in log-cabin style.

The accompanying illustration shows an unusually good specimen where all the tiny particles are well put together. In the tube at the left, considerable ingenuity is manifested in fitting the longer pieces in with the others. No one knows exactly how the insect is able to arrange these particles and fasten them together. The insect spins a kind of silky material from its mouth much as do caterpillars. But how remarkable it is that they can fasten this silk to the wet

stones or other material, and get all the particles well arranged and snugly together! These little



SMALL PEBBLES FASTENED TOGETHER BY THE LARVÆ.

stone- or stick-homes serve to protect the caddis-fly larvæ from hungry fish. The dweller in this curious home also extends from it a silken net.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



BOAT ON THE WATER. BY K. L. M. (HONOR MEMBER)

AND now once more comes June, the Beautiful—acclaimed with joyous welcome from girls and boys all over the land—the month when school closes and vacation begins and nature is at her loveliest! And the League members offer her a right royal greeting, too—with verses of such beauty that they might well have been written for graduation day; and photographs and drawings of outdoor scenes that might, every one, have been made in the June sunshine (including a very clever and dainty “Heading for June”); and stories of “Lost Pocket books” and “After School—What?” that display clever wits, a genuine inventive faculty, and, in several cases, a delightful sense of humor. If in some of the stories by our youngest competitors the humor is quite unconscious, that only makes their offerings are not fairly won! That only makes their offerings are not fairly won! That only makes their offerings are not fairly won!

In every department, the work of the League this month is highly creditable, and its seeming “timeliness” as a whole is the more remarkable because ST. NICHOLAS has to keep far ahead of the calendar, and the drawings, and prose and verse contributions were composed, not in the balmy month of roses, but while March winds still were raging. However, we shall not hesitate to prophesy that those produced under the very shadow of examinations will prove of equal merit—so easily do obstacles vanish before the indomitable interest and energies of our League young folk.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 184

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Glory M. Dwyer** (age 11), New York; **Page Williams** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Vail Motter** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Evalene Higbie** (age 13), California; **May Charlton** (age 16), Illinois; **Marguerite Weisbrod** (age 16), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Evadne Scott** (age 14), Indiana; **Helen D. Hill** (age 15), Illinois. Silver badges, **Adelaide Wilson** (age 15), Illinois; **Janet Boyle** (age 14), New Jersey; **Wellesley P. Davis** (age 9), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Dorothy Walter** (age 15), California. Silver badges, **Reta Wolf** (age 14), New York; **Bernada F. McCormick** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Horton Honsaker** (age 17), California. Silver badges, **Margaret Griffith** (age 17), California; **Irene Walber** (age 12), New York; **Dorothy Edwards** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Sybil H. Bemis** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Alice Lippincott Walter** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Reba Simmons** (age 15), Florida.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Bernard Candip** (age 15), New York. Silver badge, **Carl Fichandler** (age 12), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Palms Lewis** (age 12), Michigan; **Frances W. Bronson** (age 14), Pennsylvania.



BOAT ON THE WATER. BY K. L. M. (HONOR MEMBER)



BOAT ON THE WATER. BY K. L. M. (HONOR MEMBER)

THE EVENING BREEZE

BY ELEANOR HENMAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Out of the west I silent creep,
 (Sleep, little town, lie still),
 All of the world is drenched with sleep,
 Over the town it gathers deep,
 Under the shadowy hill.

Olive and bronze are the sunset bars,
 Far in the dreamy west,
 Slow from their fire I light the stars,—
 Swift sparks scatter, called meteors,
 Shining against my breast.

Out of my hair the dusk is made,
 Haunt of the whippoorwill,
 Into it dreams are woven and laid;—
 It is my breath that stirs the shade
 Over the darkening hill.

Sleep, little town, I bring you dreams,
 Caught from the deepening sky;
 Sleep, for I sob by the gate of gleams,
 Waiting to pass, at the moon's first beams,
 Into the west—to die.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY GLORY M. DWYER (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

It was a cold winter's night. On a seat in Madison Square little Jimmy, the newsboy, lay asleep. He was an orphan without a home. About midnight the little boy awoke. There had been a shower while Jimmy had slept and the pavement glittered. But way out there in the little pool of darkness there was something that had not been there when he closed his eyes. It was like a small black island in the little pavement-lake.

Jimmy tried to rouse himself to see what it was, but he was too tired and weak. At last, with a great effort he pulled himself together and walked over to it. The little object was a leather pocket-book!

At a little before seven that morning Jimmy arrived at 600 West 150th Street, and, upon questioning the hall-boy, he found that Mrs. Courtenay lived in apartment 21. The newsboy was ushered in, and a nice, sweet-faced lady received him.

"Say, ma'am," said Jimmy; "did you cross Madison Square last night?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"Well, I found your pocket-book. I would have returned it sooner, only I had to walk all the way up town."

"Why, there was money in my pocket-book!" cried Mrs. Courtenay.



"COMING ACROSS." BY IRVING WATKIN, AGE 11.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

"Yes, but it was n't my money," said Jimmy, "it was yours."

Jimmy, the newsboy, received a large reward and a position in Mr. Courtenay's office, where he is now earning twenty-five dollars a week as a clerk. You see, honesty is the best policy after all.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY VAIL MOTTER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

On her tenth birthday, Barbara became the proud owner of a purse containing a crisp new bill. It was her especial pleasure to carry the purse with her when she went riding in her goat-cart with her brother.

One day, when ready to start on one of these trips, Barbara remembered that she was without a handkerchief. So, leaving the pocket-book with her brother Henry, she went back for it.

As was to be expected, Henry grew tired of his responsibility, and left the purse on the porch steps, while he ran after a beautiful butterfly that caught his attention.

Alas! While he was gone, Methuselah, the goat, seized his opportunity, and, having a lusty appetite, also seized the pocket-book and consumed it in one luscious bite.

When Barbara returned, the purse was gone! Henry, upon her questioning, showed his astonishment at the disappearance. The search following failed to find the lost pocket-book, while Methuselah stood innocently by.

Barbara is now many times ten years old, but she has not forgotten her sorrow at the loss of her purse. The mystery remains yet unsolved, and will forever; for Methuselah has not disclosed his secret.



"COMING ACROSS THE LEVEL." BY MARGARET GREENE, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Jimmy stood underneath the lamp-post and opened it. There was a large roll of bills inside it, and with the bills was a card bearing an address. It read:

R. J. COURTENAY,
 600 West 150th Street,
 New York City.

"Well," thought Jimmy, "if I start right now, I'll be up there at seven, and I don't suppose they are up much before that."

THE EVENING WIND

BY EDNA SCOTT (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1913)

The evening wind in summer
Blows softly from the west,
Comes lightly through the blossoms
And sings the birds to rest.



"A HEATING FOR JUNE" BY EDNA SCOTT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE)
SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER 1913

It stirs the tall, thick grasses
Down where the waters flow,
It murmurs o'er the meadows
Where fireflies gleam and glow.

The evening wind in winter
Blows cold and fierce and strong;
Around the big brick chimney
It sings a sad, weird song.

It bends the barren branches
Of the gnarled old orchard trees,
And whirls the brown leaves fiercely
Along the dusky leas.

In summer or in winter,
In springtime or in fall,
The evening winds are welcome
For the memories they recall.

Sweet memories of loved ones,
And homestead hearths so bright,
That come with evening breezes
And shadows of the night.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY EDNA WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

Two boys walked slowly down the village street. One chattered gaily about baseball, "gym," and various incidents of school life. The other, however, was silent and kicked viciously at the stones beneath his feet.

"Anything the matter, Jim?" asked Tom putting his arm affectionately around his chum's shoulders.

"Nothing much," was the answer in a low voice.

"Come on, Jim, what is it? Tell me—maybe I can help you out."

"Well, it's just this. To-morrow is my sister's birthday. I wrote father asking him for some money to buy her present, but we're dreadfully hard up this year and father wrote saying he could n't afford it. Sis is only a little thing, and I'm afraid she'll be awfully disappointed."

In spite of himself, Jimmie's voice trembled, and he turned his face away so that his friend might not see the tears in his eyes.

Tom Grey's eyes opened wide. His father always gave him plenty of money for his sister's birthday present, and even then Tom only took a half-way interest in buying it. To think that a fellow cared so much for his sister!

"I'm sorry, Jim," he said as he entered his own gate.

"So 'm I," sighed Jim, "but I don't s'pose it can be helped."

Tom went upstairs to his room, opened a chiffonier drawer, took a small black pocket-book with one end of the flap cut off, and examined its contents.

"Five dollars—I guess that's enough."

He dropped it in his pocket and walked slowly down the road towards the woods, a half smile on his face.

LATE that afternoon, as he was walking home through the woods, Jimmie perceived a black pocket-book among the green leaves. He picked it up and examined it closely. It was small and worn and the corner of the flap was entirely torn off.

"I wonder if there's anything in it," He opened it. "Five dollars, hurrah! If I don't find the owner, it means a present for Sis!"

He did n't find the owner; his sister was made very happy on her birthday, and the mystery of the lost—or found—pocket-book was never never cleared up.

THE EVENING WIND

BY ADELAIDE WILSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

It is evening, the sun is set,

The day's cheerless work is over,
The green grass with the dew is wet,
And the bee has left the clover.

Now the wind, so fresh and sweet,
Fans the garden flowers;
It drives away the day's fierce heat,
And cools the long night hours.

Oh, wind of the evening, blow.—
Blow till dawn is here!
Then cease your singing and go
But return when night is near.

P.S. My name is Adelaide Wilson. My address is, School for the Blind, Jacksonville, Ill. I am fifteen years old and I composed this poem myself.

THE EVENING WIND

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

Twilight and starlight, breezes softly sighing,
Fragrant flowers wet with dew in their petals lying.
Softly speak, softly tread, for the day is dying.

Let us linger, heart o' mine, where the rose is glowing
Scarlet thro' the deepening dusk, all her splendor
showing.

Deeper still the shadows grow, for the day is going.

Heart o' mine, the nights are sweet in this summer
weather,

Soft and warm the breeze's touch, like a fairy-feather.
Let us watch the twilight fade, you and I together.



"COMING ACROSS" BY REBA SIMMONS, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY EVELINE HIGBIE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MRS. WHITE stepped from her limousine, ordered her chauffeur to return for her at five o'clock, then ran up the steps to the home of her most intimate friend. In her haste she had not noticed that she had dropped her little leather pocket-book on the sidewalk.

In a few minutes a little golden-haired girl came skipping along the street. She noticed the purse, stooped and picked it up, then skipped on again. "Oh, maybe it's got some money in it,—maybe enough to pay for a new subscription to St. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE!" At that happy thought she laughed gleefully, then skipped on.

As she turned the corner she met a group of little children playing, so, laying down the purse, she joined them.

Just then an evil-looking person passed, and, seeing the purse, he grabbed it and started to run. But a policeman saw him and gave hot pursuit. The thief tried to dodge his pursuer by turning corners; but, seeing he could not do this, he dropped the purse, not wishing to be caught with stolen goods upon him.

After a little while a stately gentleman came down the street. He noticed the small pocket-book, and, picking it up, he looked inside.

"Well of all things!" he ejaculated. "My own wife's pocket-book,—and with forty dollars in it at that," he continued, as he turned the corner, slipping the purse into his pocket at the same time.

But in a few minutes, when Mr. White happened to stoop, the luckless purse fell from his pocket, landing in almost precisely the same place where it had lain in the first place.

"I must have lost it on the street, for I remember having it when I got out of my limousine." Mrs. White's voice was full of anxiety as she and her hostess came down to the street.

"Oh, there it is!" she called, laughing happily. "What a miracle no one noticed it!"

And no one but the pocket-book ever knew that it had traveled around the block.

AFTER SCHOOL—WHAT?

BY MAY CHARLTON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

He sat among them all, the beautiful children with the fair white skins and delicate features. The least of them, beside him, seemed an angel child; and he knew it—ah, yes! he knew it; and they knew it, too, and scorned him. "God made the niggers, made 'em in the night, made 'em in such a hurry, forgot to paint 'em white."

Poor little Pete! How often, oh, how often did he regret this taste upon the part of his Creator! Each day he sat in school like a little black stray kitten, who, through some trick of fortune, finds himself among white Angoras. The Angoras did not take kindly to the little stray; they had claws and they knew how to use them.

Little Pete's school life was one of continual torture; but after school, the moment the hateful doors had clanged behind him, Pete sped straight for home. Freedom lent wings to his feet, and, as soon as he reached the little cottage that held his happiness, and shut its garden gate fast, he felt secure from the jeers of the "angel children."

What a warm welcome the love-lined nest held for him! What a world of comfort lay in Mammy's "Never min' honey, don' you care what dey says."

After school, the despised one was a king, a king in the "beautiful realm called home," and how happy he was, oh, how happy he was! The little black face actually shone, the clouds were lifted from the heavy little heart, and the little voice was raised in glad childish laughter.

The "angel children" forgot all about him after school, they never knew of the magical change that came over the little pickaninny, the wonderful miracle that love and kindness daily worked for him after school.

THE EVENING WIND

BY JANET BOYLE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

In the golden sky,
As the pale lights die,
A song floats up from the sea.
Through the silver spray
Where the rainbows play—
A song of a joy set free.

It whispers soft
To the gulls aloft,
Then it slips from the foaming waves;
And it laughs with glee—
The wind set free,
As it dances through sandy caves.

As the world grows still,
And from the hill
The ripple of joy laughs on,
The evening sighs,
As it slowly dies—
And the merry wind is gone.

EVENING WIND ON THE DESERT

BY HELEN D. HILL (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge Silver Badge won September, 1913)

The wind that sobs about the buttes,
And sweeps across the sandy plain,
Commingles all the desert's sounds
Within its wild refrain.

When that vast, boundless plain and I
Are leagues and dreary leagues apart,
The eastern wind, which moans at eve,
Brings longings to my heart.

Only at night can I return,
And ride amid the sage-brush sea,
And live the things the wind suggests
By plaintive melody.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY MARGARET L. SCOTT (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

The great ocean liner was just steaming out of the dock, and last farewells were being waved, when suddenly a wail of despair came from an elderly lady on the deck. "Oh, I've gone and lost my pocket-book! What shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Tell the captain," suggested a sympathetic passenger. "Maybe he can help you."

She rushed into the cabin and grasped the captain's hand. "Oh, captain!" she cried, "my pocket-book is gone! I must have dropped it on the pier. It was imitation black seal, with a strap across the back. Can't you stop the boat?"

"Madam," said the captain soothingly, "I can't do that, but I'll send a wireless back to port, asking if such a purse has been found. If it has, I'll have a tug sent after us with it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said the old lady.

The captain hurried out and soon returned, beaming though breathless. "It's been found, Madam," he panted, "and the tug has started!"

Ten minutes later the tug came chugging to the side of the vessel. A man climbed over the rail and handed the pocket-book to the lady.

"Well I am thankful," sighed she, "and so relieved," "Was all your money in it?" asked the sympathetic passenger.

"No money was in it," said the old lady calmly, "I keep all that in my bag. But I value the purse so much! I bought it at a bargain-sale, when I was shopping with cousin Mehitabel. Now she's gone out west to live, and I may never see her again. The purse was

so cheap, too. Only thirty-nine cents! I should have hated to lose it!"

The captain rubbed the perspiration off his forehead, and stood for some minutes gazing steadily out to sea.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY MARGARET L. SCOTT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was small, green, and quite fat. Bobs eyed it wistfully. Would it be wise to pick it up? Oh, he knew it was n't All Fools' day, but still there were boys who'd play those tricks any time. And if—Bobs's eyes grew big at the thought—if it *did* have something in it, he could give it to Mums! Mums needed money; she had said so only yesterday.

Slyly Bobs poked it. No half-expected jerk labeled it as a joke. A sudden stoop, and Bobs was half way up the block.

A small plaintive "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" stopped him in his rapid-transit. A little, thin old lady tripped anxiously down the street, reminding Bobs of a little old hen. Just then, catching sight of him she piped out, "Little boy, have you seen a small green purse?"

Bobs's heart sank. He must give it up. He remembered Mums saying that a found thing never belonged to the finder. He gave a groan, a little silent groan, and dutifully handed it over to its rightful owner.

"Thank you, little boy, thank you ever so much," was about all he heard as he turned away. Oh! well, maybe he'd find another some day, but he guessed Mums would have to wait quite a while, as lost pocket-books are n't found every day of the year.

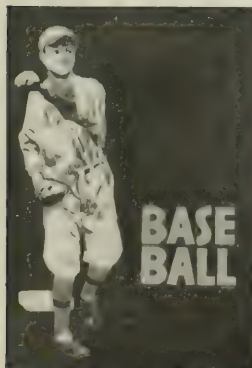
THE EVENING WIND

BY WELLESLEY F. DAVIS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

The evening wind
Blows cool and clear
To me it is so dear!
I love to sit in a quiet nook
By the brook,
And hear the water flowing by,
And hear the hoot-owl's lonely cry.

The evening wind
On a winter's night
Blows with all its powerful might,
Whirling the snow from off the ground,
And twisting the pine boughs round and round,
And the cold bleak stars stare down from the sky,
Lighting the way of the passer-by.



"WHEAT I HAVE BEEN" BY WILLIAM F. DAVIS, AGE 11 (HONOR MEMBER)



"COMING ACROSS" BY HELEN D. HILL, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

THE EVENING WIND

BY MILDRED L. HUDSON (AGE 10)
(Honor Member)

THE sun sinks low behind the western hills,
Bright streamers flame across the dark'ning sky,
The soft gray twilight follows: sweetly clear
I hear the whippoorwill's and killdeer's cry
And now the evening wind comes o'er the fields,
And passes through the tree-tops with a sigh.

O wind that greets me like a wand'ring child,
Returning from a trip beyond the sea,
Have you in Bagdad's gardens ever played,
Or roamed among the flocks by Galilee,
Or listened to the shepherds of the South,
And thus brought tales of wonder home to me?

Perhaps you've lingered over Egypt's towers,
And whispered to the guardian of the sands,
Received the benediction of the Nile,
Then sped away o'er other foreign lands.
And maybe, as your pace grew tired and slow,
You marked where Inca's ruined city stands.

Now, laden with the fragrance of the East,
A scent of lotus blooms and orchards fair,
You come to waken subtle memories
Of rambles in the summer evening air.
Dear comrade of my youth, thou evening wind,
Accept my blessing for thy friendship rare.



"WHAT I LOVE BEST" BY E. J. WOLF, AGE 14. (SILVER BAUGE)

AFTER SCHOOL—WHAT?

BY ABEL GREENSTEIN (AGE 14)

"Don't forget! Be on the field at three o'clock sharp!"
"All right, Cap! I'll be there."
This was the day of the Haywood-Hunter baseball game, and Captain Houston was telling his team to be on the diamond as soon as school was over.

An air of restlessness pervaded the atmosphere of the recitation rooms the whole day, but the teachers were inclined to be lenient. That is, every teacher was lenient except "Snooper" Royston, the Latin instructor.

Dave Alton, the star catcher, had been "flunking" his recitations right and left that morning and early afternoon, but his instructors knew that Dave was busy studying baseball signals, not the Greek or "math," so they let him rest in peace.

But his Nemesis came in the shape of Mr. Royston, the Latin teacher. Dave was not especially in love with Latin, and at his best he got a B; so just imagine poor

Dave, thinking of baseball, going into the "Snooper's" class to be slaughtered.

After failing miserably whenever called upon, poor Dave was so distracted that once, when he was asked to read a certain passage, he showed three fingers, which was the signal for the out-drop.

"Mr. Alton, I will detain you for about an hour after school, and we shall go over to-morrow's lesson together," said Mr. Royston benignly.

"After school—what? We play Hunter to-day, Mr. Royston. I'll come in to-night."

"Business before pleasure," was the reply. And thus it remained; for, should Dave refuse to obey, he would surely be suspended if not expelled. As a result of the back-stop's absence, Haywood lost by a 9-3 score that afternoon.

THE EVENING WIND

BY FELICE JARECKY (AGE 14)

EVENING wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Carry me off from this city so cold,
Bear me away to my own beloved country,
Land overflowing with sunshine of gold.

Evening wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Sing to me songs of the loved ones I left,
Hush with soft words the yearning that rises,
Sadness and ache of a heart that's bereft.

Evening wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Though far and alone I may wander and roam,
Ever be nigh to cheer and to comfort me.
Dear link that binds a poor exile with home!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1: A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2: A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Marion Richardson
Helen Nichols
Marshall Meyer
Norma R. Gullette
Beatrice M. Byram
Leighton Rollins
Lois Rogers
Arthur Krom
Paul Eldridge
Elizabeth Dickson
Katharine Van R.
Holste
Joyce McCurdy
Agatha Ryan
Mary Appel
Carolyn Dean
Martha L. Bartlett
Lucia P. Barber
Helen K. Bartlett
Elizabeth Sullivan
Marcella H. Foster
Virginia M. Alcock
Eleanor C. Lowrey
Patrina M. Collis
Marian Frankenhild
Ellen N. Mason
Louise A. Child
Agatha McCaffery
Miriam McQuaid
Aletta Detrick
Joe Williams
Gwenfred Allen
Leo Hirschdorfer
Florence E. Meier
Claire Gilstrap
Florence H. N. Grand
Sarah Rollins
Eleanor Schermerhorn
Richard Frost
Naomi Archibald
Margaret Hollenberg
Ruth K. Gaylord
Joe Williams

Glady's I. Duffy
Virginia H. Hill
Lillian Stark
Amy Lewis
Sarah F. Borock
Dorothea Lay
James S. Valentine, Jr.
Dorothy Donlan
Mary W. Aber, Jr.
Jean P. Robertson
Glady's Heidelberg
Rebecca Rubin
Elizabeth Nason
May L. Robinson
Norman Johnson
Phyllis H. Campau
Rita Fuguet
Katherine Brammer
Glady's Taggart
Donahy Long
Mona Miller
Eleanor P. Allen
Margaret C. Bland
Barbara Frost
F. C. Cheney
Alice Schmeltzer
Elizabeth Gray
Leonora Kennedy
L. Minerva Turnbull
Ethel J. Earle
Pauline T. Harris
Martha Green
Isabel Armstrong
Hazel Wilcox
Kathryn Le B. Drury
Mildred McKinley
Edith T. Harris
Wilhelmine Mead
C. Whitney Davison
Dorothy H. Wingert
Max E. Konecky
Isabel Lounsbury
Ruth T. Tubby
Eleanor Torrey
Hannah Davidson

Heleen Knubel
Robert Acheam
Elizabeth Roberts
George M. Buxton
Edith Buck
Hannah Ratisher
Joseph Steber
Gaylord W. Anderson
Helen A. Morgan
Dorothy Metzler
James T. Russell
Margaret Warren
Sidney E. Walton
Myrna Davidson
Evelyn G. Pullen
Fannie M. Bouton
Mary Jenks
Eleanor Goodwin
Helen Little
Duncan Candler
Beatrice H. Wilson
Samuel Maidman
Hobart Tucker
Laurence Ellis
Dorothy H. Thompson
Beatrice Pollock
Margaret S. Lane
Elizabeth Helmer
Ruth Millard
Herbert Chabberg
Harriette Howard
Edith Brent
Gertrude Stewart
Constance E. Hartt
Dorothy Detrick
Christine E. Williams
Harriette P. Clunet
Martha Hodgson
Frances Johnston

VERSE, 1

Charlotte Vanderlip
Norman Cabot
Olive E. Northup

Florence M. Treat
Dorothy Levy
Julia C. W. Shaw
Frederick M.
Davenport, Jr.
Frances B. Brooks
Katharine Beard
Peggy Norris
Mary A. White
Sidney Homer, Jr.
Jane Furlong
Emma Jacobs
Karlene Armstrong
Kenneth Crowe

Miriam Eisenberg
Dorothy V. Taylor
Overton G. Ellis, Jr.
Adele Noyes
Margaret J. Harper
Clarence S. Fisher
Naomi Brackett
Alta I. Davis
Howard R.
Sherman, Jr.
Adolf K. Hardegen
Helen Kingman
Cornell M.
Trowbridge, Jr.

Anna Neare
Clara D. Ludden
Elizabeth Swartz
Winifred Malby
Rose F. Keeffe
A. Burroughs
Robert Barnes
Emily Ross
Howard R.
Silvia Saunders
Elizabeth W. Graves
George Nichols, Jr.
Duncan Clapp
Virginia Thompson

Louis Osias
Elinor S. Pedley
Anna Marie Vogel
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Minnie Rubin
Margaret Louise Speare
John W. Sanborn
Julia Hemenway
Ottile Morris

Rosamond Stewardson
Elizabeth Card
Frank Myers
Kenneth Burdick
Loretta Person
Anna Schimausky
Donald Weaver
Anna Maher
Baldwin S. Maull
Beth Tuttle

Elizabeth Card
Hannah Jasser
Avis R. Phillips
Irving Johnson
Barbara Jarrell
Margaret Blake
Elizabeth B. Hay
Alice M. Carden
James D. Bronson, Jr.



"WHAT I LOVE BEST" BY LAVERNE SIDAM, AGE 14.

Grace Holmab
Miriam Hussey
Julia C. Abbe
Katherine Boyle
Mary E. Verner
Lillian Glenn
Alice Card
Elsa S. Ebeling
Marie Welch
Winifred F. Gray
Phoebe Wilson
Valeria Fisher
Mary Isokett
Ada H. Haeseler
Pauline Lyles
Maude Dickinson
Frances Sutter
Clifford A. Furst
Marguerite A. Wing
Sibyl Esterly
Lucy M. Hodge
Mira Bowles
Barbara Prosser
Elizabeth K. Child
Henry S. Redmond
Helen Hasson
Isabelle B. Greason
Sydney R. McLean
Louis Olson
Althea H. Stiles
Jessie M. Thompson
Mia Williams
Mildred Frank
Grace H. Witte
Mabel Updegraff
Anne Garber
Wesley A. De Laney
Kath P. Crawford
Dorothy A. Williams
Mary S. Benson
Elizabeth Kieffer
Sterling North
Verna Peacock
Eleanor Pearson
Eleanor Johnson
Harriet S. Bailey
Marjorie G. Lowe
Louise Pott
Bruce Sjostrom
Stuart A. Chertock
Ruth Jeffrey
Annetta B. Stanton
Edward Bello
Marie Myers
Elizabeth Doyle
Margaret L. Feure
Dorothy Bello
Dorothy Gillen
Celestine Morgan
Ethel Kestkin
Maud B. Moore
Dorothy Broomall
Josephine F. Mack
Lili Camer

H. Martyn Kneedler,
Jr.
Mary Linehan
Walter H. Bange
Marjorie B. Clarke
Edwin M. Gill
Esther Rice
Edith C. Walker
Lucie C. Holl
Helen C. Jaeger
Helen L. Cram
Arlene A. Beecher
Helen F. Sanford
H. Irene Smith
Henrietta H. Henning
August Smith
Frank Bisinger
Margaret Mills
Ralph Schubert
Helen G. Barnard
Gretchen Herz
Otto Tennigkeit
Vernita C. Haynes
Mary I. Fry
Margaret Lautz

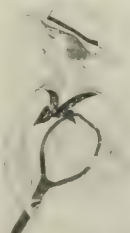
PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

John J. Miller
Mietta M. Brugnot
Eleanor Pease
Frances Ellis
Donald R. Whitaker
Ruth Munroe
Amy H. Medary
Margaret Southam
Irene E. Cooper
Rachel D. Hamilton
Kathryn Rohmert
Quincy S. Cabot
Rachel Reaney
Geisse Fuguet
Esther B. White
Katherine A. Adams
Alice E. Hansson
Katherine Browne
Arthur R. Sharp, Jr.
W. Coburn Seward
Williamina C. Campbell
Anabel Armstrong
Anita Tenton
Evelyn Weit
Perry B. Jenkins
Robert Burgher
Elwyn B. White
Parker H. Newell
Henry A. Willard
Mary Curry
Jean Southam
Louise S. May
Kath M. Fintosh
John P. Vose
Alfred J. Macardiane
Margaret Chacklenbush
Elizabeth H. Thompson
Margaret C. Pechin
Margaret Hendrickson
Peggy Gault
Clement P. Gault
Henry G. T. Langdon
Kathleen Lowenstein

Janet E. Brown
Beatrice Quackenbush
Elizabeth Cope
Gertrude Hoffman
Nora Bermingham
Dorothy Daly
Elizabeth T. Brooks
Gertrude T. Sears
Henry N. Pierce
Gerald H. Loomis

Puzzles, 1

Bernard Candip
Carl Eichandler
Hubert Barentzen
Lewis Todiss
Margaret S. Anderson
Esther Gurbarg
Anne C. Coburn
Saul Horack
Joe Earnest
Geraldine Mallette
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Gene Sandler
Mary K. Cunningham
Lois Bancroft Long
Ethel Hage
Helen Ziegler
Ethel Forbes
Marguerite A. Harris
Angela Loftus
Jenn F. Black
Margaret Glickman



"WHAT I LOVE BEST" BY DEBRA L. L. M., AGE 13.
(LITTLE CHANGE)

David Clark
Helen Staeken

Puzzles, 2

Isabel S. Smith
Myrtle Winter
Betsy Shapiro
Edward Voorhis

Drawings, 1

Walter Jensen
Beatrice W. Wiegand
Katharine E. Smith
Emma Stuyvesant

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 188

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 188 will close **June 24** (for foreign members **June 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Summer."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Vacation Story," or "A Halloween Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Where I Live" (may be the house, the town, the city, or a landscape scene).

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Dressed Up!" or a Heading for **October**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle book."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars, *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar, *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge, *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a contribution and stamped envelope of the paper on which the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be on record as having read and must state in writing that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on the back of the contribution. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

II. MR. BEAR'S SURPRISE PARTY

AFTER Mr. Bear and Mr. Dog had arranged together about the housework in the way I have already told you, everything went along very pleasantly.

But Mr. Bear's conscience troubled him a little whenever he saw Mr. Dog cheerfully doing a lot of extras, such as preserving and so on, which was more than Mr. Dog had promised. You see, in the beginning Mr. Bear had certainly worked Mr. Dog pretty hard. Now they were such good friends that he wished he had n't, and when Mr. Dog's birthday drew near, Mr. Bear made up his mind to give Mr. Dog a grand surprise party. Of course a surprise party has got to be a surprise; but Mr. Dog was so quick at guessing and Mr. Bear was so slow at planning, that it made things difficult.

Mr. Bear had already bought Mr. Dog the most beautiful red morocco collar with the name and address engraved on it on the solid brass plate attached to it, which was as good as a visiting-card any day, and more convenient. But now poor Mr. Bear was at his wits' end to hide the gift from Mr. Dog until the birthday came. Every night he changed the place when he thought Mr. Dog was asleep. Mr. Dog, as a matter of fact, generally slept with one eye open, so he could n't help wondering why Mr. Bear did so much walking about and poking into strange corners after nightfall, but he had so much politeness, which is another name for tact, that he only snored a little louder and pretended he had seen nothing at all.

The last place Mr. Bear had put the collar was in the wood pile, and it made him very nervous every time Mr. Dog went out to the shed to get

a stick of wood. He kept thinking of reasons why they should eat only cold things until Mr. Dog was more puzzled than ever.

And now the birthday came nearer and nearer, till it got to be the very day, and Mr. Bear had n't sent out a single invitation to the party, or even cooked anything for the occasion, or said one word to Mr. Dog about it. It was plainly time to get Mr. Dog away from the house, but Mr. Dog was lying in the hammock with his cap over his eyes, and looked as though nothing could induce him to move for the next six hours.

However, Mr. Bear thought and thought, and scratched his head, and by and by he came to the door and coughed. "Ahem!" said Mr. Bear loudly, "ahem! Mr. Dog, er—I say, Mr. Dog—"

"Yes, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, snapping lazily at a fly and turning over to get into a more comfortable position.

"I say, Mr. Dog, would n't you please just go over to the blueberry patch and pick about ten quarts of blueberries?"

Mr. Dog was so astonished that he opened both eyes wide and nearly, but not quite, fell out of the hammock.

"Blueberries! ten quarts!" he repeated.

"Yes," said Mr. Bear, smiling very pleasantly. "It would be so nice for blueberry pies and sauce next winter."

"Could n't think of it," said Mr. Dog, decidedly. "My dear fellow, it must be one hundred in the shade this minute in the blueberry patch, and we won't need anything of the kind for ever so long. Wait a while till it's cooler. And ten quarts! Why, my dear Mr. Bear, it would take me all day!"

"I hope so," Mr. Bear started to say, and then changed it into a sneeze just in time.

Mr. Dog sank back into the hammock and Mr. Bear had to go back into the house. He felt so dreadfully because he could n't think of another excuse to get Mr. Dog away, so that he might freeze ice-cream, and make cakes and candy for the party, and give his invitations, that he groaned aloud.

Now Mr. Dog was very kind-hearted, and he was a little worried too about the queer way Mr. Bear was acting. So when he heard the groan, he jumped up and ran in.

"Oh, Mr. Bear, are you sick?" he said. "And shall I go for the doctor?"

Mr. Bear stopped groaning and sprang up, looking very happy. Then he remembered himself and sat down again, and began to groan louder than ever.

"That 's it, that 's it," he said. "Run for the doctor, dear Mr. Dog; run for the doctor, do!"

"Where is your pain?" said Mr. Dog, anxiously.

"My pain?" asked Mr. Bear much surprised. "Oh, yes, my pain—well it 's kind of all-overish I think."

"What 's it like?" said Mr. Dog, getting more worried every minute.

"Well," said Mr. Bear, scratching his head, "it kind of jumps. Yes, Mr. Dog, that 's it; it jumps," and Mr. Bear looked very pleased with himself indeed.

"Oh!" said Mr. Dog, "that must be dreadful. I 'll go right away. Which doctor shall I get?"

"The farthest off," said Mr. Bear before he thought; but he added hastily, "he 's the best. I must have the best, you know," and he gave a louder groan than ever and turned a complete summersault; and Mr. Dog began to run down the road as though a whole pack of wolves were after him.

Mr. Bear lay still a minute, then he got cautiously up and peeked out the window, but all he saw on the winding road was a puff of dust slowly settling after Mr. Dog's paws had stirred it up.

Then, well, then he did get busy. First, he got one of Mr. Dog's checkered gingham aprons because all his own were in the wash, and as the strings would n't quite meet round his waist he had to hunt ever so long for a safety pin with which to fasten it together. At last he got out all the dishes and spoons, and the salt and pepper, and sugar, and spices, and flour, and butter, and nuts, and raisins, and cinnamon, and nutmeg, and candied lemon peel, that he wanted, and the real work began. He cooked, and he cooked, and he cooked; and when he got through there were the most beautiful tarts, and pies, and doughnuts, and cookies, and ginger-bread, and, best of all, the

loveliest birthday cake with pink and white frosting, and "Happy Birthday to Mr. Dog" on it in wonderful curly letters.

Mr. Bear put all this away in the pantry and locked the door, and then he began on the ice-cream. He froze, and he froze, and he froze; and when he was through there were gallons and gallons of the loveliest ice-cream, strawberry and vanilla and chocolate. And this he locked up in the ice-chest.

Then he got some lemons, a lot of them, and he squeezed, and he squeezed, and he squeezed, till he had quarts and quarts of the most beautiful



MR. DOG WAS LYING IN THE HAMMOCK WITH HIS CAP OVER HIS EYES.

lemonade. And this he locked up in the cupboard. And then he was very tired, but he could n't stop for that. So he put on his linen cap and dust coat and started off to give his invitations. Fortunately, most of his friends and Mr. Dog's lived near, and a kind crow promised to send word to the far-off people.

Mr. Bear wasted no time. He dashed into Mr. Pig's house and told him to be sure to come at eight o'clock promptly that night to Mr. Bear's house, and help give Mr. Dog the surprise of his life. Mr. Pig was very polite and an ornament to any party, and he accepted at once with pleasure, and began right away to fix up generally for the grand doings of the evening. By this time Mr. Bear had got to the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. Mr. Bear told his errand, and she said she would come.

"I 'm inviting Mr. Owl also," Mr. Bear remarked; "for you know he settled so wisely that one dispute Mr. Dog and I ever had about who was to do the housework."

Then, after Mr. Bear had seen Gray Goose and Peter Rabbit, and they had accepted, he was able to go home again, feeling very happy indeed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dog had got back to the cot-

tage first, and you may believe he was astonished to find the house empty. The doctor had promised to come that evening at eight. It was Dr Racoon, who was the very best to be had, but who was too busy to come before. Mr. Dog could have got Mr. Red Fox to come at once; he sometimes acted as doctor in hurry cases, but, somehow, he never quite trusted him, and Mr. Red Fox never seemed either altogether easy in Mr. Dog's company. And now Mr. Bear was away.

Mr. Dog felt very much worried. He tried the pantry door; it was locked. He tried the ice-chest door; it was locked. He tried the cupboard door; it was locked! "Good gracious!" said Mr. Dog, very much excited. And I don't know what would have happened, only just then Mr. Dog caught sight of a piece of paper pinned to a napkin that covered a dish of cold scraps, and on it was written in Mr. Bear's big handwriting:

"Gone. Be back in half an hour."

"Well, did you ever," said the amazed Mr. Dog, when he had slowly spelled out this mes-

sage, looked through the ice-chest door keyhole, and he looked through the pantry keyhole, and he saw nothing at all in the first and second because it was pitch dark, but the pantry had a window and he saw—well, what did n't he see? Half a whole pie, and a lot of little round things that looked like cookies, and a gingerbread man, and what do you think? A big cake! A big frosted cake! A big birthday frosted cake, with "Hap" on it and "day," for that was all the frosted letters Mr. Dog could read through the keyhole. But that was enough. Mr. Dog barked just once, he was so taken back. And then he began to think quickly. He looked out the kitchen window with the tail of his eye, and there he saw Mr. Bear come wearily up the road.

Now Mr. Dog could think ever so much quicker than Mr. Bear, and in a flash it came to him how disappointed Mr. Bear would be, if he knew his secret was discovered. And Mr. Dog felt so happy that Mr. Bear was n't really ill, and that all these strange happenings were not so strange after all, and that dear old Mr. Bear was being exceedingly kind, that he made up his mind Mr. Bear should never, never know that the surprise was n't just as he planned it.

Mr. Bear came in, looking quite confused, but Mr. Dog appeared not to notice anything unusual. He said he was very glad Mr. Bear felt able to take a little exercise, that exercise was fine for illness, and that now Mr. Bear had better rest, and that the doctor would come in the evening, and that he, Mr. Dog, was going to take a cat-nap himself (though just how he could do that is beyond me).

Mr. Bear was very glad Mr. Dog felt all these ways, and soon nothing could be heard in the cottage but the gentle snores of Mr. Dog and the great rumbling snores of Mr. Bear; for, indeed, both of them were tired out with their day's labors. By six o'clock, however, they both awakened much refreshed, and now Mr. Dog behaved in such a considerate and gentlemanly manner that it is a pleasure to write about it.

First he told Mr. Bear that he felt he must go up to his room, and finish an exciting novel he was reading, and that he should stay at least an hour, and then he never let Mr. Bear see him looking out the window while Mr. Bear gathered all the flowers he could carry from the garden, and began to decorate the parlor. By and by Mr. Bear came and knocked on Mr. Dog's door.

"Ahem!" he said. "Mr. Dog, excuse me, but would you mind brushing up a little? You see, they—well, you see, the doctor's coming."

"Why certainly, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog. "I was just putting some perfumery on my handker-



"WHERE IS YOUR PAIN?" SAID MR. DOG, ANXIOUSLY.

sage; but he was not, however, too surprised to do full justice to the luncheon left for him.

Having eaten, Mr. Dog decided to make a more thorough search of the whole premises, because his nose kept telling him that somewhere near there was something very good to eat. So he looked through the cupboard keyhole, and he

chief and washing up as you came in. I always feel like making myself look well for Dr. Racoon, he is so very neat himself."

"True, true," said Mr. Bear, rubbing his paws together in great glee, and chuckling to himself.

Just then they both heard the sound of approaching footsteps, while loud cheers resounded from the forest and calls for Mr. Bear and Mr. Dog.

"There," said Mr. Bear "I'm going down to meet the doctor, and you come, Mr. Dog, in just five minutes, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dog, and he began to whistle as loudly as he could so as to drown the sounds of joy beneath him. Pretty soon Mr. Bear's big voice came up the stairway.

"Please come down, Mr. Dog," he said, and down came Mr. Dog, amid such sounds as "Sh-sh-sh, he's coming," "Not a sound," "Please stop crowding, here he is!" "Now all together," "One, two, three, hurrah for Mr. Dog! Happy birthday, old fellow, hurrah! hurrah!"

Mr. Dog certainly did act finely. He put his paw to his head and fell back. "What's all this?" he muttered. "What's all this?"

"It's your birthday; many of them," said Mr. Bear in high feather, stepping forward. "And here are a few old friends come to wish you joy, and here,"—and he handed over the red morocco collar—"is a little gift from your true comrade, Ursa Major Bear, Esq."

Well, Mr. Dog was pleased, I can tell you. He had the new collar on in a jiffy, and it was greatly admired.

And then the fun began. They played games, "Stage Coach" and "Follow My Leader"—Mr. Owl won that, sly old bird, by flying up on the chandelier, where nobody could follow. Dr. Racoon was as full of fun as the rest, and Mr. Dog was the life of the party. About ten o'clock they

all sat down to supper, and by ten-thirty every bit was eaten up.

At last they all went home, after drinking Mr. Bear's and Mr. Dog's health in lemonade for the tenth and last time; and after their merry voices



"WHAT'S ALL THIS?" MR. DOG MUTTERED. "WHAT'S ALL THIS?"

had died away, Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear began to lock up and put out the lights.

"Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Bear, for all your kindness," said Mr. Dog, nightcap on head and candle in hand as he stood at his chamber door.

"Not at all, Mr. Dog," answered Mr. Bear politely; "but it was a good party, was n't it? And oh! Mr. Dog, the best of it all is, I never saw anybody so surprised as you were in all my life."

THE LETTER-BOX

LOS TEQUES, VENEZUELA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have received you for more than a year and like you very much.

We are four girls and I am the eldest.

I have been twice to New York and the other children once. The last time we lived in Brooklyn and spent almost two years there. It is now a year since we came back. I was in France, too, but like New York best.

We are now in the country (otherwise we live in the city of Caracas) and have much fun. We have made long expeditions and mean to do more, particularly to a cave up in a mountain where it is said that the Indian chief, Guaicaipuro, hid from the Spanish.

It is very different here from New York. We have no winter and the houses are quite different, being half garden, half house.

We have a tiny Shetland pony. They are very rare here. In Caracas there are three or four, but ours is the smallest.

Your loving reader,

EMILIA MARTURET (age 14).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in a January number a letter from a girl of thirteen, telling how she gave the play "Everygirl." I helped give one, too.

Our teacher wanted a play and I offered yours. She said it was very nice, and we practised for weeks. I am *Knowledge*, and stand near the center in the inclosed



picture. The principal—and we all love him—said the play was the best entertainment given so far.

I wish to thank you for the praise and good marks we all received on account of it. We like you the best of all the magazines we take. We—my brother, sister, and I—like Ralph Henry Barbour's stories very much, as well as the serials and the League.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET H. LAIDLAW (age 13).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the puzzle I made up. You can imagine what a time I had with it, as it took me a week to do it, but if it had been all right the first time, it would only have taken a few hours.

The first thing that happened was that my uncle said that Buren would have to come out, as the president's name was *Van Buren*. When I went over the diagram, I found I had put one r to Harrison. Then my father threw away the paper that had the presidents and their numbers. As I could only get one half the paper I could find no mistake. But I found I had made a mistake on the other half. Then I lost the diagram, and had to make another one. As I was going over this a queer thing happened. I thought New York was Georgia. I had Geo written when I remembered it was New York, and I had to change it back again. I hope that the puzzle will appear in St. NICHOLAS after I had so much trouble with it.

Your interested reader,

LEONARD L. ERNST (age 9).

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have scarlet fever at present and cannot write this letter to you with my own hand. It has to be read to Mother through the *sealed* door of my room, and she writes it down and reads it over the telephone to my father's office, to his secretary.

You may be interested to know that this is the second time I have had scarlet fever at Christmas time. Last year like this year I was in quarantine, and Father carried my gifts in a bag like a *Santa Claus*, and came up a ladder to the roof under my window; and all the family came, too, except the cook, who was afraid to climb the ladder. Several of our neighbors came too, to see me and my presents. I got many beautiful things, but I think I like you as well as any of them.

I think that the "Boarded-up House" will be fine. I wonder if *Cynthia* and *Joyce* get to the upper story in the next number. "Peg o' the Ring" promises to be very thrilling, but of all of the stories in St. NICHOLAS, "The Lost Prince" is my favorite. I have liked all of Mrs. Burnett's stories ever since I first read "Little Lord Fauntleroy." You keep me very happy until I have read you all through. I always gobble you up at my very first chance.

Your interested reader,

LOUISE VAN LOON (age 10).

WESTERLY, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how much I love dear old St. NICHOLAS. I have only had it since Christmas but I love it as much as if I had always taken it.

I am spending the summer at our summer place, three miles from Westerly, R. I. I have been going there every summer since I was born except once when I went to Europe.

My cousin and I climb trees together, and we also cook on a little stove in my playhouse. We also go in swimming a lot and we can go sailing, rowing, and canoeing, which we love. It has been raining all week and I am sure that I would have been very lonely had it not been for you to keep me company.

Your very interested reader,

ANNE W. WILLIAMS (age 11).

CENTREVILLE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and live about a mile from town. There is a cotton-field in front of our house. It looks very pretty when its soft snowy cotton peeps out, and then hangs down.

My little sister, Connie, does not go to school, so she must have some one to play with while I'm at school. A little negro girl on our farm, named Lou, is her playmate. Connie can't talk plain, and says "You" for Lou. So Connie nicknamed Lou "Dooley Bug." Sometimes "Dooley Bug" comes and spends the night with us. This delights Connie, and she makes her a pallet on the floor near her own bed.

We have about three hundred pecan-trees which Daddy planted. Daddy took St. NICHOLAS when he was a little boy.

Mama raises a great many chickens.

Your stories are all so interesting, I hardly know my favorite.

With best wishes,

Your interested little friend,

RHOEA COLEMAN ELLISON.

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March issue of St. NICHOLAS there is an article on "Sailing on Wheels in New York City" which reminds me of the time I made a "wind-wagon." I procured an old buggy, took off the body from the running-gear, and mounted a plank down the middle as a backbone. The steering was done by means of pulleys and rope, and the guiding was accomplished by means of the hind wheels, giving greater stability to the vehicle. The sail was made out of an

his position astride the plank, which, by the way, it was not easy to do in a good wind. Instead of sailing directly with the wind, we would sail across, thus there was no necessity for pushing the wagon by hand.



THE WIND-WAGON UNDER FULL SAIL.

The accompanying photographs show two views of the "wind-wagon," one in motion, and one a closer view while not in motion.

Yours truly,

GEO. E. HARRIS.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Vienna in the Letter-box, and I do not know of any other little girl here who takes you, but I am sure not one of all the St. NICHOLAS boys and girls loves you better than we do. My mother used to read you when she was a little girl, and sometimes she tells us stories out of the old bound volumes.

In Vienna, every one thinks only about the war. We saw the soldiers going away every day at the beginning and the trains from the Tyrol were all decorated with flowers from the high Alps; the Tyrolean songs were chalked on the outside of the trains, and the soldiers sang as they passed.

One Sunday, when we were going for a visit to Rekavinkel, my Grandmama's summer home, we met some troops resting after marching forty miles! The regimental cook was stirring their dinner in a big kettle which looked like a giant's kettle. We had to show our passes, then my Papa took three ~~some cigarettes~~ and, when our automobile went on, they called, "Heil, Heil," after us, which means "greeting."

My two uncles are officers in the Austrian army; one is with General von Kirchbach's staff, and the other one is on the fighting line in Russia. I go with my mother to the hospitals sometimes, to take things to the wounded soldiers. They look very happy, not at all as if they had been shot. All the wounded ones want to get well in a hurry to go back again. I am going soon to see Rosa, the "Heroine of Rawa Ruska," who was



THE WIND-WAGON.

old automobile cover, and mounted somewhat forward of the front axle, which aided in keeping the vehicle in the road,—that is, it lessened the chances of having the end swung around when tacking.

In operating the "wind-wagon," the helmsman sat just behind the mast; and, ordinarily, ballast was needed in form of another person, who sat over the rear axle and controlled the sail, when not engaged in maintaining

wounded carrying water to the soldiers on the battle-field. Was n't she splendid? Kaiser Franz Josef gave her a gold medal set in diamonds.

I was born in Paris, but I was in America for three years. Then we came to Vienna, which was my Papa's boyhood home. We live quite near Schönbrunn Palace, where the Emperor lives, and we go through the Imperial gardens almost every day. I love the story you printed of Marie Antoinette being here with her Mother, because I play in those same spots; the "Gloriette" where they sat together is quite near our house.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. My brother Waldemar and I send you a poem I wrote, and our love and greetings to all the other ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET JUERS (age 10).

THE FLAG

BY MARGARET JUERS

The gloomy clouds of battle smoke
Hide the Star of Peace.
The thunder of the storm of war
Does every day increase.
Over fair and fruitful lands
The bullets dash like hail;
Over the hearts of thousands
Is draped a mourning veil.

The crimson flag of England
And France's colors three
And Russia's eagles, fiercely
Lead troops across the sea.
Germany's fearless banner,
Austria's black and gold,
Turkey's star and crescent—
Their battles are untold!

But our star-spangled banner
Still waves in light of peace;
Looks sadly on the turmoil
And begs that it may cease.
Oh, let us hope our glorious flag
May fill its splendid aim;
And filling it, may add still more
To its progressive fame!

Here is a little story by an eight-year-old author, printed exactly as he wrote it.

THE FROG AND THE BALL

BY BRANDON WENTWORTH (AGED 8)

Once upon a time there was a frog, and he had a little pond out in front of his house. One day he was sitting out on his porch, and all of a sudden he saw a ball rush into his pond. He was so surprised that he did not know what to do. He hopped into the pond to see what kind of a ball it was. It looked like a hard base ball to him. He thought he would say how do you do to the ball, so he did, and the ball answered him very much out of breath.

The frog said to him that he would like to hear his story, and the ball said to the frog that he would tell it. "But first I want you to come into my house and get cooled off," so the frog led him into his house.

"If you do not mind I think I would like a cup of tea," said the ball.

"You may have it," said the frog, "if you will wait just a minute

so while the ball was waiting he looked at some books which were very interesting

In a few minutes the frog came in with the tea

"Mr. Ball", said the frog, "could you tell me your story now?"

Yes", I think I could, "begin then", said the frog".

Well first I think I was in a store then some men came and bought me.

One day I was taken out into a big field and was put down on the ground and all at once I was hit with a stick and then I was hit with another and another and another and today when you saw me run into your pond I was hit with a stick". Come and stay with me and I would treat you like that I hope", said the frog and while I was getting hit with sticks lots of horses tramped on me and over me.

"I hope those men do not get you again said the frog, and besides the horses made so much dust that I could not see where I was going

"by the way said the frog I wanted to ask you what kind of a ball you are

"I am a polo ball", said the ball.

Oh, "listen said the frog, "I hear something

"That sounds like the horses", said the ball.

I think you better hide me

"I will", said the frog.

go hide in the ice-chest because here they come".

The men knocked at the door. "Come in" said the frog

have you seen a polo ball said the men

Yes I have but you cant have him said the frog

You give him to us said the men.

I will not you thief" cried the frog, "he 's my friend and you go right out of this house immediately and the frog shut the door in their faces.

Then the men said they were going to buy a better ball that would not run away like that.

Then the frog called the ball to come out of the ice-chest

In came the ball with a smile on his face and said "are the men gone" yes they are" said the frog "are not you glad" yes said the ball.

"Let us go to bed" said the frog "it is time" so the frog and the ball went to bed.

In the morning they got up and had a bath in the pond.

It was great fun splashing around in the nice cool water.

Then they got out and had a sun bath, and played all day in the sun light and at night they went to bed happy and sleepy and they lived like two brothers and the polo men never found the ball and so they lived happily ever after.

PERPETUATING A NAME

NEARLY a century and a quarter ago, a man died in England whose name is every day on many lips. The lady who gives an afternoon tea uses it, so does the school-boy who eats his luncheon. This man was so fond of playing games that he did n't like to stop even to go to dinner. He would call his servant to bring him slices of bread and meat. Not liking to have the meat soil his hands, it was placed between the slices of bread, and he took the whole in his fingers. He was the Earl of Sandwich, and all the sandwiches take their name from him. They are eaten as he ate his—no one ever uses a knife and fork on a sandwich. It is rather an odd way to win fame, however.

C. R. SMITH.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA Beneath the haystack on the green they made me Queen of May From "New Year's Eve"

TRANSPPOSITIONS Woodrow Wilson 1. ware, Wear 2. soil, Oils 3. Nome, Omen. 4. mode, Dome. 5. sore, Rose. 6. rove, Over 7. flow, Wolf. 8. draw, Ward. 9. Cain, Inca. 10. palm, Lamp. 11. vase, Save. 12. does, Odes. 13. mane, Name.

NOVEL ACROSTIC Initials, Queen Victoria, fourth row, Duchess of Kent. Cross-words: 1. Quidde 2. Unful 3. Educate. 4. Eschews. 5. Nodgay. 6. Vessels. 7. Iriume 8. Clodoss 9. Trifles. 10. Osakans 11. Revenge 12. Inanity. 13. Agitate.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE Lewis was nine; his father, forty-nine.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS I. Ohio. II. China.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24 from Elizabeth Palms, Lewis—Frances W. Bronson—Harry C. Bailey—Mary Cleveland Bostwick—"Chums"—Evelyn Hillman—Elizabeth L. Young.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24 from Bruce W. Chapman, 9—Elizabeth Rodgers, 9—Betty Lowe, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Geraldine H. Mallette, 9—Eleanor W. Bowker, 9—"Allil and Adi," 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Mary Elizabeth Steinmetz, 9—Elise Ludlam, 9—Margaret S. Anderson, 9—Phyllis Young, 8—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 8—Pauline Nelson, 8—Adelaide Morgan, 8—Carroll Winrod, 8—Alice N. Farrar, 7—Janet B. Fine, 7—Margaret B. Lott, 7—Elizabeth B. Clark, 7—Frances D. Wilder, 7—Hubert Barentzen, 7—Florence Noble, 6—Allen D. Raymond, Jr., 6—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 6—Dorothy P. Wright, 5—Miriam Hardy, 5—Helen Tougas, 5—Helen McGee, 4—Helen M. Kahn, 4—Elizabeth Card, 4—Helen A. Vance, 4—Maurice B. Lumenthal, Jr., 4—Renwick Bole, 3—Helen F. Eddy, 3—Estelle J. Cohen, 2—Evelyn Brownell, 2—Sewell Woodward, 2—Madeleine Strauss, 2—Irene Morrow, 2—F. Lee Whittelsey, 2—Marion Frauenthal, 2—Clifford M. Haste, 2—M. S. Seabury, 1—L. B. Church, 1—A. Carter, 1—F. McIntyre, 1—D. L. Tait, 1—E. S. Klatte, 1—E. B. Hay, 1—M. Burger, 1—A. L. Warren, 1—M. W. Rustin, 1—S. Ingalls, 1—M. Campbell, 1—M. Keeling, 1—J. M. Brooke, 1—A. R. Phillips, 1—C. Hatch, 1—F. Barnes, 1—No name, Newburgh, 1—A. Maher, 1—C. J. Bates, 1—A. S. Marshall, 1—A. Rice, 1—D. V. Maitland, 1—A. Richards, 1—C. Kessler, 1—R. Boyd, 1—S. H. Taylor, 1—V. Herbert, 1—B. Pinkerton, 1—R. McMaster, 1.

DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of an English author. He was born in June, almost a hundred years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Australian animal. 2. To set free. 3. To stigmatize. 4. A part broken off. 5. Frightful. 6. A musical instrument. 7. To spend lavishly. 8. An inn.

CARL FICHANDLER (age 12).

RIDDLE

(Gold Badge—Silver Badges won N. member, 1910)

JOIN two to five; but three 't will prove,
Yet they're a mighty three,
For nought "the world can ever move"
Except there hidden be
In it this wondrous three.
Did I say three? How things can mix!
While three, a thousand 't is, and six!

BERNARD CONNIE (age 15)

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-four letters, and form a quotation from Proverbs.

My 39-21-31 is to vibrate. My 12-54-22 is to essay. My 2-9-50-15 is a very graceful bird. My 45-27-6-20 is to melt. My 42-47-33-35-16 is to push forward. My 49-24-36-40-4 is the trial impression of a photograph. My 11-3-20-52-10-18 is a cosmetic for giving color to the cheeks. My 23-19-44-18-53-8 is cleanses. My 28-1-14-32-34-7 is unfruitful. My 41-37-38-43-46-

ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE Prefix, horse 1. Fly 2. Hair. Chestnut 4. Radish 5. Back 6. Man 7. Black 8. Shoe 9. Whip. 10. Car.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS I. L, sap, Latin, pin, n; n, rod, noses, deg(ree), s; 1, lap, laden, per, n; n, nod, notes, dew, s. II. S, one, snore, err, e; e, ant, enter, tea, r; s, ate, stare, era, e, e, rat, eater, ten, r. III. S, sea, seals, ale, s; s, cod, solar, day, r; s, spa, spars, arc, s; s, end, sneer, Dey, r. IV. R, nul (l), rules, led, s; s, s, spore, spurs, ere, s; s, sol, doses, Leo, s; s; s, dose, sores, cel, s.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE 1. Me 2. Mass. 3. Conn 4. Pa 5. Del. 6. Md. 7. Mo. 8. Miss. 9. Tenn. 10. Ill. 11. Ark 12. Ore. 13. Wash 14. Ia. 15. R. I. 16. Neb. 17. Kan. 18. Ga.

25-51 is an inhabitant of a certain great country. My 17-48-30 and 5-13-26 form two little words of warning.

JULIAN L. ROSS (age 11), League Member.

FINAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a famous naval officer who was killed in a duel.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Frightened. 2. An Austrian river. 3. A madman. 4. A city in the Philippines. 5. Noisy sport. 6. An article of furniture. 7. A vocalist.

JACOB KAUFMAN (age 12), League Member.

DIAMOND

1. In nobility. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A frame for holding a picture. 4. Bertram. 5. An inhabitant of an Eastern city. 6. Part of the name of a Swiss pass. 7. A Scottish title. 8. Insane. 9. In nobility.

MOLLIE BRENNER (age 16), League Member.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first and third rows of letters will, when read in connection, form a quotation from Tennyson.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. That which strengthens. 2. Belonging to man. 3. To decree. 4. An aromatic plant. 5. A favorite pursuit. 6. Stagers. 7. To attach. 8. Ghostly pale. 9. An old name for a doctor. 10. Perfect. 11. A water-nymph. 12. A coin. 13. A frame to hold a picture. 14. A geometrical figure. 15. A relish. 16. Glances at furtively.

ELIZA WOOD (age 16), League Member.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of an athletic girl, and the central letters the name of an athletic boy.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A hut. 2. The fruit of the oak. 3. The chief magistrate of a city. 4. A Turkish officer of high rank. 5. A little face. 6. Images worshipped. 7. Course. 8. Ingress.

FRANCIS K. MARLATT (age 12), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC



IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects are rightly named and placed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous battle fought fifty-six years ago.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a famous event of a hundred and forty years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A busy quadruped. 2. To assail. 3. A cruel master. 4. A vegetable. 5. To mourn. 6. Spirit. 7. To resist. 8. Lack of food. 9. A contusion. 10. Unjust. 11. Race. 12. Royal. 13. The whole. 14. Rascals. 15. To impede. 16. To harm. 17. Duration. 18. A military force.

SALVATORE MAMMANO (age 13), *League Member*.

TRANSPPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose colorless and make to jump. Answer, pale, leap.

1. Transpose caution, and make to contend. 2. Transpose to stab, and make a fabulous monster. 3. Transpose a young animal, and make a soothing application. 4. Transpose a chair, and make a point of the compass.

5. Transpose to rend, and make to estimate. 6. Transpose a partner, and make subdued. 7. Transpose a garment, and make to weary. 8. Transpose hastens, and make vases. 9. Transpose expensive, and make to peruse. 10. Transpose a weathercock and make part of a church. 11. Transpose final, and make a useful substance.

When the transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous poet.

PHYLLIS YOUNG (age 14), *League Member*.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle contains many more crosswords.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In labor. 2. A common word. 3. A social favorite. 4. To hurl. 5. Listlessness. 6. Sticky. 7. To sink in. 8. Strong desire.

9. To languish. 10. Unusual. 11. Pertaining to punishment. 12. To loiter. 13. In labor.

SAUL BORACK (age 12), *League Member*.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

I HAVE a little chain of five links. If it takes me one minute to detach one link, how many minutes will it take to separate all the links?

LOUIS KLEIN (age 12), *League Member*.

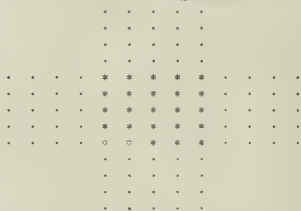
CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A question proposed for solution. 2. Detestable. 3. Barren tracts of land. 4. Permanent. 5. Driving ahead by pressure. 6. Reverberating. 7. To raise. 8. Instigates. 9. Part of a spinning-wheel.

MARGUERITE A. HARRIS (age 12), *League Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Tendency. 2. One who is carried. 3. To draw out. 4. Parts of bottles. 5. Apparel.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To set at defiance. 2. Earnest. 3. Ago. 4. Hires. 5. To deck.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To cook. 2. Proportion. 3. A feminine name. 4. Beleguerment. 5. Parts of slippers.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Flounders. 2. A musical drama. 3. To gain knowledge. 4. Was mistaken. 5. Of a yellowish red color.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Certain fish. 2. A kind of glass. 3. Lawful. 4. To obliterate. 5. Auctions.

HARRY S. JOHNSON (age 15), *Honor Member*.

All the
letters. V
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girl, and
Cro
The
high



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